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CHAPTER VI.

The Love of a Man.

For a moment the girl hesitated, her ungloved hands clenched on her breast, her bloodless face tense with a strange grief, as she saw the outstretched arms of the man whom her treachery had almost lured to his death. Then, slowly, she approached, and once more Howland held her hands clasped to him and gazed questioningly down into the wild eyes that stared into his own.

"Why did you run away from me?" were the first words that he spoke. They came from him gently, as if he had known her for a long time. In them there was no tone of bitterness; in the warmth of his gray eyes there was none of the denunciation which she might have expected. He repeated the question, bending his head until he felt the soft touch of her hair on his lips. "Why did you run away from me?"

She drew away from him, her eyes searching his face.

"I lied to you," she breathed, her words coming to him in a whisper. "I lied—"

The words caught in her throat. He saw her struggling to control herself, to stop the quivering of her lip, the tremble in her voice. In another moment she had broken down, and with a low, sobbing cry sank in a chair beside the table and buried her head in her arms. As Howland saw the convulsive trembling of her shoulders, his soul was flooded with a strange joy—not at this sight of her grief, but at the knowledge that she was sorry for what she had done. Softly he approached. The girl's fur cap had fallen off. Her long, shining braid was half undone and its silken strands fell over her shoulder and glistened in the lamp-glow on the table. His hand hesitated, and then fell gently on the bowed head.

"Sometimes the friend who lies is the only friend who's true," he said. "I believe that it was necessary for you to—lie."

Just once his hand stroked her soft hair, then, catching himself, he went to the opposite side of the narrow table and sat down. When the girl raised her head there was a bright flush in her cheeks. He could see the damp stain of tears on her face, but there was no sign of them now in the eyes that seemed seeking in his own the truth of his words, spoken a few moments before.

"You believe that?" she questioned eagerly. "You believe that it was necessary for me to—lie?" She leaned a little toward him, her fingers twining themselves about one another nervously, as she waited for him to answer.

"Yes," said Howland. He spoke the one word with a finality that sent a soft gladness into the deep blue eyes across from him. "I believe that you had to lie to me."

His low voice was vibrant with unbounded faith. Other words were on his lips, but he forced them back. A part of what he might have said—a part of the strange, joyous tumult in his heart—betrayed itself in his face, and before that betrayal the girl drew back slowly, the color fading from her cheeks.

"And I believe you will not lie to me again," he said.

She rose to her feet and flung back her hair, looking down on him in the manner of one who had never before met this kind of man, and knew not what to make of him.

"No, I will not lie to you again," she replied, more firmly. "Do you believe me now?"

"Yes."

"Then go back into the South. I have come to tell you that again tonight—to make you believe me. You should have turned back at Le Pas. If you don't go—tomorrow—"

Her voice seemed to choke her, and she stood without finishing, leaving him to understand what she had meant to say. In an instant Howland was at her side. Once more his old, resolute fighting blood was up. Firmly he took her hands again, his eyes compelling her to look up at him.

"If I don't go tomorrow—they will kill me," he completed, repeating the words of her note to him. "Now, if you are going to be honest with me, tell me this—who is going to kill me, and why?"

He felt a convulsive shudder pass through her as she answered:

"I said that I would not lie to you again. If I can not tell you the truth I will tell you nothing. It is impossible for me to say why your life is in danger."

"But you know?"

"Yes."

He seated her again in the chair beside the table and sat down beside her.

"Will you tell me who you are?"

She hesitated, twisting her fingers nervously in a silken strand of her hair.

"Will you?" he persisted.

"If I tell you who I am," she said at last, "you will know who is threatening your life."

He stared at her in astonishment.

"The devil, you say!" The words slipped from his lips before he could stop them. For a second time the girl rose from her chair.

"You will go?" she entreated. "You will go tomorrow?"

Her hand was on the latch of the door.

"You will go?"

He had risen, and was lighting a cigar over the chimney of the lamp. Laughing, he came toward her.

"Yes, surely I am going—to see you safely home." Suddenly he turned back to the lounge and belted on his revolver and holster. When he returned she barred his way defiantly, her back against the door.

"You cannot go!"

"Why?"

"Because—" He caught the frightened flutter of her voice again. "Because they will kill you!"

The low laugh that he breathed in her hair was more of joy than fear.

"I am glad that you care," he whispered to her softly.

"You must go!" she still persisted.

"With you, yes," he answered.

"No, no—tomorrow. You must go back to Le Pas—back into the South. Will you promise me that?"

"Perhaps," he said. "I will tell you soon." She surrendered to the determination in his voice and allowed him to pass out into the night with her. Swiftly she led him along a path that ran into the deep gloom of the balsam and spruce. He could hear the throbbing of her heart and her quick, excited breathing as she stopped, one of her hands clasping his nervously by the arm.

"It is not very far—from here," she whispered. "You must not go with me. If they saw me with you—at this hour—" He felt her shuddering against him.

"Only a little farther," he begged.

She surrendered again, hesitatingly, and they went on, more slowly than before, until they came to where a few faint lights in the camp were visible ahead of them.

"Now—now you must go!"

Howland turned as if to obey. In an instant the girl was at his side.

"You have not promised," she entreated. "Will you go—tomorrow?"

In the luster of the eyes that were turned up to him in the gloom Howland saw again the strange, sweet power that had taken possession of his soul. It did not occur to him in these moments that he had known this girl for only a few hours, that until tonight he had heard no word pass from her lips. He was conscious only that in the space of those few hours something had come into his life which he had never known before; and a deep longing to tell her this, to take her sweet face between his hands, as they stood in the gloom of the forest, and to confess to her that she had become more to him than a passing vision in a strange wilderness filled him. That night he had forgotten half of the strenuous lesson he had striven years to master; success, ambition, the mere joy of achievement, were for the first time sunk under a greater thing for him—the pulsating, human presence of this girl, and as he looked down into her face pleading with him still in its white, silent terror, he forgot, too, what this woman was or might have been, knowing only that to him she had opened a new and glorious world filled with a promise that stirred his blood like sharp wine. He crushed her hands once more to his breast as he had done on the Great North Trail, holding her so close that he could feel the throbbing of her bosom against him. He spoke no word—and still her eyes pleaded with him to go. Suddenly he freed one of his hands and brushed back the thick hair from her brow and turned her face gently, until what dim light came down from the stars above glowed in the beauty of her eyes. In his own face she saw that which he had not dared to speak, and from her lips there came a soft little sobbing cry.

"No, I have not promised—and I will not promise," he said, holding her face so that she could not look away from him. "Forgive me for—for—doing this—" And before she could move he caught her for a moment close in his arms, holding her so that he felt the quick beating of her heart against his own, the sweep of her hair and breath in his face. "This is why I will not go back," he cried softly. "It is because I love you—love you—"

He caught himself, choking back the words, and as she drew away from him her eyes shone with a glory that made him half reach out his arms to her.

"You will forgive me!" he begged. "I do not mean to do wrong. Only, you must know why I shall not go back into the south."

From her distance she saw his arms stretched like shadows toward her. Her voice was low, so low that he could hardly hear the words she spoke, but its sweetness thrilled him.

"If you love me you will do this thing for me. You will go tomorrow."

"And you?"

"I?" He heard the tremulous quiver in her voice. "Very soon you will forget that you have—ever—seen—me."

From down the path there came the sound of low voices. Excitedly the girl ran to Howland, thrusting him back with her hands.

"Go! Go!" she cried tensely. "Hurry back to the cabin! Lock your door—and don't come out again tonight! Oh, please, if you love me, please, go—"

The voices were approaching. Howland fancied that he could distinguish dark shadows between the thinned walls of the forest. He laughed softly.

"I am not going to run, little girl," he whispered. "See?" He drew his revolver so that it gleamed in the light of the stars.

With a frightened gasp the girl pulled him into the thick bushes beside the path until they stood a dozen paces from where those who were coming down the trail would pass. There was a silence as Howland slipped his weapon back into its holster. Then the voices came again, very near, and at the sound of them his companion shrank close to him, her hands clutching his arms, her white, frightened face raised to him in piteous apepal. His blood leaped through him like fire. He knew that the girl had recognized the voices—that they who were about to pass him were the mysterious enemies against whom she had warned him. Perhaps they were the two who had attacked him on the Great North Trail. His muscles grew tense. The girl could feel them straining under her hands, could feel his body grow rigid and alert. His hand fell again on his revolver; he made a step past her, his eyes flashing, his fact as set as iron. Almost sobbing, she pressed herself against his breast, holding him back.

"Don't—don't—don't—" she whispered.

They could hear the cracking of brush under the feet of those who were aprpoaching. Suddenly the sounds ceased not twenty paces away.

From his arms the girl's hands rose slowly to his shoulders, to his face, caressingly, pleadingly; her beautiful eyes glowed, half with terror, half with a prayer to him.

"Don't!" she breathed again, so close that her sweet breath fell warm on his face. "Don't—if you—if you care for me!"

Gently he drew her close in his arms, crushing her face to his breast, kissing her hair, her eyes, her mouth.

"I love you," he whispered again and again

The steps were resumed, the voices died away. Then there came a pressure against his breast, a gentle resistance, and he opened his arms so that the girl drew back from him. Her lips were smiling at him, and in that smile there was gentle accusation, the sweetness of forgiveness, and he could see that with these there had come also a flush into her cheeks and a dazzling glow into her eyes.

"They are gone," she said tremblingly

"Yes, they are gone."

He stood looking down into her glowing face in silence. Then, "They are gone," he repeated. "They were the men who tried to kill me at Prince Albert. I have let them go—for you. Will you tell me your name?"

"Yes—that much—now. It is Meleese."

"Meleese!"

The name fell from him sharply, in an instant there recurred to him all that Croisset had said, and there almost came from his lips the half-breed's words, which had burned themselves in his memory, "Perhaps you will understand when I tell you this warning is sent to you by the little Meleese?" What had Croisset meant?

"Meleese," he repeated, looking strangely into the girl's face.

"Yes—Meleese—"

She drew back from him slowly, the color fading from her cheeks; and as she saw the light in his eyes there burst from her a short, stifled cry.

"Now—you understand—you understand why you must go back into the south," she almost sobbed. "Oh, I have sinned to tell you my name! But you will go, won't you? You will go—for me—"

"For you I would go to the end of the earth!" interrupted Howland, his pale face near to her. "But you must tell me why. I don't understand you. I don't know why those men tried to kill me in Prince Albert. I don't know why my life is in danger here. Croisset told me that my warning back there came from a girl named Meleese. I didn't understand him. I don't understand you. It is all a mystery to me. So far as I know, I have never had enemies. I never heard your name until Croisset spoke it. What did he mean? What do you mean? Why do you want to drive me from the Wekusko? Why is my life in danger? It is for you to tell me these things. I have been honest with you. I love you. I will fight for you if it is necessary—but you must tell me—tell me—"

His breath was hot in her face, and she stared at him as if what she heard robbed her of the power of speech.

"Won't you tell me?" he whispered, more softly. "Meleese—" She made no effort to resist him as he drew her once more in his arms, crushing her sweet lips to his own. "Meleese, won't you tell me?"

Suddenly she lifted her hands to his face and pushed back his head, looking squarely into his eyes.

"If I tell you," she said softly, "and in telling you I betray those whom I love, will you promise to bring harm to none of them, but go—go back into the south?"

"And leave you?"

"Yes—and leave me."

There was the faintest tremor of a sob in the voice which she was trying so hard to control. His arms tightened about her.

"I will swear to do what is best for you—and for me," he replied. "I will swear to bring harm to none whom you care to shield. But I will not promise to leave you!"

A soft glow came into the girl's eyes as she unclasped his arms and stood back from him.

"I will think—think" she whispered quickly. "Perhaps I will tell you tomorrow night—here—if you will keep your oath and do what is best for you—and for me."

"I swear it!"

"Then I will meet you here—at this time—when the others are asleep. But—tomorrow—you will be careful—careful—" Unconsciously she had reached her arms out to him as she turned toward the path. "You will be careful—tomorrow—promise me that."

"I promise."

Like a shadow she was gone. He heard her quick steps running up the path, saw her form as it disappeared in the forest gloom. For a few moments longer he stood, hardly breathing, until he knew that she had gone beyond his hearing. Then he walked swiftuy along the footpath that led to the cabin.

CHAPTER VII.

The Blowing of the Coyote.

In the new excitement that pulsated with every fiber of his being, Howland forgot his own danger, forgot his old caution and the fears that gave birth to it, forgot everything in these moments but Meleese and his own great happiness. For he was happy, happier than he had ever been in his life, happier than he had ever expected to be. He was conscious of no madness in this strange, new joy that swept through his being like a fire; he did not stop to weigh with himself the unreasoning impulses that filled him. He had held Meleese in his arms, he had told her of his love, and though she had accepted it with gentle unresponsiveness he was thrilled by the memory of that last look in her eyes, which had spoken faith, confidence, and perhaps even more. And his faith in her had become as limitless as the blue space above him. He had known her for but a few hours and yet in that time it seemed to him that he had lived longer than in all of the years that had gone before. She had lied to him, had divulged only a part of her identity—and yet he knew that there were reasons for these things.

Tomorrow night he would see her again, and then—

What would she tell him? Whatever it was, it was to be a reward for his own love. He knew that, by the half-fearing tremble of her voice, the sobbing catch of her breath, the soft glow in her eyes. Impelled by that love, would she confide in him? And then—would he go back into the South?

He laughed, softly, joyfully.

Yes, he would go back into the South—he would go to the other end of the earth, if she would go with him. What was the building of this railroad now to that other great thing that had come into his life? For the first time he saw duty in another light. There were others who could build the road; success, fortune, ambition—in the old way he had seen them—were overshadowed now by this love of a girl.

He stopped and lighted his pipe. The fragrant odor of the tobacco, the flavor of the warm smoke in his mouth, helped to readjust him, to cool his heated brain. The old fighting instincts leaped into life again. Go into the South? He asked himself the question once more, and in the gloomy silence of the forest his low laugh fell again as he clenched his hands in anticipation of what was ahead of him. No—he would build the road! And in building it he would win this girl, if it was given for him to possess her.

His saner thoughts brought back his caution. He went more slowly toward the cabin, keeping in the deep shadows and stopping now and then to listen. At the edge of the clearing he paused for a long time. There was no sign of life about the cabin abandoned by Gregson and Thorne. It was probable that the two men who had passed along the path had returned to the camp by another trail, and still keeping as much within the shadows as possible, he went to the door and entered.

With his feet propped in front of the big box stove sat Jackpine. The Indian rose as Howland entered, and something in the sullen gloom of his face caused the young engineer to eye him questioningly.

"Anyone been here, Jackpine?"

The old sledge-driver gave his head a negative shake and hunched his shoulders, pointing at the same time to the table, on which lay a carefully folded piece of paper.

"Thorne," he grunted.

Howland spread out the paper in the light of the lamp, and read:

"My Dear Howland:

"I forgot to tell you that our mail sledge starts for Le Pas tomorrow at noon, and as I'm planning to go down with it, I want you to get over as early as you can in the morning. Can put you onto everything in the camp between 8 and 12. Thorne."

A whistle of astonishment escaped Howland's lips.

"Where do you sleep, Jackpine?" he asked suddenly.

"Cabin in edge of woods," replied the Indian.

"How about breakfast? Thorne hasn't put me onto the grub line yet."

"Thorne say you eat with heem in mornin'. I come early—wake you. After heem go—tomorrow—eat here."

"You needn's wake me," said Howland, throwing off his coat. "I'll find Thorne—probably before he's up. Good night."

Jackpine had half opened the door, and for a moment the engineer caught a glimpse of his dark, grinning face looking back over his shoulder. He hesitated, af if about to speak, and then with a mouthful of his inimitable chuckles, he went out.

After bolting the door Howland lighted a small table lamp, entered the sleeping room and prepared for bed.

"Got to have a little sleep, no matter if things are going off like a Fourth of July celebration," he grumbled, and rolled between the sheets.

In spite of his old habit of rising with the breaking of dawn it was Jackpine who awakened him a few hours later. The camp was hardly astir when he followed the Indian down among the log cabins to Thorne's quarters. The senior engineer was already dressed.

"Sorry to hustle you so, Howland," he greeted, "but I've got to go down with the mail. Just between yau and me, I don't believe the camp doctor is much on his job. I've got a deuced bad shoulder and a worse arm, and I'm going down to a good surgeon as fast as I can."

"Didn't they send Weston up with you?" asked Howland. He knew that Weston was the best "accident man" in the company's employ.

"Yes—Weston," replied the senior, eyeing him sharply. "I don't mean to say he's not a good man, Howland," he amended quickly. But he doesn't seem to take hold of this ijurt of mine. By the way, I looked over our payroll and there's no Croisset on it."

For an hour after breakfast the two men were busy with papers, maps and drawings relative to the camp work. Howland had kept in close touch with operations from Chicago and by the time they were ready to leave for outside inspection he was confident that he could take hold without the personal assistance of either Gregson or Thorne. Before that hour had passed he was certain of at least one other thing—that it was not incompetency that was taking the two senior engineers back to the home office. He had half expected to find the working-end in the same disorganized condition as its chiefs. But if Gregson and Thorne had been laboring under a tremendous strain of some kind it was not reflected in the company's work, as shown in the office records, which the latter had spread out before him.

That's a big six month's work said Thorne when they had finished. "Good Lord, man, when we first came up here a jack-rabbit couldn't hop through this place where you're sitting, and now see what we've got! Fifty cabins, four mess-halls, two of the biggest warehouses north of Winnipeg, a postoffice, a hospital, three blacksmith shops and—a ship-yard!"

"A ship-yard!" exclaimed Howland in genuine surprise.

"Sure, with a fifty-ton ship half built and frozen stiff in the ice. You can finish her in the spring and you'll find her mighty useful for bringing supplies from the head of Wekusko. We're using horses on the ice now. Had a deuced hard time in getting fifty of 'em up from Le Pas. And besides all this, we've got six miles of road-bed built to the south and three to the north. We've got a sub-camp at each working-end, but most of the men still prefer to come in at night." He dragged himself slowly and painfully to his feet as a knock sounded at the door. "That's McDonald, our camp superintendent," he exclaimed. "Told him to be here at eight. He's a corker for taking hold of things."

A little, wiry, red-headed man hopped in as Thorne threw open the door. The moment his eyes fell on Howland he sprang forward with outstretched hand, smiling and bobbing his head.

"Howland, of course!" he cried. "Glad to see you! Five minutes late—awful sorry—but they're having the devil's own time over at a coyote we're going to blow this morning, and that's what kept me."

From Howland he whirled on the senior with the sudden movement of a cricket.

"How's the arm, Thorne? And if there's any mercy in your corpus tell me if Jackpine brought me the cigarettes from Le Pas. If he forgot them, as the mail did, I'll have his life as sure—"

"He brought them," said Thorne. "But how about this coyote, Mac? I thought it was ready to fire."

"So it is—now. The south ridge is scheduled to go up at ten o'clock. We'll blow up the big north mountains sometime tonight. It'll make a glorious fireworks—one hundred and twenty-five barrels of powder and four fifty-pound cases of dynamite—and if you can't walk that far, Thorne, we'll take you up on a sledge. Mustn't allow you to miss it!"

"Sorry, but I'll have to, Mac. I'm going south with the mail. That's why I want you with Howland and me this morning. It will be up to you to get him acquainted with every detail in camp."

"Bully!" exclaimed the little superintendent, rubbing his hands with brisk enthusiasm. "Greggy and Thorne have done some remarkable things, Mr. Howland. You'll open your eyes when you see 'em! Talk about building railroads! We've got 'em all beat a thousand ways—tearing through forests, swamps and those blooming ridge-mountains—and here we are pretty near up at the end of the earth. The new Trans-continental isn't in it with us! The—"

"Ring off, Mac!" exclaimed Thorne; and Howland found himself laughing down into the red, freckled face of the superintendent. He liked this man immensely from the first.

"He's a bunch of live wires, double-charged all the time," said Thorne in a low voice as MacDonald went out ahead of them. "Always like that—happy as a boy most of the time, loved by the men, but the very devil himself when he's riled. Don't know what this camp would do without him."

This same thought occurred to Howland, a dozen times during the next two hours. MacDonald seemed to be the life and law of the camp, and he wondered more and more at Thorne's demeanor. The camp chiefs and gang foremen whom they met seemed to stand in a certain awe of the senior engineer, but it was at the little red-headed Scotchman's cherry words that their eye lighted with enthusiasm. This was not like the old Thorne, who had been the eye, the ear and the tongue of the company's greatest engineering works for a decade past, and whose boundless enthusiasm and love of work had been the largest factors in the winning of fame that was more than national. He began to note that there was a strange nervousness about Thorne when they were among the men, an uneasy alertness in his eyes, as though he were looking for some particular face among those they encountered. MacDonald's shrewd eyes observed his perplexity, and once he took an opportunity to whisper:

"I guess it's about time for Thorne to get back into civilization. There's something bad in his system. Weston told me yesterday that his injuries are coming along finely. I don't understand it."

A little later they returned with Thorne to his room.

"I want Howland to see this south coyote go up," said McDonald. "Can you spare him? We'll be back before noon."

"Certainly. Come and take dinner with me at 12. That will give me time to make memoranda of things I may have forgotten."

Howland fancied that there was a certain tone of relief in the senior's voice, but he made no mention of it to the superintendent as they walked swiftly to the scene of the "blow-out." The coyote was ready for firing when they arrived. The coyote itself—a tunnel of 50 feet dug into the solid rock of the mountain and terminating in a chamber packed with explosives—was closed by masses of broken rock, rammed tight, and McDonald showed his companion where the electric wire passed to the fuse within.

"It's a confounded mystery to me why Thorne doesn't care to see this ridge blown up!" he exclaimed after they had finished the inspection. "We've been at work for three months drilling this coyote, and the bigger one to the north. There are 4,000 square yards of rock to come out of there, and 6,000 out of the other. You don't see shots like those three times in a lifetime, and there'll not be another for us between here and the bay. What's the matter with Thorne?"

Without waiting for a reply MacDonald walked swiftly in the direction of a ridge to the right. Already guards had been thrown out on all sides of the mountain and their thrilling warnings of "Fire—Fire—Fire," shouted through megaphones of birch bark, echoed with ominous meaning through the still wilderness, where for time all work had ceased. On the top of the ridge a half hundred of the workmen had already assembled, and as Howland and the superintendent came along they fell back from around a big flat boulder on which was stationed the electric battery. MacDonald's face was flushed and his eyes snapped like dragon-flies as he pointed to a tiny button.

"God, but I can't understand why Thorne doesn't care to see this," he said again. "Thing of it, man—7,500 pounds of powder and 200 of dynamite! A touch of this button, a flash along the wire, and the fuse is struck. Then, four or five minutes and up goes a mountain that has stood here since the world began. Isn't it glorious? He straightened himself and took off his hat. "Mr. Howland, will you press the button?"

With a strange thrill Howland bent over the battery, his eyes turned to the mass of rock looming sullen and black half a mile away, as if bidding defiance in the face of impending fate. Tremblingly his finger pressed on the little white knob, and a silence like that of death fell oh those who watched. One minute—two—three—five passed, while in the bowels of the mountain the fuse was sizzling to its end. Then there came a puff, something like a cloud of dust rising skyward, but without a sound; and before its upward belching had ceased a tongue of flame spurted out of its crest—and after that, perhaps two seconds later, came the explosion—There was a rumbling and a jarring, as if the earth were convulsed under foot; volumes of dense black smoke shot upward, shutting the mountain in an impenetrable pall of gloom; and in an instant these rolling, twisting volumes of black became lurid, and an explosion like that of a thousand great guns rent the air. As fast as the eye could follow, sheets of flame shot out of the sea of smoke, climbing higher and higher, in lightning flashes, until the lurid tongues licked the air a quarter of a mile above the startled wilderness. Explosion followed explosion, some of them coming in hollow, reverberating booms, others sounding as if in mid-air. The heavens were filled with hurtling rocks; solid masses of granite 10 feet square were thrown a hundred feet away; rocks weighing a ton were hurled still farther, as if they were no more than stones flung by the hand of a giant; chunks that would have crashed from the roof to the basement of a sky-scraper dropped a third and nearly a half mile away. For three minutes the frightful convulsions continued. Then the lurid lights died out of the pall of smoke and the pall itself began to settle. Howland felt a grip on his arm. Dumbly he turned and looked into the white, staring face of the superintendent. His ears tingled, every fiber in him seemed unstrung. MacDonald's voice came to him strange and weird.

"What do you think of that, Howland?"

The two men gripped hands, and when they looked again they saw dimly through dust and smoke only torn and shattered masses of rock where had been the giant ridge that barred the path of the new road to the bay.

Howland talked but little on their way back to camp. The scene he had just witnessed affected him strangely; it stirred within him all of his old ambition, all of his old enthusiasm, and yet neither found voice in words. He was glad when the dinner was over at Thorne's, and with the going of the mail sledge and the senior engineer there came over him a still deeper sense of joy. Now he was in charge; it was his road from that hour on. He crushed MacDonald's hand in a grip that meant more than words when they parted. In his own cabin he threw off his coat and hat, lighted his pipe, and tried to realize just what this all meant for him. He was in charge—in charge of the greatest railroad building job on earth—he, Jack Howland, who less than 20 years ago was a barefooted, half-starved urchin peddling papers in the streets where he was now famous! And now what was this black thing that had come up to threaten his chances just as he had about won his great fight? He clenched his hands as he thought again of what had already happened—the cowardly attempt on his life, the warnings, and his blood boiled to fever heat. That night—after he had seen Meleese—he would know what to do. But he would not be driven away, as Gregson and Thorne had been driven. He was determined on that.

The gloom of night falls early in the great northern midwinter, and it was already growing dusk when there came the sound of a voice outside, followed a moment later by a loud knock at the door. At Howland's invitation the door opened and the head and shoulders of a man appeared.

"Something has gone wrong out at the North Coyote, sir, and Mr. MacDonald wants you just as fast as you can get out there," he said. "He sent me down for you with a sledge."

"MacDonald told me the thing was ready for firing," said Howland, putting on his hat and coat. "What's the matter?"

"Bad packing, I guess. Heard him swearing about it. He's in a terrible sweat to see you."

Half an hour later the sledge drew up close to the place where Howland had seen a score of men packing bags of powder and dynamite earlier in the day. Half a dozen lanterns were burning among the rocks, but there was no sign of movement or life. The engineer's companion gave a sudden crack of his long whip and in response to it there came a muffled halloo from out of the gloom.

"That's MacDonald, sir. You'll find him right up there near that second light, where the Coyote opens up. He's grilling the life out of half a dozen men in the chamber, where he found the dynamite on top of the powder instead of under it."

"All right!" called back Howland, starting up among the rocks. Hardly had he taken a dozen steps when a dark object shot out behind him and fell with crushing force on his head. With a groaning cry he fell forward on his face. For a few moments he was conscious of voices about him; he knew that he was being lifted in the arms of men, and that after a time they were carrying him so that his feet dragged on the ground. After that he seemed to be sinking down—down—down—until he lost all sense of existence in a chaos of inky blackness.

(To be continued.)

Many Perils in Trees

WHEN Chicago burned, in October, 1871, there were forest fires raging in many parts of Wisconsin and Michigan. The same hot, dry weather which made the city, largely built of wood, a tinder box had done its work in the forests. They were ripe for the harvest of death and destruction.

The world was so shocked by the tremendous conflagration in a city of 350,000 inhabitants that it gave little attention to the forest fires raging at the same time. They were taken, relatively speaking, as a matter of course. Chicago was the overwhelming sensation of the day and the center of universal interest.

Yet the fires in the woods were vastly more terrible in their consequences, if human lives are reckoned above property. The forests killed scores of victims. They blighted the lives of others as absolutely as if death had stricken them down.

Chicago was soon finer and bigger and richer than ever. The distress that its great fire caused did not last long, as a rule. In the great woods of the Northwest the conditions were different.

There villages perished utterly, and not a few families that escaped death were stripped of all their possessions and left stranded and broken in a wilderness. Hope was crushed and lives were blighted.

Now the old, painfully familiar tragedy, has been enacted again. The scene is farther west—in Idaho, in Montana, in other states of the mountain regions where the timber is mainly evergreen and rich in inflammable gums and oils.

But the destruction is much the same. It is the havoc and ruin and death spread far and wide when forest fires sweep many miles of country and swallow up settlements. Then lives go out in the vast furnaces of the blazing woods. Death holds carnival in the flames.

The woods have always masked many perils to human beings, essential though they are and rich as the tribute is which man collects from the forests. Death hides still in the trees.

Men are killed or maimed by the trunks of trees that fall otherwise than as the skilled wielders of ax and saw who cut them down expect them to crash to th ground. Boughs torn from other trees often do deadly work in dropping to the earth.

Sometimes a tree standing alone in a field is used as a place of refuge from tht fury of a thunder storm. Lightning strikes it and death comes to mock the hopes of those who thought it sheltered them. A big oak, especially if apart from other trees, is a dangerous roof or wind-break in a thunder storm.

Forests once sheltered dangerous animals, and in some parts of the country they are still populous with venomous snakes, though that is extremely rare in the North. The deadliest mushroom grows in the woods. It is tall and slender and white, with no sign of its destructive possibilities.

In great forests those who are unused to woodcraft sometimes lose themselves and perish miserably. It is not easy to find one's way out of extensive and heavy woods.

It is not all on one side when man strikes a balance for and against the forests. They have their dangers as well as their great and many-sided service to humanity. They bring death and wounds and agony, at times, to those who know them best and are most efficient in forest service.

The fires that raged in the Northwest appear to be peculiar in that respect. If the early dispatches can be trusted at all, the loss of life has been extraordinarily great among forest rangers, in the service of the United States government.

But the blessings of the woods far outweigh the dangers and the drawbacks. All civilized countries know this and act upon their knowledge. In the degree that their development is strong and well-rounded they guard their woods and make forestry a science of government.

The Red House on Rowan Street

BY ROMAN DOUBLEDAY

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CHAPTER XV

An Odd Knot.

Burton awoke the next morning with a consuming desire to go and look at Selby. If it realy had been he who had been guilty of the midnight attack, was it in human power to conceal all trace of his consciousness? Burton recalled the note of warning which had been left for him at the clerk's desk, and afterwards abstracted from his room. Selby lodged in the hotel, and therefore had the advantage of position. He could have come and gone without attracting attention. A stranger could not. Certainly he must take a look at Selby.

He found him at his desk in the rear of a large and crowded room, which appeared to be a combined office and work room. He looked up as Burton entered, but scowled instead of nodding, and went on talking to a workman who was receiving instructions. Burton merely nodded and took a chair to wait. Selby gave him plenty of time for it. Burton could not help feeling, after a while, that he was being ignored for the express purpose of insult, and to remove the sting of enforced waiting he got up and sauntered across the room to look at a collection of Indian baskets, moccasins and pipes, fastened against the wall. The specimens were of little intrinsic beauty and less commercial value, but Burton knew something about Indian basketry, and these examples of the common work of the mid-continent tribes interested him. More, they stirred some pulse of thought deep down in his mind. There was some connection—something—of which those baskets were trying to remind him. He stared at them so intently that he did not notice that the workman had finally departed, until Selby pushed back his chair, rose and grudgingly came over to where he stood.

"Looking at my Indian things?" he asked, with an uneasy assumption of civility.

"Yes, they interest me. Where did you get hold of them?"

"Oh, just picked them up. I've been about among the Indians a good deal."

I've made a collection myself of the work of the Aleutians," said Burton, glad to find some abstract topic which would serve as a springboard for the intercourse which he meant to establish with Mr. Selby. "So naturally these things catch my eye. From the artistic standpoint they don't compare, of course, with the work of the Alaskan Indians, but they are good indications of the tribal development." As he talked he remembered suddenly the old Indian woman at the station, and Selby's rudeness. How he and Selby clashed at every meeting!

"Where did you know the Indians?"

"Hereabouts. In the early days."

"Right here? In High Ridge?"

"High Ridge wasn't on the map then. The Indians lived all over this part of the country before the settlers came."

"And you really remember back to those days? It sounds very far back."

"Twenty-five years will cover a good deal of history in this part of the country. High Ridge has grown up inside of that time, and most of the people here don't know any more about Indians than you do." The words were innocent enough, but there was an insolence in the tone that made Burton feel that the ice of courtesy between them was thin as well as cool. He turned from the baskets and said abruptly:

"I suppose you heard that Henry Underwood's knife was found near the Spriggs house."

"Yes," said Selby, looking at Burton defensively under his eyebrows.

"It was the same knife you used to pry up the hearthstone with, the evening that your committee called on the doctor. You broke the point, you know. Do you remember whether you gave the knife to Henry or to the doctor when you left?" He tried to make his question sound casual.

"I gave it to Henry," said Selby deliberately.

"Did something fix that fact in your memory?"

"Do you mean that I am lying?" demanded Selby aggressively.

"Let us limit our discussion to what I am actually saying," said Burton, with the access of politeness he was apt to assume when ruffled. "I merely wanted to know what your position would be in case any question is raised in regard to that knife. But propably it never will be."

"Not just at present," said Selby, with white lips. "The fool has his hands full enough for the present with the Hadley outrage. When we are through with that, we will take up the Spriggs matter. I rather think we can Keep Mr. Underwood busy for some time to come."

"You have done pretty well in that direction up to this time," said Burton, with a congratulatory smile. "I hope you will console yourself with that reflection when luck turns. We must all learn to bear reverses patiently." He smiled and bowed elaborately and left the office.

Once outside, he reflected on his folly. "I am a blessed fool as a diplomat," he said to himself. "I seem unable to deny myself the pleasure of making him angry."

The sight of Selby's curios had set his mind off on the thought of Indians, and since he had nothing else to do he turned his steps to the railway station where he had seen the Indian woman with her wares the day he arrived.

She was there again, and when Burton stopped before her she looked up with a broad smile which might have meant recognition and gratitude, or might have meant simply commercial hopes.

"How!" she said, and Burton responded "How!" Then suddenly his eye caught something that made him bend over her wares in very real interest. The burden-basket in which her goods were stored was a net-like bag, made of flexible thongs of hide, tied together with a peculiar knotting. It made him think of the uncommon knot that he had noticed in the cords that bound Mr. Hadley and in the cord that had fastened the lilac branches together about the baby. He was sufficiently expert in Indian basketry to feel certain that it was the same knot, and that it was a peculiar and individual knot,—an adaptation of an old knot, undoubtedly, but none the less distinctly and recognizably original.

"Did you make that basket?" he asked.

"Nice," she said cheerfully, holding up a beaded basket of birch bark.

"No, this big basket. How much?"

She giggled and tried to take it from him. Evidently it had not been invoiced for sale. But Burton wanted that and no other. He took a bill from his pocketbook, and, recovering forcible possession of the basket, laid the bill on her capacious knee.

"All right," he said authoritatively, and waited to see if she would confirm him. She took up the bill and put it away in her pocket. She might not understand the methods of the paleface, but she undoubtedly understood the language that his money spoke.

"Who made this basket?" he asked, but this went into linguistic difficulties. She pattered something unintelligible, and hastily tied up her remaining wares in her shawl. Burton tried in various ways to explain his meaning, but finally gave it up because she departed from his neighborhood with a haste that suggested fear on her part that he might repent him of his spendthriftiness and try to recover the money.

Burton was left alone with his basket, and as he examined it his excitement grew. At last he had something positive,—something to work with. There was a definite clue in that Indian basket. Who in High Ridge knew how to tie that peculiar knot? He must consult Dr. Underwood at once.

(Incidentally, it was curious how all roads led inevitably to the Red House.)

CHAPTER XVI.

The Trail to Yesteryear.

That afternoon, following a hint from Ralston, Burton made a point of interviewing Watson, the chief of police, on the subject of the old High Ridge disturbances which had been laid at Henry Underwood's door. He found it a sore subject. Watson was a decent fellow and disposed to be fair-minded, but Henry Underwood was a red rag to him. The way in which the police force had been defied and outwitted in the former outbreak was not likely to soften their attitude toward the culprit in the present case. The hope of proving Henry guilty was evidently dear to the official heart, and Burton departed, feeling that there was no help to be looked for in that direction. The rigor of the law was all that the Underwood family could expect.

It was evening before he found the time and opportunity to take his basket to the Red House. Mrs. Bussey did not appear. Instead it was Leslie herself who admitted him and conducted him to the surgery.

"See what a bargain I have found," said Burton, displaying his purchase.

The doctor gave it a casual glance. "An Indian basket, isn't it? And not a very good one."

"A very good one—for my purpose. I wish I had another. Do you know anyone in town who could weave one for me?"

"No, I'm afraid not." The doctor made an obvious effort to respond to his guest's trivial interests.

"Are there any Indians living in or near town?"

"No. They were all corralled on the reservation years ago. There is a squaw who comes down from the reservation to sell beadwork and things like that on the streets, but she is the only one I ever see nowadays."

"Yes, I got this basket from her today. But I want a mate to it. Is there anyone in town who can weave in the Indian fashion?"

"I don't know of anyone."

Would you know if there were anyone? Excuse the persistence of a tourist and a faddist!"

Underwood aroused himself to a more genuine interest. "Why, if it is a matter that you have set your heart upon, I certainly should be glad to give you any information possible. But I don't believe there is anyone in town who makes any attempt at that sort of work or takes any interest in it. I should certainly know if anyone made a profession of it, or even had a well-developed fad for it, to use your own word. Why? Is the basket rare?"

"I have never seen that particular knot before. What's more, I didn't know that the mid-continent Indians did that sort of weaving at all. I should guess that it is the work of some one particular weaver and possibly those who have learned from her. Do you know anyone in town who has a personal acquaintance with the Indians?"

The doctor smiled whimsically. "Our dear and cherished friend Selby has a first-hand acquaintance with them. When I first came to High Ridge it was just a frontier settlement. The Indians were the free lances of

LIFE SAVED BY FRIEND'S ADVICE

About three years ago I suffered with appendicitis and after having an operation performed it left me with a severe case of kidney trouble. I was doctored by several physicians and getting no relief, I took the advice of a friend and procured a bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. After taking the contents of the first bottle I felt greatly relieved and decided to continue it. After using the contents of three more dollar bottles, I experienced a complete cure.

I cannot recommend Swamp-Root too highly to anyone suffering from kidney or bladder trouble.

Yours very truly,
E. P. HILAM,
Cartersville, Ga.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this July 12th, 1909.
JOS. S. CALHOUN,
Notary Public,
B. Co., Ga.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention the Toledo Weekly Blade. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

white man provides for them. But it is more than probable that some of them are still alive."

"What does Selby pay Ben Bussey for that wood-carving he buys?" Burton asked abruptly.

"I don't know," said the doctor, with a look of helpless surprise.

"You think my questions irrelevant," smiled Burton. "I was wondering if Selby cheated Ben as he used to cheat the Indians."

"Oh, I guess not. If he didn't take Ben's work, I don't know who would, in High Ridge. There isn't much demand for that sort of thing. I have always felt that Selby made a market for Ben out of old friendship."

"That's an amiable trait which I should hate to discover in Mr. Selby. It would be so lonesome. I wonder if it is friendship."

"Well, say merely old acquaintance, then. Selby as a boy was out and about with Bussey, and they naturally would have come to have a feeling of comradeship. Then Ben grew up, and Selby took him about as Ben's father had taken him before. Especially after Bussey disappeared. Ben was a sort of a waif, and Selby took him along in his trips into the back country. I have no doubt he made him work for his keep, all right."

"Then Ben would be likely to know whether Selby learned weaving from the Indians, wouldn't he?" exclaimed Burton. "That's the way to find out! Can I talk to Ben Bussey?"

"Certainly. He sees people whenever he likes. That back part of the house, over the kitchen, is given over to them, and they are as independent there as if they lived in their own house. But why are you so curious about Selby's Indian experiences? If one is to believe gossip, he had more experiences than he would care to have remembered against him nowadays. But you are not inquiring into his morals?"

"No, merely his skill." He hesitated a moment, and then explained. "I don't want to raise any false hopes, but I have an idea that the person who tied Mr. Hadley in his bed and who braided the lilac branches together over the Sprigg baby had learned weaving from the same squaw who wove this basket I bought today. It's a peculiar knot,— not at all a common one in such weaving, so far as I am acquainted with it."

The doctor looked serious. "I wonder! Unquestionably Selby might have earned Indian weaving. But—"

"That wouldn't prove very much. No, but it would be something. Suppose you ask Mrs. Bussey to take me up to see Ben. His wood-carving will supply a reason for my visit. And incidentally I'll find out what Selby pays him."

Mrs. Bussey was obviously both surprised and flattered at the request that she conduct this important visitor to her son's room. She had evidently taken Dr. Underwood's chaffing use of the title "Doctor" in good earnest, and insisted upon regarding Burton as a famous physician.

"You can't do nothing for Ben, Doctor," she said, pursing up her lips and shaking her head. "He's that bad nobody can do anything for him. Henry Underwood done for him all right."

He found Ben Bussey in a wheeled chair near a window which in the daytime must command a pleasant view of the garden. He was a heavy-featured young man, somewhat gaunt and hollow-eyed from his confinement, but nowise repulsive. H's lower limbs were wrapped in an afghan, but his hands, which held a piece of wood and his knife, were strong and capable looking. A table with the material for his work was drawn up beside his chair.

"Dr. Underwood happened to mention that you did wood-carving," Burton said, drawing up a chair for himself," and I asked if I might come up and see it. I'm interested in things of that sort. That's good work you are doing. How did you come to learn carving."

"Just picked it up," Ben answered. He was looking at his visitor with an air of quiet indifference, as though the comings and goings of other people could have nothing vital to do with his isolated life.

"Ben's real smart with his hands," said Mrs. Bussey proudly.

"Do you find any market for your carving?"

"Selby takes it."

"Selby the contractor," explained Mrs. Bussey. "Sometimes people want hand-carved mantels and cornishes, and things like that. He makes quite a bit that way, Ben does."

"I won't unless I want to," drawled Ben.

"Does Selby come here with his orders?"

Ben looked at him with a slow, peculiar smile. "I can't very well go to him."

"I asked, because I had an impression that he was not on very friendly terms with the Underwood family, and I wondered if he would come to their house to see you."

"He don't see none of them," said Mrs. Bussey, with a lofty air. "He can come in by the side door and right off here to Ben's room. The doctor says as Ben and I shall have this part of the house for our own, and little enough, too, seeing what Henry done to Ben."

"Is Selby an old friend of yours?"

"Guess we've known him as long as anybody. When my old man was alive, he used to take Ort Selby out into the woods hunting and trapping with the Indians. He was great for that, my man was."

Ben looked at his mother with a satirical smile. "He wasn't great for much anything else, was he?"

"That's not for you to say," she retorted sharply. "Here you lay, and have everything done for you. You needn't say anything agin your dad."

Ben picked up his tool and board in contemptuous silence.

"That was before the Indians were put on a Reservation, wasn't it?" asked Burton.

"Yes."

"How did they live? By hunting and fishing?"

"Yes."

"Anything else? Did they do any kind of work like carving?"

"Redstone pipes, and things like that."

"And baskets?"

"Birch-bark baskets. To sell."

"Other baskets, too, didn't they? I have a lot of Indian baskets at home."

"Not from here," said Ben.

"No, you are right about that. But today I saw some baskets an Indian woman was selling at the station. They are made at the Reservation, aren't they?"

Ben ooked up with the first sign of real interest he had shown. "That was Pahrunta. She comes down sometimes to sell the baskets that her mother makes. Her mother is Ehimmeshunka. She came from another tribe,— many moons away, they said. She was stolen, I guess. She makes baskets like the western Indians, not like the Indians here."

"You have seen her working, then?"

"Yes."

"Was that when you were with Selby?"

"Yes. My dad was chummy with Washitonka,— brothers, they called each other. Ehimmeshunka was Washitonka's squaw."

"Did Selby learn how to make baskets like Ehimmeshunka?" asked Burton. Immediately he regretted he had put the question so bluntly, for a surprised question came into Ben's face. He fixed his somber eyes on Burton for a moment before he answered curtly: "No."

And Burton knew at once that the answer was merely prompted by a desire to shut off questioning! He tried to turn the conversation into another channel.

"Is that work you are doing an order?"

"Yes."

"What is it for?"

"Bookcase."

What does Selby pay you for a piece of work like that?"

Ben did not open his lips to reply. He merely looked at Burton with a gaze like a blank wall.

"Unless he pays you a fair price," Burton continued, "I might be able to do something for you in some place where there is more demand for that sort of work."

An unmistakable gleam of interest came into Ben's eyes, though he did not answer. But Mrs. Bussey answered for him.

"Do you hear that, Ben? He'll get you better prices. I told you all along that Selby wasn't paying you enough."

"What [illegible] pay for a piece of work like this?"

"[illegible] e likes," said Ben morosely. Burton saw that he had touched a sensitive spot.

"One dollar—two dollars, maybe. If he feels good."

"And then he doesn't pjay what he says he will," added Mrs. Bussey. "It's always come next week, and wait a little."

"Why, that's absurd! I'm sure I can get you ten to twenty times that for it. May I see it?"

Ben dropped the piece of wood he held, and Burton picked it up. It was intended for a panel in the side of a bookcase, and the design was cut out in low relief. It was a spirited sketch of an Indian with a bent bow drawn up to his shoulder.

"That's good," said Burton, in frank admiration. "Awfully good. Did you copy it or design it yourself?"

"Just made it up."

"What is he shooting at?"

The answer was startling, in view of Burton's theory of the situation. Ben glanced at him with a smile that held some hidden meaning. "Selby says he is shooting at the brave that has stolen his squaw." Then he lapsed back into his former attitude of somber indifference. "I think he is just shooting for fun," he added carelessly.

"Can Selby shoot?" asked Burton, trying to draw the conversation around again to the subject of Selby's Indian schooling.

Ben lifted himself on his elbow and looked up into Burton's face with a grin of malicious amusement. "Not very well," he said, and opened his mouth in a silent laugh that struck Burton as somehow horrible. Was it possible that he connected the shot through Burton's window, which had been merely talked of as an accident, with Selby?

"What makes you laugh?" he asked abruptly.

But Ben would not talk. He turned his head away with a gesture of weariness that aroused Burton's conscience.

"I mustn't tire you now, but I'll see you again before I leave. I think I can help you to get a better market for your work. Is there anything you want now?"

"No. Only to be let alone," said Ben, without looking at him. He spoke so indifferently that it was impossible to charge him with intentional rudeness. The natural man was expressing himself naturally. Burton suppressed an apology as he took his leave.

The door of the surgery was open when he came down the stairs to the back hall, and Dr. Underwood, keen-eyed and eager, with a crutch under his arm, stood in the doorway.

"Well," he asked. "What have you discovered?"

Burtan pushed him gently inside the room and shut the door.

"For one thing, I have discovered that it isn't safe to talk secrets in this house unless you know where Mrs. Bussey is," he laughed.

"Yes, she's an inveterate eavesdropper, I know. But we have no secrets to discuss, so I haven't minded. She has the mother-instinct to purvey for her helpless young—gossip or food or anything else she may think will be acceptable. She wants to keep Ben interested, that's all."

"Perhaps that's all. But she has so much to do with Selby that it makes me uncomfortable for her to hear my casual remarks about him. I couldn't get what I wanted from Ben. He shied off at once when I asked if Selby had learned Indian weaving. I have decided to go up to the reservation to find out."

"Really?" exclaimed the doctor, in obvious surprise. "You attach so much importance to this—idea of yours?"

"It is the only definite and positive clue I have found yet, and I am going to follow it out. I am satisfied that Selby hates your son. So does the mysterious unknown. The unknown unconsciously ties his knots in a very peculiar manner which he must have learned among the Indians. Selby has had the opportunity to learn from the Indians. There are two steps taken.

"Yes," mused the doctor thoughtfully.

"Is there anyone else more likely?" asked Burton. "Have you any enemies? Discharged servants, for instance?"

"No."

"Professional rivals?"

"If there is any poor devil of a doctor so unfortunate as to envy my degree of success let him go ahead with his revenge. He needs all the barren consolation he can get."

Then you really have no suspicion to better my own."

The doctor shook his head. "I have believed it to be Henry," he said simply.

"Not the holp-up?"

"Even that might have been—though I confess that was the first event that gave me ho pe, because it gave me a doube."

"Then I hold to my theory. Did Selby hold himself up and afterwards, with Mrs. Bussey's connivance, get access to your surgery and hide his chain here under the hearth and his handkerchiefs behind your books? Does he write those typewritten accusations on your machine while Mrs. Bussey plays sentry? In that case, instead of being a short-sighted proceeding, as I at first thought, it is rather deep. The first intelligent investigation would throw suspicion upon Henry, who of course would have access to your room. In short, does Selby supply the venom, and Mrs. Bussey the easy, ignorant and vindictive tool? That's what is occupying my mind at present."

"Jumping Jerusalem!" gasped Dr. Underwood. "Aren't there some more tenable hypotheses that you have overlooked? Have you given due consideration to the possibility that Ben may be the son of an earl, stolen in childhood, with a strawberry mark on his arm, and Henry my first wife in disguise, and that I—Oh, I can't think of anything that would not be an anticl'max to your imaginative effort. What do you do for mental exercise when you are at home?"

But Burton refused to be diverted.

"I am willing to accept any other story, but I am determined that the mystery shall be named and known. The public don't seem equal to it. I never had any experience in this direction, and I am not over-confident of my own abilities, but I am better than nothing, and I am going to do something,— something absurd, or futile, quite possibly, but at any rate something.

"If you succeed," said Dr. Underwood quietly, "you will have lifted the curse from my life and such a load from my heart as I pray you may never have to carry for an hour. If I were a king of the old style, I'd say: 'Ask what you will, even to the half of my kingdom.'"

Burton was about to make some light reply, when the sound of music from the old piano in the drawing-room came in between them. Leslie was playing. It was to the doctor's offer of half his kingdom what a spark is to a train of powder. The flashing thought it conjured up—though it was less a thought than a dazzling recognition—made him dizzy. He dropped his eyes, dismayingly conscious that it was a thought which he did not care to expose to the keen eyes of the doctor. He stood silent for a moment, ostensibly listening to the music. Then he lifted his eyes, and put out his hand in farewell.

"Good night, Doctor. I shall go up to the Reservation tomorrow, and may not be back for a few days, but I'll leave my address at the hotel. In the event of your possibly wanting me, I'll say good night to Miss Underwood as I go out. I assume I'll find her if I find the music."

"Yes, that's the way it seems, sometimes," said the doctor. The remark was so unintelligible that Burton wondered whether he had dropped his eyes soon enough.

(To Be Continued.)

Herbs.

Sage, lavender, rue,
For body's hurt and ill,
For fever and for chill;
Rosemary, strange with dew,
For sorrow and its smart,
For breaking of the heart,
Yet pain, death, tears, all come to dust,
Even as the herbs must.

Life everlasting, too,
Windless, poignant, sere,
That blows in the old year,
Townsman, fer me and you,
Why fret for wafting airs?
Why haste to sell our wares?
Captains and clerks, this shall befall;
This is the end of all.

O, this is the end, indeed
Oh! unforgotten things,
Gone out of all the springs!
The quest, the dream, the creed!
Gone out of all the lands,
And yet, safe in God's hands,
For shall the dull herbs live again,
And not the sons of men?

—Lizette Woodworth Reese.

Deterioration of the Fox.

Country Gentleman.

Has the fox deteriorated in recent years? Authorities differ in their opinions. My own is that he has not the stamina, and often not the constitution or the bone of the species 50 or 60 years

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FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answer possible.

We have lost six good shoats. They seem to have had what is known as the "thumps." Is there a reader of the Farmstead columns who can suggest a remedy?—P., Franklin, Neb.

I have a fox terrier pup which has two large lumps on its throat—almost as large as walnuts. I do not know what caused them. They appear to get larger in cold weather. Can any reader of the Farmstead column tell the cause and give a remedy?—J., Union City, Ind.

Who can tell me how the so-called corn syrup is made?—Dr. Alfreds, N. C.

Have a sow that is in good order. She has seven pigs. Her udder swells and then breaks open, seems a little better and then breaks again. She has been that way for some time. Who can tell the cause and give a remedy?—K., Topeka, Ind.

Will some reader of the Farmstead kindly tell me the best way to store dahlia bulbs, and whether there is any way to separate the bulbs for planting?—W., Marion, Ind.

THE SPREAD OF DISEASE

Scientists tell us that the germs of contagious and infectious diseases spread more easily through the milk than by any other means. Some of the infectious diseases attack the cow and person alike and if the cow is suffering from the trouble it will be an easy matter for her milk to be the means of carrying the disease germs to the person.

Perhaps tuberculosis and typhoid fever are the two diseases to be most dreaded. Many times before the udder is known to be affected with tuberculosis, the milk may contain germs which will give the trouble to the person drinking the milk.

Typhoid fever germs are easily carried from one house to another in the milk. If the dairyman's family has the disease, or if any of the attendants are recovering from it, there is great danger of the milk becoming contaminated so that the trouble will be carried to other families. Scarlet fever and cholera are also easily carried from one family to another by the milk.

It is known that diphtheria germs can be carried in the same way but English authorities claim it can be transmitted from the cow to the human much the same way that tuberculosis is transmitted. Foot and mouth diseases can be transmitted in the same way and we have before us a statement of a well known physician who claims that cancer may be carried from the cow to the human.

Nearly, if not quite, all of the spread of these diseases may be prevented by keeping everything clean in the lots, barns and milk house. Where there is a systematic war made on filth the spread of disease is prevented. The dirty lot, the dirty animal, the dirty milk house and the dirty attendant are responsible for 95 per cent of the spread of the disease through the milk.

POULTRY MANURE

Poultry manure is one of the best of fertilizers for all garden and small fruit crops. Save every pound of it and apply it to the gardens and berry patches. It represents a good part of the poultry revenue.

PEACH GROWING

Peaches need a reasonably loose soil and will not thrive if grown in sod, for any considerable length of time. The soil should be prepared in good tilth by plowing and harrowing. Peaches are so often injured by severe cold, that in a majority of cases spring planting is preferable to fall, but it is an item to make all the preparation possible in advance so often injured by severe cold, that in a majority of cases spring planting is preferable to fall, but it is an item to make all the preparation possible in adso that at the first favorable opportunity in the spring the planting can be done.

With peaches nearly or quite all of the pruning should be done in the spring. There is so much risk of the new growth being killed, and, of course, will need to be cut out in the spring, that it is best to defer the pruning until reasonably early in the spring. The peach needs severe pruning annually—from one-third to one-half of the new growth should be cut out. This will aid materially in securing a better quality of fruit.

NEW APPLE IS COSTLY

Missouri Has Variety That Sells for 25 Cents Each.

St. Louis, Nov. 22.—The Ben Davis apple has come in for many hard knocks, especially from the funny men of the Chicago press, who gravely assert it to be the reason for the large emigration from Missouri farm lands in the last ten years. Missouri developed and perfected the Ben Davis apple, and is not ashamed of it, although it is said a Missouri farmer always ships his Ben Davis fruit and reserves the less attractive and more palatable varieties for home use. However, Missouri has revenge upon the Chicago newspaper humorists, who are continually making fun of the mealy Ben Davis, for at the present time Missouri apples are selling in Chicago at 25 cents each. And Chicago gladly pays the price.

The new Missouri apple which is causing Chicago and other cities to sit up and take notice is called the Delicious. It was so named by W. P. Stark, former president of the Missouri Horticultural Board, and is generally pronounced "true to name." At the St. Louis flower show last week Mr. Stark had a display of the apples, which attracted much attention. The delicious is conspicuous, not alone by its fine size and coloring, but by its aroma as well. On this account alone, Mr. Stark asserts, it deserves a place in a flower show.

Has Odd History.

"The history of this fruit is peculiar," said Mr. Stark. "It was originated by Jesse Hiatt, of Peru, Madison county, Iowa. No one knows its exact origin and Mr Hiatt is dead. The original tree still stands near Des Moines, Ia., and is in bearing. My brothers and I took up the propagation of the Delicious in 1895, believing it to be the 'great American apple.' So far our hopes have been amply justified, for last season we sent out from our nursery at Louisiana, Mo., 2,000,000 of the trees. This year we will send out more than 3,000,000."

Since the new apple came to public notice many theories have been advanced as to its origin. At the annual banquet of the Pike County Colony in St. Louis two years ago samples of the fruit were passed around, and, noting its shape and peculiar flavor, Judge Dyer, the toastmaster, facetiously remarked that it was a cross between a pear and an apple.

Worked Forty Years.

The newspapers printed this theory, and it goes wherever the apple does. Mr. Stark says he is not able to disprove it, as Mr. Hiatt worked 40 years to perfect the apple and carried the secret with him to the grave. Hundreds of thousands of the trees have been set out in the great apple orchards of the far Northwest, where it does as well as in Missouri, Illinois or Kansas. Shipments have been made to England, and in a few years, as more trees come into bearing, Mr. Stark expects it to become internationally famous.

On the Stump.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Timothy L. Woodruff at a dinner in New York, told a number of election stories. "Then there was Cosgrove," he said. "Cosgrove made a good stump speaker. An imposing, stately kind of man.

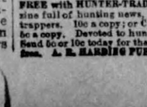
"While Cosgrove was speaking in a hall in Syracuse one night somebody brayed. Cosgrove stopped short, glared, and said.

"'Who brayed there?'

"A little chap in the front row piped mildly:

"'It was only an echo, sir. Go on with your speech, Mr. Cosgrove.'"

FREE BOOK OF GAME AND FUR LAWS



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On the Road to Love.

Have you ever tramped alone upon a misty morning
In and out among the hills along the road to Love,
Up the wooded valley until sudden at a turning
Sleepy little Hessenford comes peeping slyly through,
On the road to Love;
Out along and down along the winding road to Love?

Hessenford so cozylike all hidden in the hol ow,
And the little graveyard, oh, so quiet and so still;
Where the Christ of all of us would rest a while in silence,
Ere you turned to breast again the road that climbs the hill
Out along and down along the silent road to Love.

Left of you the fallow fields go rolling, gently rolling,
Out to meet the kisses of the sunny, rolling sea,
While you watch the wonders and the everlasting glory
Of the good old Cornish land just made for you and me.
By the road to Love;
Out along and down along the sleepy road to Love.

Have you ever caught the scent of yellow gorse a-burning
Drifting on the breezes as you tramped and tramped along,
Heard the milky lowing of the lazy footed cattle
When the trees and hedges and the fields are full of song;
Calling you to Love;
Out along and down along the sunny road to Love?

Sick am I of staring at the hunger in the faces,
List'ning to the clatter of the city's ceaseless din,
Time it was that I was rolling up my swag and going
To the warmth and welcome of that quiet little inn
On the road to Love:
Out along and down along the cheery road to Love.

—From the Pall Mall Gazette.

Seven Sentence Sermons.

To have what we want is riches, but to be able to do without—that is power.—George MacDonald.

God never asks of us such busy labor as leaves no time for resting at his feet.—Anon.

The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties; help us to play the man; help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces; let cheerfulness abound with industry.—R. L. Stevenson.

God gives each man one life like a lamp, then gives the lamp due measure of oil.—Browning.

It is the narrow heart alone which does not grow; the wide one becomes larger with the lapse of years.—Jean Paul Richter.

Blest is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie;
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to men's blindfolded eye.
—Anon.

It is a grand thing to find joy in one's work; if you have found that you have found the heart of life.—James Buckham.

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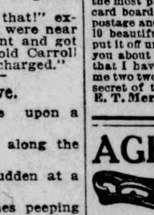

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"FIX MY SHOE," SAID HORSE

Meandered to Smithy and Made Him Understand His Need.

New York Globe.

Joe has hauled a Hendrickson express wagon to and fro between the International Mercantile Marine dock and the express transfer station in Eighteenth street, between Seventh and Eighth avenues, for 15 years. He is blind in one eye and weak in the other, but he possesses sense of the true horse variety. His only side trips have been occasional visits to Mr. Carroll, the horseshoer in Christopher street, between Washington and West.

Well, this morning Joe was left in the stable because his right forefoot shoe needed fixing, and Dan Barry, Joe's driver, had no time to take him around to Carroll's before business hours. But that didn't make any difference to Joe. Barry started for the dock with Joe's relief hitched to the wagon when he happened to look back. Old Joe was quietly walking out of the stable and trotting away southward. Before the driver could fairly take in the situation Joe was out of sight.

Half an hour later Joe stopped in front of the Carroll blacksmith shop. "Ain't that Barry's horse?" asked Carroll of his assistant. "It sure is. Must have run away," was the reply. "Run away, nothin'," said Carroll. "That horse never runs away."

Joe raised his right fore hoof as if it hurt him. Carroll looked it over. "That hoof's all right. Only needs a new shoe," was the mental note of Carroll. The new shoe was fitted. Next thing Carroll knew Joe was trotting away, but not in the direction of the stable. He was covering the distance to the International Marine dock at fast as he could without exciting suspicion.

He got there all right and just waited for Dan Barry to turn up. Barry found Joe pawing, as nervous equines are wont to do, with his newly shod right fore hoof. The driver did not miss the glitter of the new shoe.

"Well, what d' you think of that!" exclaimed Barry, as if some one were near at hand to hear him. "He went and got himself shod, and I'll bet he told Carroll in good horse talk to have it charged."

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Canada's Vast Wilderness.

James Oliver Curwood in Leslie's.

There are vast areas in Canada of which even the government has no definite knowledge, and there are thousands of square miles where the foot of a white man has never trod. Practically all knowledge of this big, wild country has been secured, again and again, along a few chosen and well-worn routes, outside of which investigation has seldom gone. One of these routes is to Hudson's Bay by the way of the Missinaibi, another to York Factory by way of the Nelson, a third to Fort Churchill by way of the Churchill river, a fourth over the surveyed line of the proposed railroad to the bay, and the one route to the country of the Athabasca is via the Reindeer lake and Churchill river waterways.

Imagine a dozen or so well-beaten vehicle highways traversing a country one-fourth as large as Europe—narrow highways hemmed in by impenetrable wilderness—and one may form some sort of an idea of the little that is still known of 600,000 square miles of the North American continent. Along these routes nearly all "explorers" have gone. Among them are situated most of the fur posts, and beyond their narrow lines but little is known. And in this world of forest and ridge mountains and eternal desolation, still buried in the mystery and silence of endless centuries are its "people." Approximately there are from 15,000 to 25,000 human souls in an area 15 times the size of Ohio, and there are no more than 500 of these who have not some Indian blood in their veins. On the other hand, fully one-half of the total population has its strain of white blood.

Quite Another Thing.

Atlanta Constitution.

"He is the author of a dozen books."

"I know that. But—what does he do for a living?"

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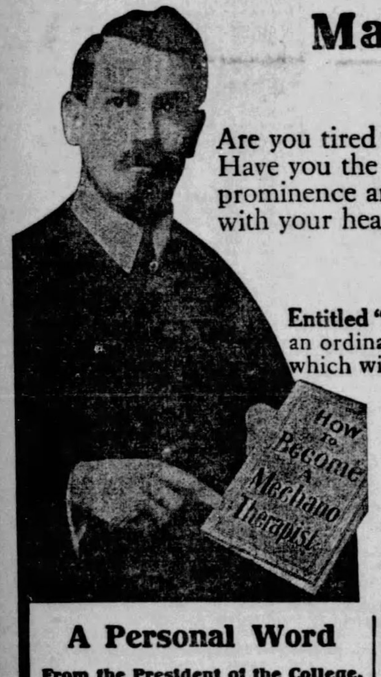

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Mechano-Therapy is the art, or science, of treating disease without drugs. It is similar to Osteopathy, but far superior, being the latest, up-to-date method of treating disease by the Natural Method. It heals as Nature heals—in accordance with Nature's laws.

The Mechano-Therapist is a drugless physician and a bloodless surgeon. His medicines are not drugs, but scientific combinations of food, circumstance, idea, water and motion.

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Have you asked yourself this question? We answer, unhesitatingly, YES.

If you have so much as an ordinary, common school education, you can learn.

If you have the ambition to better your condition—to earn more money—to have more leisure—you can learn.

Nor does this require years of patient study to learn Mechano-Therapy—we can teach you in a very short time, so that you may enter this profession—and when you do, you begin to make money. No text books are required, beyond those furnished by us. We supply all lessons and necessary text books free of cost to you. No apparatus is used. You do not even need a place to work. All you require is your two hands.

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Statements of a few of our graduates below verify every claim we make. Remember what these men and women have done you may do. The success they have made you may make. We do not give the addresses of people whose testimonials we print. If you are interested we furnish them on request.

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It is simply drugless healing. A common-sense method of treating human ills without dosing the system with poisonous drugs—that's all. We have taught hundreds of men and women who were formerly clerks—farmers—stenographers—telegraph operators—insurance agents—railway employes—in fact, of nearly every known occupation—old men of 70 years who felt discouraged and hopeless—young men of 20 years, who never had a day's business experience—salaried men, who could see nothing in the future but to become Oslerized—laboring men, who never realized that they had within themselves the ability to better their conditions. Write for our FREE book, which explains all—today.

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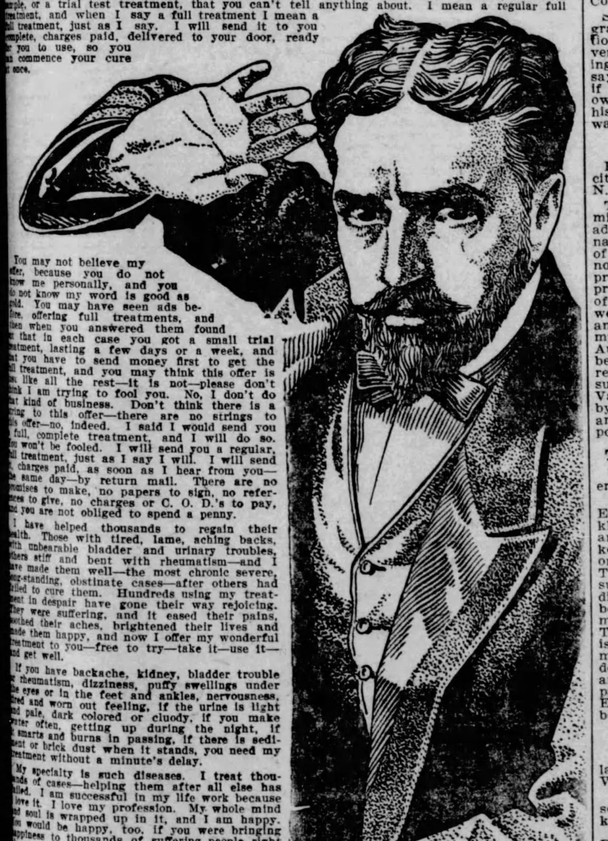

You may not believe my offer, because you do not know me personally, and you do not know my word is good as gold. You may have seen ads before, offering full treatments, and then when you answered them found that in each case you got a small trial treatment, lasting a few days or a week, and you have to send money first to get the full treatment, and you may think this offer is like all the rest—It is not—please don't think I am trying to fool you. No, I don't do that kind of business. Don't think there is a string to this offer—there are no strings to this offer—no, indeed. I said I would send you a full, complete treatment, and I will do so. You won't be fooled. I will send you a regular, full treatment, just as I say I will. I will send, charges paid, as soon as I hear from you—the same day—by return mail. There are no promises to make, no papers to sign, no references to give, no charges or C. O. D.'s to pay, and you are not obliged to spend a penny.

I have helped thousands to regain their health. Those with tired, lame, aching backs, with unbearable bladder and urinary troubles, whose joints stiff and bent with rheumatism—and I have made them well—the most chronic severe, long-standing, obstinate cases—after others had failed to cure them. Hundreds using my treatment in despair have gone their way rejoicing. They were suffering, and it eased their pains, soothed their aches, brightened their lives and made them happy, and now I offer my wonderful treatment to you—free to try—take it—use it—and get well.

If you have backache, kidney, bladder trouble or rheumatism, dizziness, puffy swellings under the eyes or in the feet and ankles, nervousness, tired and worn out feeling, if the urine is light colored and pale, dark colored or cloudy, if you make water often, getting up during the night, if it smarts and burns in passing, if there is sediment or brick dust when it stands, you need my treatment without a minute's delay.

My specialty is such diseases. I treat thousands of cases—helping them after all else has failed. I am successful in my life work because I love it. I love my profession. My whole mind and soul is wrapped up in it, and I am happy. I would be happy, too, if you were bringing happiness to thousands of suffering people right now, as I am now. I love to feel I am helping to enjoy health and happiness.

I want to help you to get well and be strong again, so you can work, and walk, and run and jump without pain, so you can sleep without disturbance, and wake up refreshed and rested, able to use every muscle, nerve, cord and joint of your body without suffering misery all the time.

I want you to have my regular full complete treatment. My scientic course, selected from the remedies in the world for such diseases, is harmless, soothing, healing, penetrating remedies that reach the spot, drives away uric acid, poisons, purifies, strengthens, invigorates and purges the kidneys to properly filter the blood. That stops the pain, gives strength to the nerves, new life and ambition to the mind and body, and does it quickly, quietly, without loss of time.

Read My Unequaled Offer

Now here is my offer—I will send you a regular, full, complete, three-fold Lexoid course of treatment, without a penny in advance—charges all paid—ready to use—free to try. I don't mean a sample, or a trial, or a test, such as others call free treatments. I mean a regular, full complete course of remedies—so you can start your cure at once.

Take it when it comes. Use half of it, and see for yourself what it does. Then when you know it helps you, when you know you are getting better, just send me a small amount, an amount within your easy reach—an amount you can easily afford to spare—that is all I ask. I know you'll be willing to do your part and send me some money, when it helps you—and your word is good enough for me. I will help you first. But you are to pay nothing until it helps you first, pay afterward when you know. Then, when you have used half of it, if you are not satisfied, return what's left, and pay nothing. It doesn't cost you a penny to try my treatment—I will send it to you charges paid, take it, try it free, and find out.

Not a sample, not a trial, not a test, not a proof treatment. I will send you a full, complete course.

I am the only one today making this offer, sending a full treatment for such diseases, free to try. I could not afford to do it if I was not sure it would help you—if I did not know it would cure—if I wasn't sure. That's why I can afford to send it first—but you are the one to decide—you are the one to be the judge. It must help you, it must satisfy you before you send a penny. And you are the one to say. I will take your word. It's all left right with yourself. What you say goes. That's all I care for. I don't want a penny until it helps you. I would not take a cent that I am not entitled to. I believe in giving every one a square deal—in being honest—it's my religion—I want to do what's right—that's why I am making you the broadest, most straightforward, fairest, most liberal, one-sided offer ever made. When I have confidence enough in my treatment to send it to you this way, I know you will be willing to try it free. Don't send a penny in your letter; not even a postage stamp. Just your name and address and where to send the treatment. Address your letter to me personally, like this DR. H. MITCHELL DeWERTH, 50 Lexold Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

NOTE—Every suffering reader should write at once for Dr. DeWerth's wonderful treatment. The remedies he sends have cured thousands. The fact that he sends a full treatment, free, to try, not only shows his confidence in the treatment, but also that he is a fair, just, broad, liberal, honest man as well, and worthy of the most confidence. It seems now that any one who continues to suffer, with this wonderful treatment that is helping thousands within their reach, FREE TODAY—at his expense—has no right to complain.

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DR. H. MICHELL DeWERTH
50 Lexold Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

Please send me your regular, full, complete three-fold Lexold Course of Treatment as you promise above, all charges paid, free to try. Also your free book about Uric Acid, Kidney, Bladder Trouble and Rheumatism.

MY NAME IS.....

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QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

METEORITES

Please tell me something concerning meteorites and what they are composed of.—D. C. L., Sunburg, O.

Meteorites are solid bodies that have fallen from the heavens. They are not to be confounded with those luminous bodies that flash across the sky every night, called shooting stars or meteors. A genuine meteorite may flash across the sky, become visible, and yet pass on without sending to the earth any evidence of its true character; but very frequently it falls to earth. Meteorites contain no elements, as far as it is known, which have not been found on the earth, but these elements are compounded differently from that of any terrestrial minerals. Iron is always present, usually in metallic form and combined with nickel. The iron masses have a crystalline structure, which is revealed by polishing a surface and etching it with acid.

THE MAINE

Will the Question Bureau please tell abotu the battleship Maine?—D. W. W., Olney, Ky.

In January, 1898, the Maine was sent to Havana on a friendly mission. On February 15, at 9 p. m., she was destroyed by the explosion of a submarine mine, or torpedo, with a loss of 260 lives. A court of inquiry was immediately appointed to inquire into the disaster. The court reported that the battleship was destroyed "by the explosion of a submarine mine which caused the partial explosion of two or more of her forward magazines." The task of raising the Maine is too difficult to attempt.

ABOUT WATCHES

What means were used to keep a watch running at a uniform rate before the invention of the balance spring?—J. L. P., Church Hill, Tenn.

When the coiled mainspring was first invented for use in watches, it was impossible to keep it running at a uniform rate because the tension of the spring diminished as it uncoiled. The first contrivance to make the force uniform was a sort of brake, so arranged that, as the spring unwound, less and less resistance would be applied. This was succeeded by the fusee, invented about 1525 by Jacob Zech, of Prague. It consisted of a sort of conical pulley having formed on its periphery a spiral groove. On the arbor of the fusee was fixed the main wheel, and the mainspring barrel served as a drum, around which was coiled a number of turns of a cord of catgut, one end of which was attached to the large part of the fusee and the other end to the barrel, so that the mainsoring barrel was turned and the spring coiled up by turning the fusee. The use of chains in place of catgut was introduced in 1664 by Gruet, a Swiss. The balance spring was introduced by Hooke in 1658.

THE GRANDFATHER CLAUSE

Please give what information you can about the grandfather clause.—F. G. C., Cortland, N. Y.

Several of the southern states have grandfather clauses in their constitutions, the objects of which are to prevent the majority of negroes from voting. The granfather clause of Louisiana says that one is a citizen of the state if he is able to read and write, or if he owns $300 worth of property assessed in his home, or whose father or grandfather was entitled to vote on January 1, 1867.

CITY OF VANCOUVER

Please tell what you can about the city of Vancouver.—J. M. J., Earlville, N. Y.

The city of Vancouver is in New Westminster district, British Columbia, Canada. It is on Burrard Inlet and the Canadian Pacific railway; 12 miles north of New Westminster, and about 85 miles northeast of Victoria, the capital of the province. It is the largest city of the province, and is the seaport. The streets of the city are wide. Vancouver is the western terminus of the railway, and has regular mail-steamer communication with China, Japan and Australia. It has large and varied lumber interests, railway construction and repair shops, foundry and iron works, sugar refinery and pork-packing works. Vancouver was laid out, totally destroyed by fire, and rebuilt in 1880, and has an area of more than 15 square miles. The population is about 100,000.

THE EGYPTIAN GOVERNMENT

Will you please tell how Egypt is governed?—G. L., Pittston, Pa.

At the present day the government of Egypt is in the hands of the viceroy or khedive, as supreme ruler, who pays an annual tribute of about $3,000,000 to Turkey, and is assisted by a ministry formed on a model of those of western Europe. The government is carried on under the supervision of Great Britain. The judiciary is somewhat complicated, there being native tribunals, consular courts, mixed tribunals, and religious courts. The financial condition of the country is being slowly improved under British management. The Egyptian army is under the command of an English general, and officered partly by Englishmen, and partly by Egyptians. There is also an English army of occupation which has been there since the rebellion of 1882.

THE BAD LANDS OF DAKOTA

Please give a description of the bad lands and where are they located?—O. C., West Union, W. Va.

N. H. Darton gives the following description of the bad lands of South Dakota.

"In the bad lands of western South Dakota, east of the Black Hills, there is an area of about 2,000 square miles, which consists largely of bad lands occupying extensive basins cut in a plateau along the White and Cheyenne rivers. They present wonderfully weird scenery, but are rarely visited by the average sightseer. Typical bad lands present ridges and mesas from 200 to 400 feet high in greater part, eroded into fantastic shapes and cut by ravines and gullies into an endless variety of rugged buttresses and pinnacles. The materials are mainly light-colored, sandy clays, and soft sandstones in nearly horizontal strata, and their bare slopes are dazzling in the bright sunlight. Most bad land regions were tablelands originally, and areas of the old surface remain in level topped, grass-covered mesas of various sizes, with bad land slopes extending to flat-bottomed valleys of greater or less width. Bad lands exhibit clearly the close relations of topographic form to rock texture, the homogeneous clays being carved into regular slopes, in which sandstone layers give rise to benches, or protect columns and pinnacles of clay. Bad lands are developed in soft rocks where a region has been so uplifted that there is rapid erosion, under arid or semi-arid climatic conditions. The occasional rains cut gullies, which eventually are deepened ravines, and, as the rocks are soft, the erosion progresses more rapidly than vegetation can establish itself. In regions of abundant rainfall, vegetation is so vigorous that it usually forms a protective mantle on all but the steeper slopes, but arid lands, a thin sod is the principal growth, and it is quickly removed by the rapid run-off of the torrential rains. The bad lands of Dakota have yielded large numbers of fossil animals of the late Eocene age, which have made the region famous as a collecting ground.

THE PLEIADES

Please tell something about the Pleiades and how they were turned to stars.—B. J., Shinnston, W. Va.

The Pleiades were the daughters of Atlas, and nymphs of Diana's train. One day Orion saw them, and becoming enamored, pursued them. In their distress they prayed to the gods to change their form. Jupiter turned them to pigeons and then made them a constellation in the sky. Though their number was seven, only six stars were visible, for Electra, one of them, it is said, left her place that she might not behold the ruin of Troy, for that city was founded by her son, Dardanus. The sight had such an effect on her sisters that they have looked pale ever since.

MANUAL TRAINING

Will you please give me some information on manual training in our schools? When was it first introduced?—E. C. O., Foust Hill, Mich.

Manual training is the training of the hand in the use of tools and in practical drafting, as a part of a system of general education. In 1877, a manual training school in connection with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology was founded, and, 1879, the St. Louis (Mo.) Manual Training school was established. In 1884 schools were established in Chicago, Baltimore, and Toledo, and in the following year one was established in Philadelphia. At the present time manual training is a part of the curriculum in every agricultural and mechanical college in the United States.

PURITANS AND PILGRIMS

Explain the difference between the Puritans and the Pilgrims.—L. F. A., Grafton, W. Va.

In the early part of the 17th century a movement began in England to reform the Church of England. There were many people who did not believe in all the forms that the church observed, claiming that it was popish. The Puritans objected to these forms but did not leave the church. The Separatists or Pilgrims on the other hand totally severed their connections with the church and formed a religion of their own. They were not called Pilgrims until, by continued persecutions, they were driven from the country.

THE NEXT CONGRESS

When will the congressmen which were elected on last election day take their seats? Have the lower and upper houses of congress the power to raise or lower the tariff without the consent of the President?—F. M., Mechanlesburg, Va.

Those who were elected to congress this month will not take their seats until December, 1911. Two-thirds of each house can pass a bill lowering or raising the tariff without the President's signature. Such a bill will also become a law if the President neglects to sign it or return it to the house within ten days after he has received it.

ARKANSAS GAME LAWS

Will you please give the game laws of Arkansas?—S. C., Blissfield, Mich.

The open seasons for hunting in Arkansas are, for deer (except in Chicot county, Oct. 1 to Feb. 1), Sept. 1 to Feb. 1; for squirrel in Lee, Monroe, Phillips and Francis counties, May 1 to Dec. 1; quail or partridge, from Nov. 1 to March 1 (except in Bradley and Dallas counties, Nov. 15 to March 1); prairie chicken and pinnated grouse, Nov. 1 to Dec. 1; wild turkey, Sept. 1 to May 1 (except in Chicot county, males, Feb. 1 to May 15; hens, 1911); pheasants, (Chinese, English), 10 years, March 14, 1913; and for dove there is no open season.

JOHN ROGERS

Please tell about the death of John Rogers.—L. T., Nirvana, Mich.

John Rogers, an English clergyman, born about 1500, was burned at Smithfield February 4, 1555. He was educated at Cambridge, entered into holy orders there, and was chaplain to the English factory at Antwerp for several years. There he became acquainted with Tyndale and Coverdale, and from the manuscripts of the former, the published version of the latter, and his own researches, he compiled a complete edition of the Bible in English. The elaborate marginal notes and index are entirely his work. It was published in folio in 1537 under the assumed name of Thomas Matthero. From Antwerp he went to Wittenberg, where he was pastor of a Dutch congregation. On the accession of Edward VI., Bishop Ridley invited him home, and made him prebendary and divinity reader of St. Paul's. On the Sunday after the triumphal entry of Queen Mary into London, in August, 1553, Rogers preached a sermon at St. Paul's Cross, in which he exhorted the people to adhere to the doctrine taught in King Edward's days, and to resist the forms and dogmas of Catholicism. He was summoned before the privy council for this, but defended himself ably, and was released. On August 18, he was ordered to remain a prisoner in his own house, and at the end of six months was removed to Newgate. He was tried in January, 1555, before Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, and condemned to be burned at the stake. He was the author of several theological works.

MSCELLANEOUS

J. I. B., Fairmount, W. Va.—The punishment usually inflicted upon a deserter from the United States army is imprisonment in a federal prison.

J. B. W., Aberdeen, Wash.—We can give you no process for polishing diamonds.

G. B. C., New Albany, Ind.—There are no statistics giving the number of millionaire members of the United States senate.

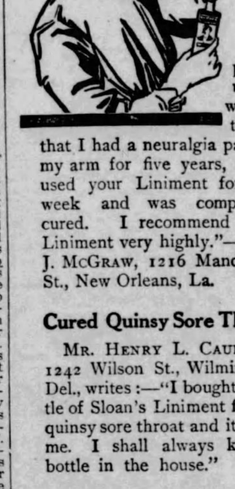
S. B. M., Conesvile, O.—Write to the general land commissioner at Washington, D. C., for the information you want.

W. B. B., Brashears, W. Va.—Theodore Roosevelt has always been a Republican.

Early Use of Machinery.

London Globe.

From an early treatise by Moxon, published in 1680 in England, it is certain that at that time the lathe was developed to a point where it was possible to turn out high class ornamental woodwork, including oval shapes, but anything more than this was beyond its power, until the slide rest was invented. Devices for clamping the cutting tools in a fixed position were comparatively early, but the first appearance of the slide rest dates from 1772. Complete drawings and details of an excellent slide rest were given in that year in a French encyclopedia. As early as 1741 Hindley, a York clockmaker, produced a screw cutting lathe with change gears. This of course was a very small machine, and in fact the clockmakers of that day seemed to have a monopoly of mechanical ingenuity. Attempts to produce machinery to replace the work of human hands were made early; thus, for example, in 1732, Wyatt endeavored to make a machine for cutting files, but was not successful.



"Cured Neuralgia Pain"

"I take pleasure in writing to you that I had a neuralgia pain in my arm for five years, and I used your Liniment for one week and was completely cured. I recommend your Liniment very highly."—Mrs. J. McGraw, 1216 Mandeville St., New Orleans, La.

Cured Quinsy Sore Throat

Mr. Henry L. Caulk, of 1242 Wilson St., Wilmington, Del., writes:—"I bought a bottle of Sloan's Liniment for the quinsy sore throat and it cured me. I shall always keep a bottle in the house."

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

gives instant relief from rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuralgia, croup, sore throat, tonsilitis, hoarseness and chest pains.

Prices, 25c., 50c. & $1.00

Sloan's book on horses, cattle, sheep and poultry sent free. Address

Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

"I Suffered Intense Pains in My Left Side."

Do you realize it is better to be safe than sorry, that it is the best policy to lock the stable door before the horse is stolen?

Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy

cured Mrs. C. C. Gokey, of a stubborn case of heart disease, such as thousands are now suffering with. Read what she says:

"Before I began taking Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy I had been suffering from heart trouble for over five years. I had grown so weak that it was impossible for me to do thirty minutes work in a whole day. I suffered intense pains in my left side and under the left shoulder blade, I could not sleep on the left side, and was so short of breath that I thought I should never be able to take a full breath again. The least excitement would bring on the most distressing palpitation. I had scarcely taken a half-bottle of the Heart Remedy before I could see a marked change in my condition. I began to sleep well, had a good appetite, and improved so rapidly that when I had taken six bottles I was completely cured.
MRS. C. C. GOKEY, Northfield, Vt.

If you have any of the symptoms Mrs. Gokey mentions, it is your duty to protect yourself.

Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy.

is what you need. If the first bottle fails to benefit, your money is returned. Ask your druggist.

MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

SELECTING STEERS FOR FEED LOT

Of Iowa State College.

Steers are put into the feed lot, fed and cared for with the hope of obtaining for them at selling time a price that will enable the feeder to realize a fair profit. After paying for his steers, their feed and any other direct expense connected with them, he should still have left a margin that would pay him at least 10 per cent, and, better, 20 per cent on his investment. It often happens that this profit is not forthcoming when everything is counted in on both sides of the account, and often—too often, in fact—instead of a profit to the feeder there is a loss. This is the discouraging part of cattle feeding. When much time and labor have been spent in buying and bringing the cattle home, in gathering and storing the feed, in caring for and feeding them, there is not much encouragement when the feeder finds that, instead of a gain, he has sustained a direct loss on all his operations.

The question naturally arises, Is there anything which the feeder can do to influence the amount of profit which will accrue to his labor? There is certainly something for him to do, and that is to exercise care and judgment in buying and selecting his steers he puts into his feed lots. No matter what skill is possessed by the feeder, unless the animals placed under his care have been bought right and unless they have been carefully and wisely selected, his efforts will be fruitless, so far as the matter of profit is concerned. Let us see first from what source or sources the profits in steer feeding may come, and then we shall consider the part which the buyer is responsble for.

Profit in steer feeding may come, first, from the conversion of cheap raw materials, such as roughage in the form of hay, corn stalks and straws; grains, such as corn, oats, peas, bran; or concentrates, such as oil meal, gluten feed and blood meal, into high-priced cuts of meat.—In the second place, by the addition of extra fat and flesh we hope to increase the value of the whole carcass—i. e., we aim to convert the 1,000-pound steer into a 1,350-pound prime steer, and in doing this make the whole carcass worth at least 1½ cents more per pound than when purchased for the feed lot. There are several other items which may enter as profit to the steer feeder. A large amount of manure is secured, and thus increased fertility. A home market is made for roughage and grains, and the manufactured product, the beef animal, can be more easily and economically transported to market. Then, too, there is employment for labor which would perhaps otherwise have to be left unemployed. The first two, however, are the important factors in determining profit, and these are on such a narrow margin that they must be carefully looked after.

The buyer going out to purchase steers to put into the feed lot must have before him an ideal which he seeks to place on the market; and this ideal should be the prime or choice bullock. He has in his mind's eye a low-down, blocky, deep, thick-set animal with straight top and underline, a wide spring of rib giving a wide back, a wide, deep loin, with good width between the hooks, a long, level rump and deep, thick hind quarters, with low-down twist and inside muscled to hook. This finished, the steer should possess a general refinement in his whole makeup. He should be smooth and fine about the head, which should be short and broad. The neck should be short, thick and evenly blended with the shoulders. The shoulders should hooks and pins should be snugly hidden hooks an dpins should be snugly hidden away. His legs should be short and fine, with no clarseness at the joints. The prime steer must possess what is termed "handling quality," which is indicated by a soft, furry coat of hair, a mellow, pliable skin and firm, mellow flesh. This is the prime steer which the feeder would seek to place upon the market in order to secure the highest price going, and in order that he may accomplish his desires the buyer must seek to obtain for him the raw material in the shape of feeders from which this sort can be made. He must secure such as will put on flesh rapidly and economically. In order that the feeders steer may meet these demands there are certain attributes which he must possess. First, he must be a good feeder. We like a steer to be able to eat large quantities of food and at the same time make good use of that food in the way of laying on flesh. In the second place, he must possess a strong constitution and have vigorous, stylish general appearance. In the third place, he must possess the power of laying on flesh in the valuable parts—on the loin, rump, ribs and rounds. In the fourth place, he must show signs of early maturity.

The feeder steer should have a low-down blocky form. He should be deep in front and thin through the heart, with a wide spring of rib, giving a wide back on which to carry high-priced meat. The rib should be round and deep, giving the steer a roomy middle. If there is one thing to avoid in a feeder steer it is that of a small, tucked-up abdomen. He must have sufficient room for large digestive organs. The loin should be wide and deeply laid on with muscles. The hooks should be wide apart, but should lack any undue prominence. A long, level rump, with heavily muscled, wide, thick hind quarters and a low twist; a short, broad head, with large, mild, bright eyes, large muzzle and mouth, a heavily muscled under jaw, thick, smoothly blended neck, a big heart girth and roomy chest and flesh should be evenly on all parts. With all this refinement there should be no paunchiness. This goes under the head of general quality, but in addition to this the low-down hind flank all go with a good, vigorous feeder. With this form he should possess general refinement, which is indicated by a clean-cut head free from meatiness and puffiness, a fine flat horn, rather than one that is round and stubby; smooth laid shoulders without either sharpness about the bones or joints of the legs. In addition to this he should be a superior "handler"—i. e. his skin should be loose, mellow and pliable to the touch, and he should be thickly clad with a soft, silky, furry coat of hair. He should have an abundance of natural flesh or muscle along the back and loin, about the hind quarters, over the shoulders and down the ribs, and this should be mellow to the touch.

A feeder of this sort should give the very best returns in a feed lot, so far as early maturity and economy of gains are concerned, and when taken to the market, if finished, should find the top.

There is a leggy sort of steer, possessing some general roughness which will make a fair feeder. He will do away with large quantities of feed and will always be up at the rack, but he will not make much economical gain, nor will he finish up at such an early age, and when he goes to market he cannot command the highest price because he is off on general quality. A steer of this kind is a loser all around.

Never select a long-headed, long, slim-necked, peaked shouldered, narrow backed, slab-sided, thin quartered, cat hammed, harsh handling steer to put into a feed lot. Avoid steers that are weak in constitution. They will always be a source of annoyance by going off feed.

Choice feeders, such as have been described above, can come only from some one of the special beef breeds. It is not necessary that the dams should be registered. It is well enough to have high grades. It is necessary, however, that the sire should be a pedigreed animal of good quality and at the same time he himself should possess the good points which we demand in the feeders, together with that degree of masculinity which will insure prepotency.

Investigations have gone to show that beef-bred feeders are by all odds the most economical to feed. They dress a higher percentage, deposit fat between the muscular tissue instead of laying it on internally, their meat is "marbled" and possesses a higher market value because of its juiciness and delicious flavor.

It is better to buy young steers that have been kept growing right along from birth and are in good thrifty condition. It is a well-known fact that young animals make more rapid and much more economical gains for the food fed than do older animals. At the Chicago fat stock show in 1882 the cost of producing 100 pounds of gain was ascertained to be as follows:

One to 12 months, $4.02.
Twelve to 24 months, $7.98.
Twenty-four to 36 months, $12.54.

Other investigations and with larger numbers of animals have shown similar results.

Young steers, too adapt themselves to new and changed conditions more readily than do older ones, and lose less time in acquiring an appetite for the new foods which are supplied in the feed lot.

Where one has a large amount of roughage to utilize it might be necessary to buy an older, larger animal to place in the feed lot. It must be noted, however, that the day of the heavy-weight 4 or 5-year-old steer is past. The demand now is for the "handy weight" steer, weighing from 1,350 to 1,450 pounds. The quicker he can be produced the better it is for both the producer and the consumer. We have discussed at some length the kind of steer to buy, but we should know as well when and how to buy him. As to when we shall buy him will depend largely upon conditions. We usually buy when we are ready to handle them. The market, too, will have something to do with time of buying. The important matter is not so much when we buy as what we pay for our feeders. Much of the money lost in steer feeding has been lost because of injudicious buying. There was a time when we were sure of a good advance on the buying price when the selling time came, but we can no longer count on that. The steer feeder, in order to insure himself against loss, should count on at least 1½ cents advance on buying price, and if feed stuffs are high, on not less than 2 cents advance. In order to be sure of this advance he must buy around 3 cents to 3¼ cents. The man who would make a success of buying and feeding must read carefully the signs of the times. He should study well the local and market conditions, and if these are not favorable he should stay out of the business until they are.

When buying one should discriminate very seriously against stunted steers that have been starved when young things. These never do well and will be a source of constant annoyance in the feed lot as well as a profit stealer when the final balance is struck.

Care should also be exercised in seeing that the steers are weighed up right. If you buy steers that weighed up full of water or other cheap material it will take a great deal of good feed to make good the loss you have allowed yourself in this part of the operation.

Finding Lost Things in Germany.

Le Cri de Paris.

Take care how you pick up a thing that is lost in Berlin. The other day one of our deputies going through the Prussian capital on his return from the congress at Frankfort noticed a key at the edge of the sidewalk. He picked it up to hand it to a police agent. The representative of the city police refused to take it, saying, "You should take this key to the special bureau of things that are lost."

"Very well, where is it?"

The agent named the street.

"Is it far from here?"

"A half hour, three-quarters of an hour if you don't walk rapidly."

The deputy replaced the key on the pavement. "Some one else will pick it up," he said.

"Not at all," said the agent in a commanding tone. "You should have left it where it was, but now you are obliged to go to the bureau. If you don't I'll make a complaint against you and you'll be fined, perhaps given a day in prison. That's the law."

The deputy was compelled to obey orders. Since that day he carries his hands in his pockets.

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We have proven our scientific formula of Vitaline is a cure for the diseases and symptoms mentioned below—it is reliable and there is no doubt about this. Vitaline tablets are just the treatment so many are looking for, what they should have and must have to be made strong, vigorous and healthy. It makes no difference if you are very weak, hopeless and your trouble long-standing, Vitaline tablets should easily overcome it—they will not disappoint you.

NERVOUS WEAKNESS, DEBILITY—Lost Vitality, Nervousness, Weakness, Twitching, Jerking, Easily Excited, Wornout Feeling, Weak, Aching Back, Lack of Strength, Energy or Ambition, Bad Dreams, Poor Memory, Bashful, Restless at Night, Despondent.

STOMACH TROUBLES—Pain in Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Bad Taste or Breath, Sick Headache, Bloated, Heartburn, Sour Belching, Spitting Up, Catarrh, Gas, Gnawing, Nervousness.

HEART WEAKNESS—Fluttering, Skipping, Palpitation, Pain in Heart, Side or Shoulder Blade, Short Breath, Weak, Sinking, Cold or Dizzy Spells, Swelling, Rheumatism, Throbbing in Excitement or Exertion.

CATARRH—Hawking, Spitting, Nose Running Watery or Yellowish Matter or Stopped Up, Sneezing, Dull Headache, Coughing, Deafness; Pains in Kidneys, Bladder, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels may be Catarrh.

BLOOD TROUBLES—General Debility, Paleness, Thin, Weak, Run-Down, Nervous, Rash, Sores, Ulcers, Pimples, Chilly or Feverish, Loss of Flesh and Strength.

Exact size of Bottle containing 120 Vitaline tablets.

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Income $745 besides produce consumed by owner's family; 50 acres tillage; juicy pasture for 18 cows; 1000 cds. hard wood can be marketed in Center at $5 per cord; orchard produces 80 bbls. in season; attractive 7-room painted house with spring water; big barn, wagon shed, poultry and sugar houses, owner having other business will sacrifice for quick sale and will include pair horses, 3 cows, sugar-making and farming equipment for only $1,200, part cash; here's a splendid chance for a man with a little money to get out into God's country, be happy, independent, make money and keep his family in comfort and plenty; read all the details of this and another of 47 acres for 600, page 19, "Strout's Biggest Farm Bargains," copy free. E. A. STROUT, Station 105, Union Bank Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

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WANTED Union Soldiers who homesteaded some land, but less **SOLDIERS'** than 160 acres before June **HOMESTEADS** 22, 1874, are entitled to additional rights even though entry was relinquished or abandoned. If soldier is dead, widow or minor heirs have his rights.
I Pay Spot Cash for These Claims.
Address (Comrade) W. E. MOSES, 433 Jacobson Bldg., Denver, Colo.

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These patterns are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

5308 Misses' Kimono, 14 and 16 years.

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Select Virginia Farms

Productive farms here now as low as $10 per acre. Long summers, mild winters and fine markets are attracting men from west and northwest. Prices are advancing rapidly. Write today for illustrated catalog.
POLLARD & BAGBY, Desk 8, Richmond, Va.

MEN WANTED in every locality in the United States to make $20 per week and $3 per day expenses advertising our goods, posting up showcards in all conspicuous places and generally representing us. Steady work to right men. No experience required. Write for particulars. ROYAL REMEDY CO., London, Ont., Canada.

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LIFE SAVED BY FRIEND'S ADVICE

About three years ago I suffered with appendicitis and after having an operation performed it left me with a severe case of kidney trouble. I was doctored by several physicians and getting no relief, I took the advice of a friend and procured a bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. After taking the contents of the first bottle I felt greatly relieved and decided to continue it. After using the contents of three more dollar bottles, I experienced a complete cure.

I cannot recommend Swamp-Root too highly to anyone suffering from kidney or bladder trouble.

Yours very truly,
E. P. HILAM,
Cartersville, Ga.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this July 12th, 1909.
JOS. S. CALHOUN,
Notary Public,
B. Co., Ga.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention the Toledo Weekly Blade. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

---

white man provides for them. But it is more than probable that some of them are still alive."

"What does Selby pay Ben Bussey for that wood-carving he buys?" Burton asked abruptly.

"I don't know," said the doctor, with a look of helpless surprise.

"You think my questions irrelevant," smiled Burton. "I was wondering if Selby cheated Ben as he used to cheat the Indians."

"Oh, I guess not. If he didn't take Ben's work, I don't know who would, in High Ridge. There isn't much demand for that sort of thing. I have always felt that Selby made a market for Ben out of old friendship."

"That's an amiable trait, which I should hate to discover in Mr. Selby. It would be so lonesome. I wonder if it is friendship."

"Well, say merely old acquaintance, then. Selby as a boy was out and about with Bussey, and they naturally would have come to have a feeling of comradeship. Then Ben grew up, and Selby took him about as Ben's father had taken him before. Especially after Bussey disappeared. Ben was a sort of a waif, and Selby took him along in his trips into the back country. I have no doubt he made him work for his keep, all right."

"Then Ben would be likely to know whether Selby learned weaving from the Indians, wouldn't he?" exclaimed Burton. "That's the way to find out! Can I talk to Ben Bussey?"

"Certainly. He sees people whenever he likes. That back part of the house, over the kitchen, is given over to them, and they are as independent there as if they lived in their own house. But why are you so curious about Selby's Indian experiences? If one is to believe gossip, he had more experiences than he would care to have remembered against him nowadays. But you are not inquiring into his morals?"

"No, merely his skill." He hesitated a moment, and then explained. "I don't want to raise any false hopes, but I have an idea that the person who tied Mr. Hadley in his bed and who braided the lilac branches together over the Sprigg baby had learned weaving from the same squaw who wove this basket I bought today. It's a peculiar knot,— not at all a common one in such weaving, so far as I am acquainted with it."

The doctor looked serious. "I wonder! Unquestionably Selby might have earned Indian weaving. But—"

"That wouldn't prove very much. No, but it would be something. Suppose you ask Mrs. Bussey to take me up to see Ben. His wood-carving will supply a reason for my visit. And incidentally I'll find out what Selby pays him."

Mrs. Bussey was obviously both surprised and flattered at the request that she conduct this important visitor to her son's room. She had evidently taken Dr. Underwood's chaffing use of the title "Doctor" in good earnest, and insisted upon regarding Burton as a famous physician.

"You can't do nothing for Ben, Doctor," she said, pursing up her lips and shaking her head. "He's that bad nobody can do anything for him. Henry Underwood done for him all right."

He found Ben Bussey in a wheeled chair near a window which in the daytime must command a pleasant view of the garden. He was a heavy-featured young man, somewhat gaunt and hollow-eyed from his confinement, but nowise repulsive. H's lower limbs were wrapped in an afghan, but his hands, which held a piece of wood and his knife, were strong and capable looking. A table with the material for his work was drawn up beside his chair.

"Dr. Underwood happened to mention that you did wood-carving," Burton said, drawing up a chair for himself," and I asked if I might come up and see it. I'm interested in things of that sort. That's good work you are doing. How did you come to learn carving."

"Just picked it up," Ben answered. He was looking at his visitor with an air of quiet indifference, as though the comings and goings of other people could have nothing vital to do with his isolated life.

"Ben's real smart with his hands," said Mrs. Bussey proudly.

"Do you find any market for your carving?"

"Selby takes it."

"Selby the contractor," explained Mrs. Bussey. "Sometimes people want hand-carved mantels and cornishes, and things like that. He makes quite a bit that way, Ben does."

"I won't unless I want to," drawled Ben.

"Does Selby come here with his orders?"

Ben looked at him with a slow, peculiar smile. "I can't very well go to him."

"I asked, because I had an impression that he was not on very friendly terms with the Underwood family, and I wondered if he would come to their house to see you."

"He don't see none of them," said Mrs. Bussey, with a lofty air. "He can come in by the side door and right off here to Ben's room. The doctor says as Ben and I shall have this part of the house for our own, and little enough, too, seeing what Henry done to Ben."

"Is Selby an old friend of yours?"

"Guess we've known him as long as anybody. When my old man was alive, he used to take Ort Selby out into the woods hunting and trapping with the Indians. He was great for that, my man was."

Ben looked at his mother with a satirical smile. "He wasn't great for much anything else, was he?"

"That's not for you to say," she retorted sharply. "Here you lay, and have everything done for you. You needn't say anything agin your dad."

Ben picked up his tool and board in contemptuous silence.

"That was before the Indians were put on a Reservation, wasn't it?" asked Burton.

"Yes."

"How did they live? By hunting and fishing?"

"Yes."

"Anything else? Did they do any kind of work like carving?"

"Redstone pipes, and things like that."

"And baskets?"

"Birch-bark baskets. To sell."

"Other baskets, too, didn't they? I have a lot of Indian baskets at home."

"Not from here," said Ben.

"No, you are right about that. But today I saw some baskets an Indian woman was selling at the station. They are made at the Reservation, aren't they?"

Ben ooked up with the first sign of real interest he had shown. "That was Pahrunta. She comes down sometimes to sell the baskets that her mother makes. Her mother is Ehimmeshunka. She came from another tribe, — many moons away, they said. She was stolen, I guess. She makes baskets like the western Indians, not like the Indians here."

"You have seen her working, then?"

"Yes."

"Was that when you were with Selby?"

"Yes. My dad was chummy with Washitonka, — brothers, they called each other. Ehimmeshunka was Washitonka's squaw."

"Did Selby learn how to make baskets like Ehimmeshunka?" asked Burton. Immediately he regretted he had put the question so bluntly, for a surprised question came into Ben's face. He fixed his somber eyes on Burton for a moment before he answered curtly: "No."

And Burton knew at once that the answer was merely prompted by a desire to shut off questioning! He tried to turn the conversation into another channel.

"Is that work you are doing an order?"

"Yes."

"What is it for?"

"Bookcase."

What does Selby pay you for a piece of work like that?"

Ben did not open his lips to reply. He merely looked at Burton with a gaze like a blank wall.

"Unless he pays you a fair price," Burton continued, "I might be able to do something for you in some place where there is more demand for that sort of work."

An unmistakable gleam of interest came into Ben's eyes, though he did not answer. But Mrs. Bussey answered for him.

"Do you hear that, Ben? He'll get you better prices. I told you all along that Selby wasn't paying you enough."

"What does he pay for a piece of work like this?"

"He likes," said Ben morosely. Burton saw that he had touched a sensitive spot.

"One dollar—two dollars, maybe. If he feels good."

"And then he doesn't pjay what he says he will," added Mrs. Bussey. "It's always come next week, and wait a little."

"Why, that's absurd! I'm sure I can get you ten to twenty times that for it. May I see it?"

Ben dropped the piece of wood he held, and Burton picked it up. It was intended for a panel in the side of a bookcase, and the design was cut out in low relief. It was a spirited sketch of an Indian with a bent bow drawn up to his shoulder.

"That's good," said Burton, in frank admiration. "Awfully good. Did you copy it or design it yourself?"

"Just made it up."

"What is he shooting at?"

The answer was startling, in view of Burton's theory of the situation. Ben glanced at him with a smile that held some hidden meaning. "Selby says he is shooting at the brave that has stolen his squaw." Then he lapsed back into his former attitude of somber indifference. "I think he is just shooting for fun," he added carelessly.

"Can Selby shoot?" asked Burton, trying to draw the conversation around again to the subject of Selby's Indian schooling.

Ben lifted himself on his elbow and looked up into Burton's face with a grin of malicious amusement. "Not very well," he said, and opened his mouth in a silent laugh that struck Burton as somehow horrible. Was it possible that he connected the shot through Burton's window, which had been merely talked of as an accident, with Selby?

"What makes you laugh?" he asked abruptly.

But Ben would not talk. He turned his head away with a gesture of weariness that aroused Burton's conscience.

"I mustn't tire you now, but I'll see you again before I leave. I think I can help you to get a better market for your work. Is there anything you want now?"

"No. Only to be let alone," said Ben, without looking at him. He spoke so indifferently that it was impossible to charge him with intentional rudeness. The natural man was expressing himself naturally. Burton suppressed an apology as he took his leave.

The door of the surgery was open when he came down the stairs to the back hall, and Dr. Underwood, keen-eyed and eager, with a crutch under his arm, stood in the doorway.

"Well," he asked. "What have you discovered?"

Burtan pushed him gently inside the room and shut the door.

"For one thing, I have discovered that it isn't safe to talk secrets in this house unless you know where Mrs. Bussey is," he laughed.

"Yes, she's an inveterate eavesdropper, I know. But we have no secrets to discuss, so I haven't minded. She has the mother-instinct to purvey for her helpless young—gossip or food or anything else she may think will be acceptable. She wants to keep Ben interested, that's all."

"Perhaps that's all. But she has so much to do with Selby that it makes me uncomfortable for her to hear my casual remarks about him. I couldn't get what I wanted from Ben. He shied off at once when I asked if Selby had learned Indian weaving. I have decided to go up to the reservation to find out."

"Really?" exclaimed the doctor, in obvious surprise. "You attach so much importance to this—idea of yours?"

"It is the only definite and positive clue I have found yet, and I am going to follow it out. I am satisfied that Selby hates your son. So does the mysterious unknown. The unknown unconsciously ties his knots in a very peculiar manner which he must have learned among the Indians. Selby has had the opportunity to learn from the Indians. There are two steps taken.

"Yes," mused the doctor thoughtfully.

"Is there anyone else more likely?" asked Burton. "Have you any enemies? Discharged servants, for instance?"

"No."

"Professional rivals?"

"If there is any poor devil of a doctor so unfortunate as to envy my degree of success let him go ahead with his revenge. He needs all the barren consolation he can get."

Then you really have no suspicion to better my own."

The doctor shook his head. "I have believed it to be Henry," he said simply.

"Not the holp-up?"

"Even that might have been—though I confess that was the first event that gave me ho pe, because it gave me a doube."

"Then I hold to my theory. Did Selby hold himself up and afterwards, with Mrs. Bussey's connivance, get access to your surgery and hide his chain here under the hearth and his handkerchiefs behind your books? Does he write those typewritten accusations on your machine while Mrs Bussey plays sentry? In that case, instead of being a short-sighted proceeding, as I at first thought, it is rather deep. The first intelligent investigation would throw suspicion upon Henry, who of course would have access to your room. In short, does Selby supply the venom, and Mrs. Bussey the easy, ignorant and vindictive tool? That's what is occupying my mind at present."

"Jumping Jerusalem!" gasped Dr. Underwood. "Aren't there some more tenable hypotheses that you have overlooked? Have you given due consideration to the possibility that Ben may be the son of an earl, stolen in childhood, with a strawberry mark on his arm, and Henry my first wife in disguise, and that I — Oh, I can't think of anything that would not be an anticlimax to your imaginative effort. What do you do for mental exercise when you are at home?"

But Burton refused to be diverted.

"I am willing to accept any other story, but I am determined that the mystery shall be named and known. The public don't seem equal to it. I never had any experience in th's direction, and I am not over-confident of my own abilities, but I am better than nothing, and I am going to do something, — something absurd, or futile, quite possibly, but at any rate something.

"If you succeed," said Dr. Underwood quietly, "you will have lifted the curse from my life and such a load from my heart as I pray you may never have to carry for an hour. If I were a king of the old style, I'd say: 'Ask what you will, even to the half of my kingdom.'"

Burton was about to make some light reply, when the sound of music from the old piano in the drawing-room came in between them. Leslie was playing. It was to the doctor's offer of half his kingdom what a spark is to a train of powder. The flashing thought it conjured up — though it was less a thought than a dazzling recognition — made him dizzy. He dropped his eyes, dismayingly conscious that it was a thought which he did not care to expose to the keen eyes of the doctor. He stood silent for a moment ostensibly listening to the music. Then he lifted his eyes, and put out his hand in farewell.

"Good night, Doctor. I shall go up to the Reservation tomorrow, and may not be back for a few days, but I'll leave my address at the hotel. In the event of your possibly wanting me, I'll say good night to Miss Underwood as I go out. I assume I'll find her if I find the music."

"Yes, that's the way it seems, sometimes," said the doctor. The remark was so unintelligible that Burton wondered whether he had dropped his eyes soon enough.

(To Be Continued.)

Herbs.

Sage, lavender, rue,
For body's hurt and ill,
For fever and for chill;
Rosemary, strange with dew,
For sorrow and its smart,
For breaking of the heart,
Yet pain, death, tears, all come to dust,
Even as the herbs must.

Life everlasting, too,
Windless, poignant, sere,
That blows in the old year,
Townsman, for me and you,
Why fret for wafting airs?
Why haste to sell our wares?
Captains and clerks, this shall befall;
This is the end of all.

O, this is the end, indeed
Oh! unforgotten things,
Gone out of all the springs!
The quest, the dream, the creed!
Gone out of all the lands,
And yet, safe in God's hands,
For shall the dull herbs live again,
And not the sons of men?

—Lizette Woodworth Reese.

Deterioration of the Fox.

Country Gentleman.

Has the fox deteriorated in recent years? Authorities differ in their opinions. My own is that he has not the stamina, and often not the constitution or the bone of the species 50 or 60 years

Wonderful Bargain
In Extra Heavy Silk Petticoat

$2.95 Prepaid

This stylish, beautifully cut Petticoat at $2.95 is a remarkable value. It is not made of cheap slazy material but is an extra heavy, all silk, rustling taffeta garment, such as retail merchants sell at $5.

It is cut good and full and made of guaranteed taffeta that will stand alone. Has an extra full 12 inch flounce on bottom, made with 3 sectional ruffles, one set on the other, and 12 rows of tucking. Self-color percaline underflounce forming dust ruffle that outwears silk. Comes in black, blue, brown, green, tan, grey, Copenhagen and changeables. 50 shades to choose from. Any color, any size. Give skirt length and waist measure. Money back if not perfectly satisfactory.

Write for Monthly Bargain Bulletin

This $5.00 Silk Petticoat for $2.95 is only one of hundreds of tremendous bargains described in our Free Monthly Bargain Bulletin. We can save you from 30% to 50% on everything in wearing apparel.

The May Co. Largest Department Store in Ohio Dept. B Cleveland, O.

FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answer possible.

We have lost six good shoats. They seem to have had what is known as the "thumps." Is there a reader of the Farmstead columns who can suggest a remedy?—F., Franklin, Neb.

I have a fox terrier pup which has two large lumps on its throat—almost as large as walnuts. I do not know what caused them. They appear to get larger in cold weather. Can any reader of the Farmstead column tell the cause and give a remedy?—J., Union City, Ind.

Who can tell me how the so-called corn syrup is made?—Dr. Alfreds, N. C.

Have a sow that is in good order. She has seven pigs. Her udder swells and then breaks open, seems a little better and then breaks again. She has been that way for some time. Who can tell the cause and give a remedy?—K., Topeka, Ind.

Will some reader of the Farmstead kindly tell me the best way to store dahlia bulbs, and whether there is any way to separate the bulbs for planting?—W., Marion, Ind.

THE SPREAD OF DISEASE

Scientists tell us that the germs of contagious and infectious diseases spread more easily through the milk than by any other means. Some of the infectious diseases attack the cow and person alike and if the cow is suffering from the trouble it will be an easy matter for her milk to be the means of carrying the disease germs to the person.

Perhaps tuberculosis and typhoid fever are the two diseases to be most dreaded. Many times before the udder is known to be affected with tuberculosis, the milk may contain germs which will give the trouble to the person drinking the milk.

Typhoid fever germs are easily carried from one house to another in the milk. If the dairyman's family has the disease, or if any of the attendants are recovering from it, there is great danger of the milk becoming contaminated so that the trouble will be carried to other families. Scarlet fever and cholera are also easily carried from one family to another by the milk.

It is known that diphtheria germs can be carried in the same way but English authorities claim it can be transmitted from the cow to the human much the same way that tuberculosis is transmitted. Foot and mouth diseases can be transmitted in the same way and we have before us a statement of a well known physician who claims that cancer may be carried from the cow to the human.

Nearly, if not quite, all of the spread of these diseases may be prevented by keeping everything clean in the lots, barns and milk house. Where there is a systematic war made on filth the spread of disease is prevented. The dirty lot, the dirty animal, the dirty milk house and the dirty attendant are responsible for 95 per cent of the spread of the disease through the milk.

POULTRY MANURE

Poultry manure is one of the best of fertilizers for all garden and small fruit crops. Save every pound of it and apply it to the gardens and berry patches. It represents a good part of the poultry revenue.

PEACH GROWING

Peaches need a reasonably loose soil and will not thrive if grown in sod, for any considerable length of time. The soil should be prepared in good tilth by plowing and harrowing. Peaches are so often injured by severe cold that in a majority of cases spring planting is preferable to fall, but it is an item to make all the preparation possible in advance so often injured by severe cold, that in a majority of cases spring planting is preferable to fall, but it is an item to make all the preparation possible in adso that at the first favorable opportunity in the spring the planting can be done.

With peaches nearly or quite all of the pruning should be done in the spring. There is so much risk of the new growth being killed, and, of course, will need to be cut out in the spring, that it is best to defer the pruning until reasonably early in the spring. The peach needs severe pruning annually—from one-third to one-half of the new growth should be cut out. This will aid materially in securing a better quality of fruit.

NEW APPLE IS COSTLY

Missouri Has Variety That Sells for 25 Cents Each.

St. Louis, Nov. 22.—The Ben Davis apple has come in for many hard knocks, especially from the funny men of the Chicago press, who gravely assert it to be the reason for the large emigration from Missouri farm lands in the last ten years. Missouri developed and perfected the Ben Davis apple, and is not ashamed of it, although it is said a Missouri farmer always ships his Ben Davis fruit and reserves the less attractive and more palatable varieties for home use. However, Missouri has revenge upon the Chicago newspaper humorists, who are continually making fun of the mealy Ben Davis, for at the present time Missouri apples are selling in Chicago at 25 cents each. And Chicago gladly pays the price.

The new Missouri apple which is causing Chicago and other cities to sit up and take notice is called the Delicious. It was so named by W. P. Stark, former president of the Missouri Horticultural Board, and is generally pronounced "true to name." At the St. Louis flower show last week Mr. Stark had a display of the apples, which attracted much attention. The delicious is conspicuous, not alone by its fine size and coloring, but by its aroma as well. On this account alone, Mr. Stark asserts, it deserves a place in a flower show.

Has Odd History.

"The history of this fruit is peculiar," said Mr. Stark. "It was originated by Jesse Hiatt, of Peru, Madison county, Iowa. No one knows its exact origin and Mr Hiatt is dead. The original tree still stands near Des Moines, Ia., and is in bearing. My brothers and I took up the propagation of the Delicious in 1895, believing it to be the 'great American apple.' So far our hopes have been amply justified, for last season we sent out from our nursery at Louisiana, Mo., 2,000,000 of the trees. This year we will send out more than 3,000,000."

Since the new apple came to public notice many theories have been advanced as to its origin. At the annual banquet of the Pike County Colony in St. Louis two years ago samples of the fruit were passed around, and, noting its shape and peculiar flavor, Judge Dyer, the toastmaster, facetiously remarked that it was a cross between a pear and an apple.

Worked Forty Years.

The newspapers printed this theory, and it goes wherever the apple does. Mr. Stark says he is not able to disprove it, as Mr. Hiatt worked 40 years to perfect the apple and carried the secret with him to the grave. Hundreds of thousands of the trees have been set out in the great apple orchards of the far Northwest, where it does as well as in Missouri, Illinois or Kansas. Shipments have been made to England, and in a few years, as more trees come into bearing, Mr. Stark expects it to become internationally famous.

On the Stump.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Timothy L. Woodruff at a dinner in New York, told a number of election stories. "Then there was Cosgrove," he said. "Cosgrove made a good stump speaker. An imposing, stately kind of man.

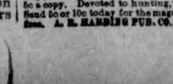
"While Cosgrove was speaking in a hall in Syracuse one night somebody brayed. Cosgrove stopped short, glared, and said.

"'Who brayed there?'

"A little chap in the front row piped mildly:

"'It was only an echo, sir. Go on with your speech, Mr. Cosgrove.'"

FREE BOOK OF GAME AND FUR LAWS



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"FIX MY SHOE," SAID HORSE

Meandered to Smithy and Made Him Understand His Need.

New York Globe.

Joe has hauled a Hendrickson express wagon to and fro between the International Mercantile Marine dock and the express transfer station in Eighteenth street, between Seventh and Eighth avenues, for 15 years. He is blind in one eye and weak in the other, but he possesses sense of the true horse variety. His only side trips have been occasional visits to Mr. Carroll, the horseshoer in Christopher street, between Washington and West.

Well, this morning Joe was left in the stable because his right forefoot shoe needed fixing, and Dan Barry, Joe's driver, had no time to take him around to Carroll's before business hours. But that didn't make any difference to Joe. Barry started for the dock with Joe's relief hitched to the wagon when he happened to look back. Old Joe was quietly walking out of the stable and trotting away southward. Before the driver could fairly take in the situation Joe was out of sight.

Half an hour later Joe stopped in front of the Carroll blacksmith shop. "Ain't that Barry's horse?" asked Carroll of his assistant. "It sure is. Must have run away," was the reply. "Run away, nothin'," said Carroll. "That horse never runs away."

Joe raised his right fore hoof as if it hurt him. Carroll looked it over. "That hoof's all right. Only needs a new shoe," was the mental note of Carroll. The new shoe was fitted. Next thing Carroll knew Joe was trotting away, but not in the direction of the stable. He was covering the distance to the International Marine dock at fast as he could without exciting suspicion.

He got there all right and just waited for Dan Barry to turn up. Barry found Joe pawing, as nervous equines are wont to do, with his newly shod right fore hoof. The driver did not miss the glitter of the new shoe.

"Well, what d' you think of that!" exclaimed Barry, as if some one were near at hand to hear him. "He went and got himself shod, and I'll bet he told Carroll in good horse talk to have it charged."

On the Road to Love.

Have you ever tramped alone upon a misty morning
In and out among the hills along the road to Love,
Up the wooded valley until sudden at a turning
Sleepy little Hessenford comes peeping slyly through,
On the road to Love;
Out along and down along the winding road to Love?

Hessenford so cozylike all hidden in the hollow,
And the little graveyard, oh, so quiet and so still;
Where the Christ of all of us would rest a while in silence,
Ere you turned to breast again the road that climbs the hill
Out along and down along the silent road to Love.

Left of you the fallow fields go rolling, gently rolling,
Out to meet the kisses of the sunny, rolling sea,
While you watch the wonders and the everlasting glory
Of the good old Cornish land just made for you and me.
By the road to Love;
Out along and down along the sleepy road to Love.

Have you ever caught the scent of yellow gorse a-burning
Drifting on the breezes as you tramped and tramped along,
Heard the milky lowing of the lazy footed cattle
When the trees and hedges and the fields are full of song;
Calling you to Love;
Out along and down along the sunny road to Love?

Sick am I of staring at the hunger in the faces,
Listening to the clatter of the city's ceaseless din,
Time it was that I was rolling up my swag and going
To the warmth and welcome of that quiet little inn
On the road to Love;
Out along and down along the cheery road to Love.

—From the Pall Mall Gazette.

Seven Sentence Sermons.

To have what we want is riches, but to be able to do without—that is power.—George MacDonald.

God never asks of us such busy labor as leaves no time for resting at his feet.—Anon.

The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties; help us to play the man; help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces; let cheerfulness abound with industry.—R. L. Stevenson.

God gives each man one life like a lamp, then gives the lamp due measure of oil.—Browning.

It is the narrow heart alone which does not grow; the wide one becomes larger with the lapse of years.—Jean Paul Richter.

Blest is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie;
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to men's blindfolded eye.
—Anon.

It is a grand thing to find joy in one's work; if you have found that you have found the heart of life.—James Buckham.

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Canada's Vast Wilderness.

James Oliver Curwood in Leslie's.

There are vast areas in Canada of which even the government has no definite knowledge, and there are thousands of square miles where the foot of a white man has never trod. Practically all knowledge of this big, wild country has been secured, again and again, along a few chosen and well-worn routes, outside of which investigation has seldom gone. One of these routes is to Hudson's Bay by the way of the Missinaibi, another to York Factory by way of the Nelson, a third to Fort Churchill by way of the Churchill river, a fourth over the surveyed line of the proposed railroad to the bay, and the one route to the country of the Athabasca is via the Reindeer lake and Churchill river waterways.

Imagine a dozen or so well-beaten vehicle highways traversing a country one-fourth as large as Europe—now highways hemmed in by impenetrable wilderness—and one may form some sort of an idea of the little that is still known of 600,000 square miles of the North American continent. Along these routes nearly all "explorers" have gone. Among them are situated most of the fur posts, and beyond their narrow lines but little is known. And in this world of forest and ridge mountains and eternal desolation, still buried in the mystery and silence of endless centuries, are its "people." Approximately there are from 15,000 to 25,000 human souls in an area 15 times the size of Ohio, and there are no more than 500 of these who have not some Indian blood in their veins. On the other hand, fully one-half of the total population has its strain of white blood.

Quite Another Thing.

Atlanta Constitution.

"He is the author of a dozen books."

"I know that. But—what does he do for a living?"

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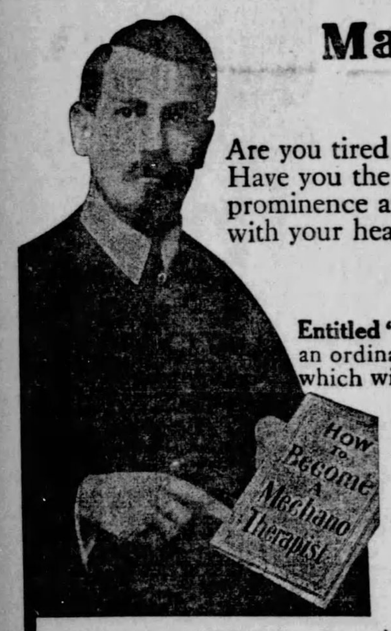

Are you tired of working for wages which barely keep body and soul together? Have you the ambition to enjoy the profits of your own labor? To gain social prominence and financial independence? To go forth among your fellow men with your head up—an honored and respected citizen of your locality?

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Entitled "How to Become a Mechano-Therapist." It tells how every man and woman, with an ordinary, common school education, can acquire a profession within a few months which will insure financial independence for life. GET OUR BOOK—it costs you nothing.

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From the President of the College.

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Mechano-Therapy is the art, or science, of treating disease without drugs. It is similar to Osteopathy, but far superior, being the latest, up-to-date method of treating disease by the Natural Method. It heals as Nature heals—in accordance with Nature's laws.

The Mechano-Therapist is a drugless physician and a bloodless surgeon. His medicines are not drugs, but scientific combinations of food, circumstance, idea, water and motion.

The Mechano-Therapist is skilled in compelling the body TO DO ITS OWN HEALING with its own force, rather than with poisonous drugs of the old school practitioner.

CAN I LEARN IT?

Have you asked yourself this question? We answer, unhesitatingly, YES.

If you have so much as an ordinary, common school education, you can learn.

If you have the ambition to better your condition—to earn more money—to have more leisure—you can learn.

Nor does this require years of patient study to learn Mechano-Therapy—we can teach you in a very short time, so that you may enter this profession—and when you do, you begin to make money. No text books are required, beyond those furnished by us. We supply all lessons and necessary text books free of cost to you. No apparatus is used. You do not even need a place to work. All you require is your two hands.

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FOR MEN AND WOMEN

No matter what your occupation may be Mechano-Theraphy offers you a new field for improving your social and financial condition. Hundreds of men and women have taken up Mechano-Therapy and many of them are today independent, earning big money and gaining social prominence in their communities.

Read What Our Graduates Say

Statements of a few of our graduates below verify every claim we make. Remember what these men and women have done you may do. The success they have made you may make. We do not give the addresses of people whose testimonials we print. If you are interested we furnish them on request.

I Make $10 to $15 Per Day and Work Seven Days a Week.

Dr. W. F. Leslie, M. T., writes: I am making from $10 to $15 a day and work seven days a week. I am busy all the time.

Makes $25 to $30 Per Day.

E. L. Stout, M. T. D., writes: I now make as high as $25 to $30 per day. I feel that in Mechano-Therapy there is financial success for all who will put forth the necessary energy.

Received $2.50 to $5.00 for a Single Treatment.

P. W. Dyment, M. T., writes: In my year's practice I have never given a single treatment for less than $2.50 and the most was $5.00.

One of Our Most Successful Graduates

located in New York City, writes: I cleared $80.00 above all expenses in four days time.

Income $15 Per Day—Formerly a Blacksmith.

W. S. McClure writes: I heartily endorse your college, especially to those who contemplate a course in drugless healing. The possibilities of the Mechano-Therapists are almost unlimited. The man who indueed me to take a course in Mechano-Therapy was formerly a blacksmith with an ordinary education. Today he is practicing drugless healing with an average income of $15 per day.

We Teach You in Your Own Home

We can teach you an honorable and profitable profession in a few months, which will insure your financial independence for life. We can make you master of your own time—to come and go as you will—an honored and respected citizen, with an income of $3,000 to $5,000 a year. We teach you this pleasant, profitable profession by mail, right in your own home, at your own convenience, and without interfering with your present duties. It makes no difference how old you are, any person—man or woman—with just an ordinary, common school education, can learn Mechano-Therapy. It is easy to learn and results are sure.

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Don't spend another needless day of suffering. I will send you my regular, full, complete, three-fold lexoid, combined course of treatment—free to try. I don't mean a small, worthless sample, or a trial test treatment, that you can't tell anything about. I mean a regular full course treatment, and when I say a full treatment I mean a full treatment, just as I say. I will send it to you complete, charges paid, delivered to your door, ready for you to use, so you can commence your cure at once.

You may not believe my offer, because you do not know me personally, and you do not know my word is good as gold. You may have seen ads before, offering full treatments, and when you answered them found that in each case you got a small trial treatment, lasting a few days or a week, and that you have to send money first to get the full treatment, and you may think this offer is like all the rest—it is not—please don't think I am trying to fool you. No, I don't do that kind of business. Don't think there is a string to this offer—there are no strings to the offer—no, indeed. I said I would send you a full, complete treatment, and I will do so. You won't be fooled. I will send you a regular, full treatment, just as I say I will. I will send it charges paid, as soon as I hear from you—the same day—by return mail. There are no promises to make, no papers to sign, no references to give, no charges or C. O. D.'s to pay, and you are not obliged to spend a penny.

I have helped thousands to regain their health. Those with tired, lame, aching backs, with unbearable bladder and urinary troubles, others stiff and bent with rheumatism—and have made them well—the most chronic severe, long-standing, obstinate cases—after others had failed to cure them. Hundreds using my treatment in despair have gone their way rejoicing. They were suffering, and it eased their pains, soothed their aches, brightened their lives and made them happy, and now I offer my wonderful treatment to you—free to try—take it—use it—and get well.

If you have backache, kidney, bladder trouble or rheumatism, dizziness, puffy swellings under the eyes or in the feet and ankles, nervousness, tired and worn out feeling, if the urine is light and pale, dark colored or cloudy, if you make water often, getting up during the night, if it smarts and burns in passing, if there is sediment or brick dust when it stands, you need my treatment without a minute's delay.

My specialty is such diseases. I treat thousands of cases—helping them after all else has failed. I am successful in my life work because I love it. I love my profession. My whole mind and soul is wrapped up in it, and I am happy. It would be happy, too, if you were bringing happiness to thousands of suffering people right now, as I am now. I love to feel I am helping people to enjoy life, and I want to help you to see the bright side of life and enjoy every minute of it—health and happiness.

I want to help you to get well and be strong again, so you can work, and walk, and run, and jump without pain, so you can sleep without disturbance, and wake up refreshed and rested, able to use every muscle, nerve, cord and joint of your body without suffering misery all the time.

I want you to have my regular full complete treatment. My scientic course, selected from the best remedies in the world for such diseases, harmless, soothing, healing, penetrating remedies that reach the spot, drives away uric acid, cleanses, purifies, strengthens, invigorates and encourages the kidneys to properly filter the blood. That stops the pain, gives strength to the nerves, new life and ambition to the mind and body, and does it quickly, quietly, without loss of time.

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Take it when it comes. Use half of it, and see just what it does. Then when you know it has helped you, when you know you are getting better, just send me a small amount, an amount within your easy reach—an amount you can easily afford to spare—that is all I ask. I know you'll be willing to do your part and send me some money, when it helps you—and your word is good enough for me. I will help you quickly. But you are to pay nothing until it does. Try it first, pay afterward when you know. And before. When you have used half of it, if you are not satisfied, return what's left, and pay nothing. It doesn't cost you a penny to try my treatment—I will send it to you charges paid, take it, try it free, and find out.

I am the only one today making this offer, sending a full treatment for such diseases, free to try. I could not afford to do it if I was not sure it would help you—if I did not know it would cure—if I wasn't sure. That's why I can afford to send it first—but you are the one to decide—you are the one to be the judge. It must help you, it must satisfy you before you send a penny. And you are the one to say. I will take your word. It's all left right with yourself. What you say goes. That's all I care for. I don't want a penny until it helps you. I would not take a cent that I am not entitled to. I believe in giving every one a square deal—in being honest—it's my religion—I want to do what's right—that's why I am making you the broadest, most straightforward, fairest, most liberal, one-sided offer ever made. When I have confidence enough in my treatment to send it to you this way, I know you will be willing to try it free. Don't send a penny in your letter; not even a postage stamp. Just your name and address and where to send the treatment. Address your letter to me personally, like this DR. H. MITCHELL, DeWERTH, 50 Lexold Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

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Please send me your regular, full, complete three-fold Lexold Course of Treatment as you promise above, all charges paid, free to try. Also your free book about Uric Acid, Kidney, Bladder Trouble and Rheumatism.

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QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

METEORITES

Please tell me something concerning meteorites and what they are composed of.—D. C. L., Sunburg, O.

Meteorites are solid bodies that have fallen from the heavens. They are not to be confounded with those luminous bodies that flash across the sky every night, called shooting stars or meteors. A genuine meteorite may flash across the sky, become visible, and yet pass on without sending to the earth any evidence of its true character; but very frequently it falls to earth. Meteorites contain no elements, as far as it is known, which have not been found on the earth, but these elements are compounded differently from that of any terrestrial minerals. Iron is always present, usually in metallic form and combined with nickel. The iron masses have a crystalline structure, which is revealed by polishing a surface and etching it with acid.

THE MAINE

Will the Question Bureau please tell abotu the battleship Maine?—D. W. W., Olney, Ky.

In January, 1898, the Maine was sent to Havana on a friendly mission. On February 15, at 9 p. m., she was destroyed by the explosion of a submarine mine, or torpedo, with a loss of 260 lives. A court of inquiry was immediately appointed to inquire into the disaster. The court reported that the battleship was destroyed "by the explosion of a submarine mine which caused the partial explosion of two or more of her forward magazines." The task of raising the Maine is too difficult to attempt.

ABOUT WATCHES

What means were used to keep a watch running at a uniform rate before the invention of the balance spring?—J. L. P., Church Hill, Tenn.

When the coiled mainspring was first invented for use in watches, it was impossible to keep it running at a uniform rate because the tension of the spring diminished as it uncoiled. The first contrivance to make the force uniform was a sort of brake, so arranged that, as the spring unwound, less and less resistance would be applied. This was succeeded by the fusee, invented about 1525 by Jacob Zech, of Prague. It consisted of a sort of conical pulley having formed on its periphery a spiral groove. On the arbor of the fusee was fixed the main wheel, and the mainspring barrel served as a drum, around which was coiled a number of turns of a cord of catgut, one end of which was attached to the large part of the fusee and the other end to the barrel, so that the mainspring barrel was turned and the spring coiled up by turning the fusee. The use of chains in place of catgut was introduced in 1664 by Gruet, a Swiss. The balance spring was introduced by Hooke in 1658.

THE GRANDFATHER CLAUSE

Please give what information you can about the grandfather clause.—F. G. C., Cortland, N. Y.

Several of the southern states have grandfather clauses in their constitutions, the objects of which are to prevent the majority of negroes from voting. The granfather clause of Louisiana says that one is a citizen of the state if he is able to read and write, or if he owns $300 worth of property assessed in his home, or whose father or grandfather was entitled to vote on January 1, 1867.

CITY OF VANCOUVER

Please tell what you can about the city of Vancouver.—J. M. J., Earlville, N. Y.

The city of Vancouver is in New Westminster district, British Columbia, Canada. It is on Burrard inlet and the Canadian Pacific railway; 12 miles north of New Westminster, and about 85 miles northeast of Victoria, the capital of the province. It is the largest city of the province, and is the seaport. The streets of the city are wide. Vancouver is the western terminus of the railway, and has regular mail-steamer communication with China, Japan and Australia. It has large and varied lumber interests, railway construction and repair shops, foundry and iron works, sugar refinery and pork-packing works. Vancouver was laid out, totally destroyed by fire, and rebuilt in 1880, and has an area of more than 15 square miles. The population is about 100,000.

THE EGYPTIAN GOVERNMENT

Will you please tell how Egypt is governed?—G. L., Pittston, Pa.

At the present day the government of Egypt is in the hands of the viceroy or khedive, as supreme ruler, who pays an annual tribute of about $2,000,000 to Turkey, and is assisted by a ministry formed on a mode of those of western Europe. The government is carried on under the supervision of Great Britain. The judiciary is somewhat complicated, there being native tribunals, consular courts, mixed tribunals, and religious courts. The financial condition of the country is being slowly improved under British management. The Egyptian army is under the command of an English general, and officered partly by Englishmen, and partly by Egyptians. There is also an English army of occupation which has been there since the rebellion of 1882.

THE BAD LANDS OF DAKOTA

Please give a description of the bad lands and where are they located?—O. C., West Union, W. Va.

N. H. Darton gives the following description of the bad lands of South Dakota.

"In the bad lands of western South Dakota, east of the Black Hills, there is an area of about 2,000 square miles, which consists largely of bad lands occupying extensive basins cut in a plateau along the White and Cheyenne rivers. They present wonderfully weird scenery, but are rarely visited by the average sightseer. Typical bad lands present ridges and mesas from 200 to 400 feet high in greater part, eroded into fantastic shapes and cut by ravines and gullies into an endless variety of rugged buttresses and pinnacles. The materials are mainly light-colored, sandy clays, and soft sandstones in nearly horizontal strata, and their bare slopes are dazzling in the bright sunlight. Most bad land regions were tab elands originally, and areas of the old surface remain in level topped, grass-covered mesas of various sizes, with bad land slopes extending to flat-bottomed valleys of greater or less width. Bad lands exhibit clearly the close relations of topographic form to rock texture, the homogeneous clays being carved into regular slopes, in which sandstone layers give rise to benches, or protect columns and pinnacles of clay. Bad lands are developed in soft rocks where a region has been so uplifted that there is rapid erosion, under arid or semi-arid climatic conditions. The occasional rains cut gullies, which eventually are deepened ravines, and, as the rocks are soft, the erosion progresses more rapidly than vegetation can establish itself. In regions of abundant rainfall, vegetation is so vigorous that it usually forms a protective mantle on all but the steeper slopes, but arid lands, a thin sod is the principal growth, and it is quickly removed by the rapid run-off of the torrential rains. The bad lands of Dakota have yielded large numbers of fossil animals of the late Eocene age, which have made the region famous as a collecting ground.

THE PLEIADES

Please tell something about the Pleiades and how they were turned to stars.—B. J., Shinnston, W. Va.

The Pleiades were the daughters of Atlas, and nymphs of Diana's train. One day Orion saw them, and becoming enamored, pursued them. In their distress they prayed to the gods to change their form. Jupiter turned them to pigeons and then made them a constellation in the sky. Though their number was seven, only six stars were visible, for Electra, one of them, it is said, left her place that she might not behold the ruin of Troy, for that city was founded by her son, Dardanus. The sight had such an effect on her sisters that they have looked pale ever since.

MANUAL TRAINING

Will you please give me some information on manual training in our schools? When was it first introduced?—E. C. O., Foust Hill, Mich.

Manual training is the training of the hand in the use of tools and in practical drafting, as a part of a system of general education. In 1877, a manual training school in connection with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology was founded, and, 1879, the St. Louis (Mo.) Manual Training school was established. In 1884 schools were established in Chicago, Baltimore, and Toledo, and in the following year one was established in Philadelphia. At the present time manual training is a part of the curriculum in every agricultural and mechanical college in the United States.

PURITANS AND PILGRIMS

Explain the difference between the Puritans and the Pilgrims.—L. F. A., Grafton, W. Va.

In the early part of the 17th century a movement began in England to reform the Church of England. There were many people who did not believe in all the forms that the church observed, claiming that it was popish. The Puritans objected to these forms but did not leave the church. The Separatists or Pilgrims on the other hand totally severed their connections with the church and formed a religion of their own. They were not called Pilgrims until, by continued persecutions, they were driven from the country.

THE NEXT CONGRESS

When will the congressmen which were elected on last election day take their seats? Have the lower and upper houses of congress the power to raise or lower the tariff without the consent of the President?—F. M., Mechanlesburg, Va.

Those who were elected to congress this month will not take their seats until December, 1911. Two-thirds of each house can pass a bill lowering or raising the tariff without the President's signature. Such a bill will also become a law if the President neglects to sign it or return it to the house within ten days after he has received it.

ARKANSAS GAME LAWS

Will you please give the game laws of Arkansas?—S. C., Blissfield, Mich.

The open seasons for hunting in Arkansas are, for deer (except in Chicot county, Oct. 1 to Feb. 1), Sept. 1 to Feb. 1; for squirrel in Lee, Monroe, Phillips and Francis counties, May 1 to Dec. 1; quail or partridge, from Nov. 1 to March 1 (except in Bradley and Dallas counties, Nov. 15 to March 1); prairie chicken and pinnated grouse, Nov. 1 to Dec. 1; wild turkey, Sept. 1 to May 1 (except in Chicot county, males, Feb. 1 to May 15; hens, 1911); pheasants (Chinese, English), 10 years, March 14, 1913; and for dove there is no open season.

JOHN ROGERS

Please tell about the death of John Rogers.—L. T., Nirvana, Mich.

John Rogers, an English clergyman, born about 1500, was burned at Smithfield February 4, 1555. He was educated at Cambridge, entered into holy orders there, and was chaplain to the English factory at Antwerp for several years. There he became acquainted with Tyndale and Coverdale, and from the manuscripts of the former, the published version of the latter, and his own researches, he compiled a complete edition of the Bible in English. The elaborate marginal notes and index are entirely his work. It was published in folio in 1537 under the assumed name of Thomas Matthero. From Antwerp he went to Wittenberg, where he was pastor of a Dutch congregation. On the accession of Edward VI., Bishop Ridley invited him home, and made him prebendary and divinity reader of St. Paul's. On the Sunday after the triumphal entry of Queen Mary into London, in August, 1553, Rogers preached a sermon at St. Paul's Cross, in which he exhorted the people to adhere to the doctrine taught in King Edward's days, and to resist the forms and dogmas of Catholicism. He was summoned before the privy council for this, but defended himself ably, and was released. On August 18, he was ordered to remain a prisoner in his own house, and at the end of six months was removed to Newgate. He was tried in January, 1555, before Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, and condemned to be burned at the stake. He was the author of several theological works.

MSCELLANEOUS

J. I. B., Fairmount, W. Va.—The punishment usually inflicted upon a deserter from the United States army is imprisonment in a federal prison.

J. B. W., Aberdeen, Wash.—We can give you no process for polishing diamonds.

G. B. C., New Albany, Ind.—There are no statistics giving the number of millionaire members of the United States senate.

S. B. M., Conesville, O.—Write to the general land commissioner at Washington, D. C., for the information you want.

W. B. B., Brashears, N. Va.—Theodore Roosevelt has always been a Republican.

Early Use of Machinery.

London Globe.

From an early treatise by Moxon, published in 1680 in England, it is certain that at that time the lathe was developed to a point where it was possible to turn out high class ornamental woodwork, including oval shapes, but anything more than this was beyond its power, until the slide rest was invented. Devices for clamping the cutting tools in a fixed position were comparatively early, but the first appearance of the slide rest dates from 1772. Complete drawings and details of an excellent slide rest were given in that year in a French encyclopedia. As early as 1741 Hindley, a York clockmaker, produced a screw cutting lathe with change gears. This of course was a very small machine, and in fact the clockmakers of that day seemed to have a monopoly of mechanical ingenuity. Attempts to produce machinery to replace the work of human hands were made early; thus, for example, in 1752, Wyatt endeavored to make a machine for cutting files, but was not successful.

"Cured Neuralgia Pain"

"I take pleasure in writing to you that I had a neuralgia pain in my arm for five years, and I used your Liniment for one week and was completely cured. I recommend your Liniment very highly."—Mrs. J. McGraw, 1216 Mandeville St., New Orleans, La.

Cured Quinsy Sore Throat

Mr. Henry L. Caulk, of 1242 Wilson St., Wilmington, Del., writes:—"I bought a bottle of Sloan's Liniment for the quinsy sore throat and it cured me. I shall always keep a bottle in the house."

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Prices, 25c., 50c. & $1.00

Sloan's book on horses, cattle, sheep and poultry sent free. Address

Dr. Earl S. Sloan,
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

"I Suffered Intense Pains in My Left Side."

Do you realize it is better to be safe than sorry, that it is the best policy to lock the stable door before the horse is stolen?

Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy

cured Mrs. C. C. Gokey, of a stubborn case of heart disease, such as thousands are now suffering with. Read what she says:

"Before I began taking Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy I had been suffering from heart trouble for over five years. I had grown so weak that it was impossible for me to do thirty minutes work in a whole day. I suffered intense pains in my left side and under the left shoulder blade, I could not sleep on the left side, and was so short of breath that I thought I should never be able to take a full breath again. The least excitement would bring on the most distressing palpitation. I had scarcely taken a half-bottle of the Heart Remedy before I could see a marked change in my condition. I began to sleep well, had a good appetite, and improved so rapidly that when I had taken six bottles I was completely cured.
MRS. C. C. GOKEY, Northfield, Vt.

If you have any of the symptoms Mrs. Gokey mentions, it is your duty to protect yourself.

Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy.

is what you need. If the first bottle fails to benefit, your money is returned. Ask your druggist.
MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

SELECTING STEERS FOR FEED LOT

Of Iowa State College.

Steers are put into the feed lot, fed and cared for with the hope of obtaining for them at selling time a price that will enable the feeder to realize a fair profit. After paying for his steers, their feed and any other direct expense connected with them, he should still have left a margin that would pay him at least 10 per cent, and, better, 20 per cent on his investment. It often happens that this profit is not forthcoming when everything is counted in on both sides of the account, and often—too often, in fact—instead of a profit to the feeder there is a loss. This is the discouraging part of cattle feeding. When much time and labor have been spent in buying and bringing the cattle home, in gathering and storing the feed, in caring for and feeding them, there is not much encouragement when the feeder finds that, instead of a gain, he has sustained a direct loss on all his operations.

The question naturally arises, Is there anything which the feeder can do to influence the amount of profit which will accrue to his labor? There is certainly something for him to do, and that is to exercise care and judgment in buying and selecting his steers he puts into his feed lots. No matter what skill is possessed by the feeder, unless the animals placed under his care have been bought right and unless they have been carefully and wisely selected, his efforts will be fruitless, so far as the matter of profit is concerned. Let us see first from what source or sources the profits in steer feeding may come, and then we shall consider the part which the buyer is responsible for.

Profit in steer feeding may come, first, from the conversion of cheap raw materials, such as roughage in the form of hay, corn stalks and straws; grains, such as corn, oats, peas, bran; or concentrates, such as oil meal, gluten feed and blood meal, into high-priced cuts of meat.—In the second place, by the addition of extra fat and flesh we hope to increase the value of the whole carcass—i. e., we aim to convert the 1,000-pound steer into a 1,350-pound prime steer, and in doing this make the whole carcass worth at least 1½ cents more per pound than when purchased for the feed lot. There are several other items which may enter as profit to the steer feeder. A large amount of manure is secured, and thus increased fertility. A home market is made for roughage and grains, and the manufactured product, the beef animal, can be more easily and economically transported to market. Then, too, there is employment for labor which would perhaps otherwise have to be left unemployed. The first two, however, are the important factors in determining profit, and these are on such a narrow margin that they must be carefully looked after.

The buyer going out to purchase steers to put into the feed lot must have before him an ideal which he seeks to place on the market; and this ideal should be the prime or choice bullock. He has in his mind's eye a low-down, blocky, deep, thick-set animal with straight top and underline, a wide spring of rib giving a wide back, a wide, deep loin, with good width between the hooks, a long, level rump and deep, thick hind quarters, with low-down twist and inside muscled to hook. This finished, the steer should possess a general refinement in his whole makeup. He should be smooth and fine about the head, which should be short and broad. The neck should be short, thick and evenly blended with the shoulders. The shoulders should hooks and pins should be snugly hidden hooks an dpins should be snugly hidden away. His legs should be short and fine, with no clarseness at the joints. The prime steer must possess what is termed "handling quality," which is indicated by a soft, furry coat of hair, a mellow, pliable skin and firm, mellow flesh. This is the prime steer which the feeder would seek to place upon the market in order to secure the highest price going, and in order that he may accomplish his desires the buyer must seek to obtain for him the raw material in the shape of feeders from which this sort can be made. He must secure such as will put on flesh rapidly and economically. In order that the feeders steer may meet these demands there are certain attributes which he must possess. First, he must be a good feeder. We like a steer to be able to eat large quantities of food and at the same time make good use of that food in the way of laying on flesh. In the second place, he must possess a strong constitution and have vigorous, stylish general appearance. In the third place, he must possess the power of laying on flesh in the valuable parts—on the loin, rump, ribs and rounds. In the fourth place, he must show signs of early maturity.

The feeder steer should have a low-down blocky form. He should be deep in front and thin through the heart, with a wide spring of rib, giving a wide back on which to carry high-priced meat. The rib should be round and deep, giving the steer a roomy middle. If there is one thing to avoid in a feeder steer it is that of a small, tucked-up abdomen. He must have sufficient room for large digestive organs. The loin should be wide and deeply laid on with muscles. The hooks should be wide apart, but should lack any undue prominence. A long, level rump, with heavily muscled, wide, thick hind quarters and a low twist; a short, broad head, with large, mild, bright eyes, large muzzle and mouth, a heavily muscled under jaw, thick, smoothly blended neck, a big heart girth and roomy chest and flesh should be evenly on all parts. With all this refinement there should be no paunchiness. This goes under the head of general quality, but in addition to this the low-down hind flank all go with a good, vigorous feeder. With this form he should possess general refinement, which is indicated by a clean-cut head free from meatiness and puffiness, a fine flat horn, rather than one that is round and stubby; smooth laid shoulders without either sharpness about the bones or joints of the legs. In addition to this he should be a superior "handler"—i. e. his skin should be loose, mellow and pliable to the touch, and he should be thickly clad with a soft, silky, furry coat of hair. He should have an abundance of natural flesh or muscle along the back and loin, about the hind quarters, over the shoulders and down the ribs, and this should be mellow to the touch.

A feeder of this sort should give the very best returns in a feed lot, so far as early maturity and economy of gains are concerned, and when taken to the market, if finished, should find the top.

There is a leggy sort of steer, possessing some general roughness which will make a fair feeder. He will do away with large quantities of feed and will always be up at the rack, but he will not make much economical gain, nor will he finish up at such an early age, and when he goes to market he cannot command the highest price because he is off on general quality. A steer of this kind is a loser all around.

Never select a long-headed, long, slim-necked, peaked shouldered, narrow backed, slab-sided, thin quartered, cat hammed, harsh handling steer to put into a feed lot. Avoid steers that are weak in constitution. They will always be a source of annoyance by going off feed.

Choice feeders, such as have been described above, can come only from some one of the special beef breeds. It is not necessary that the dams should be registered. It is well enough to have high grades. It is necessary, however, that the sire should be a pedigreed animal of good quality and at the same time he himself should possess the good points which we demand in the feeders, together with that degree of masculinity which will insure prepotency.

Investigations have gone to show that beef-bred feeders are by all odds the most economical to feed. They dress a higher percentage, deposit fat between the muscular tissue instead of laying it on internally, their meat is "marbled" and possesses a higher market value because of its juiciness and delicious flavor.

It is better to buy young steers that have been kept growing right along from birth and are in good thrifty condition. It is a well-known fact that young animals make more rapid and much more economical gains for the food fed than do older animals. At the Chicago fat stock show in 1882 the cost of producing 100 pounds of gain was ascertained to be as follows:

One to 12 months, $4.02.
Twelve to 24 months, $7.98.
Twenty-four to 36 months, $12.54.

Other investigations and with larger numbers of animals have shown similar results.

Young steers, too adapt themselves to new and changed conditions more readily than do older ones, and lose less time in acquiring an appetite for the new foods which are supplied in the feed lot.

Where one has a large amount of roughage to utilize it might be necessary to buy an older, larger animal to place in the feed lot. It must be noted, however, that the day of the heavy-weight 4 or 5-year-old steer is past. The demand now is for the "handy weight" steer, weighing from 1,350 to 1,450 pounds. The quicker he can be produced the better it is for both the producer and the consumer. We have discussed at some length the kind of steer to buy, but we should know as well when and how to buy him. As to when we shall buy him will depend largely upon conditions. We usually buy when we are ready to handle them. The market, too, will have something to do with time of buying. The important matter is not so much when we buy as what we pay for our feeders. Much of the money lost in steer feeding has been lost because of injudicious buying. There was a time when we were sure of a good advance on the buying price when the selling time came, but we can no longer count on that. The steer feeder, in order to insure himself against loss, should count on at least 1½ cents advance on buying price, and if feed stuffs are high, on not less than 2 cents advance. In order to be sure of this advance he must buy around 3 cents to 3¼ cents. The man who would make a success of buying and feeding must read carefully the signs of the times. He should study well the local and market conditions, and if these are not favorable he should stay out of the business until they are.

When buying one should discriminate very seriously against stunted steers that have been starved when young things. These never do well and will be a source of constant annoyance in the feed lot as well as a profit stealer when the final balance is struck.

Care should also be exercised in seeing that the steers are weighed up right. If you buy steers that weighed up full of water or other cheap material it will take a great deal of good feed to make good the loss you have allowed yourself in this part of the operation.

Finding Lost Things in Germany.

Le Cri de Paris.

Take care how you pick up a thing that is lost in Berlin. The other day one of our deputies going through the Prussian capital on his return from the congress at Frankfort noticed a key at the edge of the sidewalk. He picked it up to hand it to a police agent. The representative of the city police refused to take it, saying, "You should take this key to the special bureau of things that are lost."

"Very well, where is it?"

The agent named the street.

"Is it far from here?"

"A half hour, three-quarters of an hour if you don't walk rapidly."

The deputy replaced the key on the pavement. "Some one else will pick it up," he said.

"Not at all," said the agent in a commanding tone. "You should have left it where it was, but now you are obliged to go to the bureau. If you don't I'll make a complaint against you and you'll be fined, perhaps given a day in prison. That's the law."

The deputy was compelled to obey orders. Since that day he carries his hands in his pockets.

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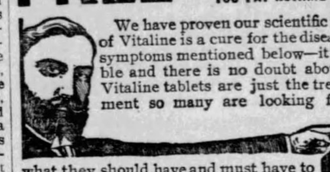

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STOMACH TROUBLES—Pain in Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Bad Taste or Breath, Sick Headache, Bloated, Heartburn, Sour Belching, Spitting Up, Catarrh, Gas, Gnawing, Nervousness.

HEART WEAKNESS—Fluttering, Skipping, Palpitation, Pain in Heart, Side or Shoulder Blade, Short Breath, Weak, Sinking, Cold or Dizzy Spells, Swelling, Rheumatism, Throbbing in Excitement or Exertion.

CATARRH—Hawking, Spitting, Nose Running Watery or Yellowish Matter or Stopped Up, Sneezing, Dull Headache, Coughing, Deafness; Pains in Kidneys, Bladder, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels may be Catarrh.

BLOOD TROUBLES—General Debility, Paleness, Thin, Weak, Run-Down, Nervous, Rash, Sores, Ulcers, Pimples, Chilly or Feverish, Loss of Flesh and Strength.

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WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS Union Soldiers who homesteaded some land, but less than 160 acres before June 23, 1874, are entitled to additional rights even though entry was relinquished or abandoned. If soldier is dead, widow or heirs have his rights.

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Contributions to the conscience fund are usually small.

Winter is maintaining a steady, substantial growth.

The office is never driven to the necessity of seeking a Democrat.

If confidence will win Champ Clark is pretty sure to be the next speaker of congress.

Without the big dinner that goes with it Thanksgiving would never have become popular.

A man may be a philosopher and yet do things that look silly to the general public.

Canada wants Maine, but she hasn't said what she has to offer in the way of trading stock.

The difference between hay fever and an early winter cold is that the latter can be cured.

"The average human being carries a pound of iron in his system." And some of it is scrap-iron.

After a man has lived to be eighty or ninety years old he doesn't care much about the germ theory.

Although it may not always know what to do with it the general public usually gets what it wants.

We have often thought that we would like to be either young enough or old enough to carry a cane.

When we get woman suffrage there will be some men who will let their wives do the voting for the family.

A London scientist has invented a sure cure for a cold. But what's the use? Every man has one of his own.

Some people waste a lot of valuable time trying to think of plausible excuses for not doing what they ought to do.

No more thirteen cent postage stamps will be issued, but not, however, because Uncle Sam is superstitious.

An Austrian specialist has discovered a form of idiocy that is infectious. Must be something like giggling.

Dr. Washington Gladden says a man may be an angel in old clothes. It will be hard to make a tailor believe it.

The Life of Chauncey Depew, in eight volumes is announced. And he still looks good for at least one more volume.

A New Jersey man with a farm and $8,000 in cash is advertising for a wife. There must not be any widows in his neighborhood.

Thirty-three legislatures will elect United States senators this winter. The different methods used will be watched with interest.

Emigrfation to Canada continues, but a great many who go to that country meet others who are on their way back to the United States.

In spite of the frequent sessions of the Mothers' Congress, children seem to remain about the same. Human nature has not changed.

We want to go on record with an endorsement of the meatless mincemeat some of the housewives are making. There are no bones in it.

"The child is a born ape," says a Chicago Socialist lecturer. "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Evangelist Billy Sunday declares his belief in a hell. There is an old threadbare comment that goes with Billy's idea—"if there isn't there ought to be."

It doesn't seem just right that after raising the biggest crop of prosperity in the history of the country the Republican party should be ignominiously defeated.

As further evidence of prevailing prosperity, it is reported that a South Carolina milkmaid lost a purse containing $118, which was Fletcherized and swallowed by a calf.

One woman suffragist suggests that our glorious country be called the United Equal Suffrage States of America. When the change is made it will be time to put a hobble skirt on Uncle Sam.

John W. Kern, of Indiana, has been advised to shave off his whiskers before he goes to the senate. If he is an honest man he won't do it. The people voted to send those whiskers to the senate, and they ought to go there.

ONE THAT MIGHT WIN.

In the course of the long administration of President Diaz of Mexico innumerable revolutions have been promoted. They have excited the country for a season and even enlisted sympathy from Americans, but the president has managed to smother the flames of revolt, to punish a few leaders and to continue to rule placidly as a sort of monarchial republican.

Tradition among the Latin-American nations demands that administrations shall change to the tune of gunpowder. That was the rule before Diaz and he himself was concerned in it application. The president is getting to be a very old man. His grip is loosening. He has picked out his successor and has arranged for his elevation. Yet doubt exists as to the loyalty of the army without which the arrangements of succession will fall flat. While the famous rurales might stick to Diaz and look upon him as a demi-god they might despise the man who enjoys the light of Diaz's favor. This has been one of the rumors of the present outbreak. It seems a very reasonable thing when the Latin-American temperament is remembered. The revolution lacks the appearance of prearrangement or organization. Yet others long plotted and painstakingly planned have failed. It may be that some such revolt as this which is indicative of a deep-seated discontent may develop into real civil war and bring the reign of Diaz to a close in a grand blaze of fireworks.

THE CRISIS IN ENGLAND.

The agony of a British general election is long drawn out. A month or more is taken to it and even two months after the first election has been chalked up the islands off the Scottish coast send in their returns. In a close election it can easily be imagined what state the nerves of politicians have fallen to and to what condition of irritation business and partisans in general have developed.

A second general election within a few months is impending in Britain. The conference over the question of reforming the house of lords having failed of results and the king having refused to guarantee the wholesale manufacture of peers as his ministers advise, there waits only that last step to be taken which will throw the country into the turmoil and excitement of a campaign. Despite the narrow margin they now hold over the Unionists, the Liberals appear less afraid of the outcome of an election than their opponents. Mr. Redmond, when he was here seeking aid for the Nationalist cause, declared that the Liberal party had been materially strengthened in the opinion of the country. The declaration has gained practical support by a recent by-election in which the Liberal candidate won with an overwhelming majority.

It speaks well for the stability of a country which can stand a series of nerve-racking elections and then go through the ordeal before the shouting of the first combat has died away. It speaks also for the good health of a nation. Were America to undergo such tests of industry and digestion the official returns—say from Goldfield—would have to be delivered at the door of an asylum for incurables.

A CASE FOR NEUROLOGISTS.

A number of Canadian statesmen were guests at a dinner in New York and each, upon succumbing gracefully to the interviewer, said that while the Dominion felt extremely friendly toward the United States she could not bring herself to consider the question of annexation. That could never be.

It is only in Canada or among the citizens thereof that there is ever any serious discussion of annexation. No one thinks of it on this side of the border, yet all Canada assumes that the United States expects some day to swallow the country whole. We are credited with nourishing secret designs, to be plotting and planning and hoping. It would be easy to imagine the career of the American statesman who would broach a plan of annexation and make a half-dozen speeches in its support. He would place himself automatically in the class of those pitiful simpletons who flood the newspapers with letters upon such subjects as the end of the world and the scriptural authority for consuming alcoholics. The Dominion appears to be afflicted with one of those causeless and meaningless ailments which have proved so profitable in recent years to the keepers of sanitariums. The application of a mind cure appears to be indicated.

WALL STREET AND A BIG BRIBE.

Revelations made in New York show that an enormous fund was raised to buy votes against the Hughes racing bill. One legislator says that he was offered as much as $100,000 for his opposition at a critical point when there was a slim hope of killing the measure.

A large part of this bribe money was raised in Wall street, among devotees of the racing sport. The names mentioned are those of men who have been concerned in stock pools, vast watering schemes, franchise buying and franchise peddling. The fact that they are not to be found is taken as evidence of their guilt. The association of Wall street with law-making has long been a matter of notoriety. Bills granting privileges or knocking down barriers have been written there. Messengers have been sent there for word as to approval or disapproval of candidates. It was only a step, then, to lobbying for a gambling permit, for the protection of recreation as well as for special charters in business.

SOME FACTS ABOUT COAL.

In the year 1814 the United States produced but 20 tons of coal. Six years later this had increased to only 3,080 tons. Contrast these figures with those of 1908, when 363,322,363 tons were produced. The material progress of the United States may be realized by their consideration. They show how puny industry was less than 100 years ago. One can understand how small was the settled area and how meagre the population.

In the month of September more coal was handled upon the great lakes than was produced in any year up to 1840 and more than half as much as was mined in 1850. It was not until after the civil war than any one year's production of coal amounted to as much as was shipped upon these lakes between the opening of navigation and the end of September, 1910. Nearly all of this coal was dispatched from Lake Erie ports, and more of it from Toledo than from any other port, Ashtabula alone approaching us in the matter of coal shipments. By October 1, 3,164,875 tons had been loaded into vessels here and hastened away. This is nearly twice as much as all the country produced in the entire year of 1840 and just about half as much as was mined in 1850.

There is scarce any industrial work which runs more smoothly and with less appearance of doing an unusually large business than coal shipping in Toledo. The vessels come in, are loaded and sail away and only a fraction of the population sees them. This traffic, however, means a great deal to the prosperity of Toledo and cuts a most respectable figure in the commerce of the nation.

COUNT LEO TOLSTOI

The portrait and the eccentricities of Tolstoi were known to nearly every one, and yet his works were read comparatively little and there exists only the vaguest idea as to his teachings. It was a case wherein a picturesque personality appealed where there was not the will to inquire as to the man's real labors. It cannot be said that Tolstoi's books had been more widely read if he had had a lesser inclination toward the theatrical, but it must be true that he made less of an impression because of an unnecessary abnegation and fondness for being pictured in peasant's garb. It was beyond the ordinary, sensible man to see wherein one acquired merit by going barefoot and eating black bread when means were in plenty with which to buy shoes and obtain the better articles of food. The natural deduction was that the whole business was one of pose.

Yet, in time, Tolstoi may be elevated to a sort of saintship, as even today he is responsible for a cult and certain strange experiments in literary workmanship. The name of Emerson probably enjoys a greater reputation now than the man himself did while living, though that fame was high. There is meat in the Tolstoi writings, daring exposition of fundamental truths and a sort of fascination, largely repellant, as when one gets too near the scene of a street accident. In his own country Tolstoi has already been elevated among the great. In Anglo-Saxon countries he clashes with national temperaments—which in these lands are optimistic, not mournful and hopeless. His greatness will be accepted, mostly because the man's countrymen say he is great.

BREAKERS AHEAD.

A rock ahead for the Democrats of the house of representatives to circumnavigate is the problem of the rules. They can steer around it and gain a name for progress. There are chances that they will drive straight upon it and thus maintain the Democratic reputation for blindness and blundering.

The famous—or notorious—Reed rules were necessities of Reed's time in the speakership. The balance of the parties was so close that the legislation of the majority could be absolutely blocked by tactics possible under the older parliamentary regulations. The minority was perfectly willing to use such methods, perfectly willing that the whole business of law-making be brought to a standstill provided the Republican majority would appear discredited in the eyes of the country. So unusual powers were put in the hands of Speaker Reed and he had the adroitness and courage to employ them to their utmost. Laws were made. The rules, autocratic as they were, had the excuse of necessity. The trouble with them was that they survived after the need had passed away. Speaker Cannon used them beyond the point of toleration. Discontent developed within his own party and in time flared into rebellion. Curbs were put upon the speaker. His powers were made less autocratic. Yet, as all the country knows, the process did not go far enough.

The Democrats will enter the next congress with a safe majority. There is no need for gag rules, though the need of further reform in the rules remains. The Democrats can carry on the reforms begun, but the temptation will be to exercise for themselves the powers against which they complained so long. They will think of revenge. They will lick their chops at thought of the opportunity for inflicting punishment. Unless these baser emotions are controlled history will be repeated in the house. But it will move more swiftly than it did before. The progressive Republicans have the ear and the sympathy of the country. They will persist in the demand for fairness in representation and cleanliness in legislation. A rebuff to them will mean but one thing—short life for the Democratic majority in the house.

CURTAIN PREMIUMS

To Our Subscribers Whose Time Expires in December.

During the coming week we shall mail propositions for renewal to all subscribers whose time expires next month. December subscribers who do not receive this proposition by December 3 will confer a favor by writing us for a duplicate.

The several propositions we offer will satisfy all to renew their subscriptions, and also add many new subscribers to our list. Fully a quarter of a million families of the United States receive the Weekly Blade each week, and more than a million people read it regularly.

Among the propositions we offer, the most popular one is the premium pair of lace curtains we give for a club of ten. We are sure all of the twelve hundred who sent us clubs of ten last December will do so again this year. We wish to remind the many hundreds who sent us clubs of four last December, that they can easily this season increase their clubs to ten, and thereby get a pair of lace curtains as a premium.

A MEXICAN ADVANTAGE.

Though the greater numbers of the people of Mexico are illiterate and many are little else save savages, one cannot say that the country stands upon a lower level of civilization than the United States. In Mexico bricks are thrown through the windows of foreign residents, mobs riot and cast stones and even shoot down an American so luckless as to be caught out upon the streets. But there is no deliberation about these crimes. They are passions of the minute, the impulse that chance opportunity inspires. Across the line in Texas a Mexican murderer is captured and put through the third degree until a confession is wrung from him. Then the community proceeds with malice aforethought to break the jail, bind the Mexican to a post, pile fuel about him and stand around while he roasts to death. Children might have acted as the Mexican rioters did. But only grown men harking back to brutes would do what the Texans did.

The Mexicans certainly have an advantage over Americans in this matter. They show they have reached a higher plane in evolution. They have at least ceased to be beasts.

AEROPLANES IN THE NAVY.

The trained army scout is counted upon to gain not only information of the position and number of the enemy, but also information as to the contour of lands, the size of running streams whether they are fordable or not, bridges, roads, houses, supplies, campsites, forests, hills and a score of other details useful to a commander moving troops.

It is obvious that the aeroplane scout can learn only a few of these facts. Even information about the location of soldiers may need verification by scouts moving upon the surface of the land. Aeronauts have told how the ground appears to them as of the same dead level when they are two or three hundred feet in the air that buildings are dwarfed and creatures moving about exceedingly squat and ridiculous. So a report by aeroplane would be valuable only with limitations. It cannot displace the work of scouts moving afoot or upon horse.

The defects of the aeroplane so far as they concern the army do not apply to the navy. Now that it has been demonstrated that a flying machine can take to the wing from the deck of a moving vessel its usefulness upon the sea becomes apparent at once. There is no need of the multitudinous details required of an army scout. A that a naval commander would care to know would be the distance of vessels, their type and number and the general direction of their steaming. The aeroplane becomes in the army an important adjunct both for offence and defence, and the information gained by it does not have to be subjected to analysis or questioned in the least.

CONGRESS SOMEWHAT AHEAD.

"Balfour," says the National Review of London, "is probably the only man in either house who can on the spur of the moment make a reportable speech upon any topic—an utterance equally agreeable to hear as to read. It is simply marvelous. During the session Unionist members are completely hypnotized by their leader's dialectical dexterity and feel themselves lost during his occasional absences, all the more as no deputy is appointed in his stead. * * * But as it is a point of honor that no member on either side of the house shall ever be affected by anything said by an opponent, however persuasive, our friend the 'plain man' furtively enquires 'What is the use of all this wonderful debating, as it affects no opinion inside the House and is unread outside of the House?'"

Critics of the American congress have compared it with the British parliament to the disadvantage of the congress. The house and senate, say these critics, are not deliberative bodies. Speeches are made, but not with any idea of making converts. They serve simply as records. They keep the voters at home in line—or are supposed to do so. Parliament, on the other hand, has been held up as an example of true opinion making, intelligent discussion and conscientious voting. The quotation from the National Review indicates that there is not much difference between the American congress and the British parliament. It would seem rather that congress is somewhat advanced since there is less speechmaking to it and less respect paid to the traditions of voicing opinions.

REBATES STILL GRANTED.

The rebating evil clings so persistently, in spite of severe laws and successful prosecutions, that the suspicion might well be entertained that certain of the railroad officers devote much of their time and thought to planning schemes by which the law can either be circumvented or the practice hidden. The advantages must be so great that railroad men feel they can afford to have their work interrupted and their routine broken up while they attend court.

The whole fabric of freight rates is a tangle. It is a maze which even the exports do not thoroughly understand. It is without system, without philosophy and only the fact that it is appears to const tute any excuse for it. The long haul and short haul arguments have been punctured. There is much to be doubted in the statements as to competition. But in this labyrinth of rates there are endless opportunities for discrimination and the granting of rebates in disguise. The temptation is stronger than many men can resist.

The cure for rebating may never be found until an arbitrary system of rate making is set up—one that will be thoroughly just and fixed according to the cost of carriage. Respect for the law under the present amorphous method may exist, but it may well be doubted.

THE ALASKAN CLAIMS AGAIN.

Mr. Pinchot has made a good point. The controversy over the Alaskan coal claims was like to have been forgotten in the dust of politics. While the attention of the country was elsewhere this vast property might have vanished from the public possession and have been lost to it for all time.

A short time ago Mr. Ballinger threw out a number of claims in the Alaskan coal fields. Patent was refused. The interior department advertised the fact widely. It was to be taken as a sign that the guardianship was watchful, that, even were there friendliness toward the claimants once, it had vanished away, that the people may sleep quietly in their beds, assured their interests were fully protected. But the claims which were thrown out were not the Cunningham claims, over which the quarrel began and for combating which several conscientious public servants were dismissed in disgrace. The Cunningham case is still in the interior department. It is supposed still to be under investigation. Its promoters, discredited as they are and tainted with a record of questionable practices, have not tired. They expect to get the coal lands.

Mr. Ballinger has had the opportunity to wipe his slate clean of those troublesome affairs. Almost any other man would have done so out of irritation. The fact that the secretary does not act naturally in the instance is reasonable ground for suspicion. As Mr. Pinchot says, "It is clear that the protection of the public interest in these Alaskan coal lands must depend directly upon the President himself.

THE AERONAUT AND CAUTION.

The Wright brothers gained their fill of the excitement of risk while they were making their experiments in aeronautics. They developed a large respect for the laws of gravitation and learned that caution saves necks and arms in flying and still does not interfere with the advance of aerial navigation. Orville Wright's accident at Fort Meyer is, we understand, the only one the brothers have had, though they were first to make a practical flying machine.

The death of young Johnstone in Colorado indicates that the Wrights have not succeeded in transferring their caution to the aeronauts they have been training. This is probably no fault of their own. Caution had to be gained by experience, and the experience of Johnstone was that his recklessness carried him far and brought him great earnings. Because he had escaped hurt in the past he was the more ready to take chances with fate. One chance too many was taken. The machine broke and the aeronaut came tumbling to earth.

It was that shrewd prophet, Herbert G. Wells, who said that flying would be learned at a cost equal to the losses of a war. The prophecy is coming true.

FOOD SUBSTITUTES.

Enterprising hucksters made fortunes in the concentration camps of the Spanish war. A merchant whose stock in trade consisted of two cans of milk and a small bottle of vanilla flavoring would exhaust his supplies in a few minutes, so tremendous was the demand for "milk punches." Vendors of pies waxed bulbous with riches. Candy "butchers" had but to display their wares and forthwith the candy disappeared and in its place was jingling coin.

Uncle Sam was anything except niggardly with food throughout that brief period of hostilities. But it was not food the soldiers craved or prized. It was substitutes for food which caused their eyes to sparkle and their tongues to lick the lips. Remembering the crowds about the hucksters' wagons in the southern camps we find it impossible to feel indignant over the exposures recently made by Collier's Weekly. There exists, it appears, a large established industry devoted to making substitutes for food. It can supply the materials for a cake in which flour alone, and little of that, constitutes a natural product. The custard pie is so admirably imitated that the designer justly boasts of it as a work of art. Collier's, we believe, thought it was doing a good work by revealing this traffic. But it wasted its energies. Those who consume these food substitutes probably prefer them to the real stuff. They are getting what they want. Real cake, real custard pie, might provoke a round-robin which would make the famous one of the Spanish war look like a street circular beside a Carnegie library.

TAFT AT PANAMA.

Thirty thousand workmen have been devastating the landscape upon the isthmus of Panama. They have upset the whole aspect of nature. They have felled forests, drained swamps, altered the course of streams, hewed through a great hill, made new banks for a lake and formed a new lake. In addition they have lowered the death rate, banished a fever which had a stake in the country and inspired an indolent people with the idea of getting up and doing.

President Taft has seen the canal work gaining impetus. He beholds it now at about the climax of efficiency and within hailing distance of the finish. The great Gatun locks are being placed, examples of the most advanced thought in engineering. The Culebra cut, a ditch through a mountain, is gradually approaching the level where it will receive the water which is to float ships. Breakwaters at Colon and Panama have been builded and the sea now runs back from the east side to the foot of the Gatun dam. Such changes have been made since Mr. Taft was last in the canal zone.

The engineer in charge says shipping shall pass through on January 1, 1915. As an army officer, he is cautious and conservative and jealous of his word. But one of the commissioners has declared that the canal will be finished a year earlier than that and possibly two years. So it may be that some time in 1913 vessels representing the navies of the world will gather at Colon and Panama and steam through the channel—as wonderful a monument to civilization and the energy of a great nation as has ever been written in the history of the world.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

WORLD'S GREATEST TRIAL

International Sunday School Lesson for Nov. 27 Is "The Trial of Jesus," Matt. 26:57-68.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

Last night I sat with a group of educated citizens of the Turkish empire in one of the cities of the Holy Land and talked with them concerning present conditions in their country. It was startling to hear them cry passionately for justice—"Give us justice and equality; all else will come." The form of government has changed in Turkey, but the cruel oppression of the Christian still continues.

That night conference in an upper room above a silent ancient city sets the mind to recalling the long train of outrages upon justice that have marred the course of this historic land. But the foulest of all the miscarriages of justice, not only in the land of Palestine, but also in all the world, was that which the Sunday schools of today study—the trial of Jesus of Nazareth. Human wickedness seems to have reached its climax in the trial and death of Jesus. He suffered unjustly—but thereby he became the champion of all who lie prone beneath the blows of unjust power. His passion is today the hope of the weak and the overborne.

Memorials That Remain.

Travel about Great Britain and Europe and you will see occasional vestiges of the Roman occupation. Go to Asia Minor and Syria and there will appear many remnants of "the grandeur that was Rome"—But all are ruins, ruins ruins. In sharp contrast, behold the memorials of this passive victim of Rome's supreme injustice and of bigotry's dauntless hatred. Go where you will upon the earth, save into the densest darkness of paganism and of Islam, and there you will find evidences of the present and increasing potency of the Crucified.

History holds no more dramatic evidence that the years of God are with truth's cause. Rome is dust and Jews are nationless wanderers on the face of the earth since the supreme tragedy from which the modern world dates its calendars. There is hope and heartening for every ill-treated servant of truth in this familiar view of eternal justice. The cries of all the outraged and persecuted and downtrodden ones of earth have a sympathetic hearing with Him who once stood scoffing and spitting and shame before illegal tribunals. Says Lowell:

"Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth a one is strong.
And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her throng
Troops of beautiful, tall angels to enshield her from all wrong."

Incidents of the Event.

The stab that went deepest into the heart of Jesus was not the soldier's spear, but the perfidy of Judas. Alas! that friend may fall so far! Judas not only led the temple police and the soldiers to his retreat amid the gentle gray olive leaves, but indeed Him by a kiss—and as the Greek shows, he kissed Him again and again," with clinging, demonstrative affection. The horrible picture is enough to make even a base man gird up the loins of his loyalty, and resolve that, come what may, he will be true to his friends.

Then there was Peter's attempted improvement upon God's program. He slashed about with his sword and lopped off a servant's ear, and he might well have complicated the case of his Master. There are many well-meaning methods that strive to better God's way of doing things. Worldly wisdom and twentieth century aggressiveness are poor substitutes for the divine will.

Darting out of the darkness for an instant into the flare of those torches and marshes eating up the wild rice is a young man clad only in a linen cloth, which the captors of Jesus seized when they discerned his friendship for the prisoner, and he fled naked into the night. Probably the young man was John Mark himself. Christ's cause stands for the untabulated friends of Jesus. In Nagasaki they keep a feast which they call "The Discovery of the Christians"—when a large number of secret disciples, descendants of the Christians in Japan whose faith three hundred years of persecution had failed to stamp out, appeared when the day dawned and confessed themselves Christians. There are more friends and disciples of Jesus in the world than apepar on the church rolls.

Justice for the Disliked.

The malignity which hounded Jesus throughout his trials before Annas, the Sanhedrin and Pilate, makes the judicial ature of the proceedings farcical. He was tried by His foes. They were not big enough, or brave enough to be fair to a foe. Some persons are: every civilized man pretends to be, or desires to be. Said a religious leader recently concerning a man who has made himself odious by his methods of heresy-hunting: "He is the squarest fighter I know. I have had to oppose him many times and I think he is narrow and intolerant, but he is fair and just, so far as he is able to be so."

This is a test of character. It is exceedingly difficult to keep poise of mind toward a rival, or a person who has injured us, or whom for any reason whatsoever we disagree. That spirit of justice is essential to the true disciple. The suspicious, the impulsive and the persons of strong feeling have a field for the exercise of their Christian virtues in the keeping of an open and a generous mind toward all whom they are prone to regard with antagonism.

The Jews could not do this. They were plotters and persecutors. They judged Jesus unfairly, and thereby abdicated their right to the high and honorable office they held. A judge who perverts justice is a worse foe of society than a highwayman who robs and murders. Well does the Bible arraign the unjust judge. Such were the members of the Sanhedrin on this occasion.

How to Meet Injustice.

The sublime courage and kingliness of Jesus in remaining silent throughout most of the ordeals of His three trials is perhaps the outstanding fact of the trial. When, in full and official legal form He was abjured to make known whether or not He was the Christ. He affirmed that He was. For the most part He "held His peace." The weakling fusses and fumes; the strong man stands silent.

Some things are to be endured. That is a great message from the trial of Jesus. The way He faced His great test is the way in which His disciples should meet the pin-pricks and petty annoyances of life. To suffer in serenity and cheerful silence is to follow in the train of the victorious Christ.

Out of man's injustice came the larger justice of God. Christ endured wrong that wrongs might end in the earth. The hope of the Congo blacks, of the still down-trodden Armenians, of the Finns and Poles, of the victims of alcohol and opium, lies in the cause of which Christ is the Champion and Leader.

Working Backward.

T. P.'s Weekly.

A Japanese house is built quite differently from an English one. The roof, which with us is the last important part of the outward structure to be completed, is with the Japanese the first thing to be finished. All the tools used by the carpenters and joiners have a reversed action. The Japanese carpenter does not push a plane away from him, but pulls it toward him.

The gimlets are threaded in the opposite way to ours; the saws are made to cut on the upward pull and not on the downward thrust; screws have their threads reversed and keyholes are always made upside down and the keys turned backward. In the house, if the clock is an old one, it will have stationary hands, with the face revolving backward and the hours marked 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, and so on, reckoning onward from noon.

Napoleonic Relic of Longwood.

London Chronicle.

A curious Napoleonic relic still preserved in St. Helena is a pair of shutters, each with a peephole. St. Helena was strongly garrisoned in Napoleon's time for divers reasons, and the British soldiers exercised on Deadwood plain, close to Longwood.

Napoleon liked to look at them, but did not like them to look at him. Hence these two shutters, one with a hole on a level with his eye while standing and the other with a hole adapted to his vision while seated.

The Maid-of-All-Work.

Maid-of-all-work, ere we part,
Take away this wretched tart;
Let it in the oven rest
Till the fire has warmed its breast;
Hear me tell you ere you go,
Do not cook my victuals so!

By the fish you could not fry,
By the cat that on the sly
Left his milk inside the dish
And departed with the fish;
By these remnants of the roe,
Hebe, you are far too slow.

By the beef I could not taste,
Burned to cinders (such a waste!)
By the pudding's darkened tinge,
Telling that it's had a singe;
By the pastry's leaden dough,
You will drive me mad, I know!

By the dishes and the plates,
By the rusty, dusty grates;
By the broken pans and pots
(For you know you've broken lots).
By the cash for these you owe,
Hebe, you are quite de trop.

Maid-of-all-work, when you're gone,
And your tasks I start upon,
Shall I tour the morning shops?
Can I cook these mutton chops?
Can I sweep and clean up? No.
Hebe, you must never go! —Truth.

TUNING A BELL

The Notes Must Blend in Order to Produce Perfect Harmony.

Scientific American.

"What a beautiful tone that bell has!" is often heard. There are few, however, who know how a bell receives its joyful or solemn tones.

All bells after they are cast and finished must go through a process of tuning the same as any other musical instrument before they respond with a clear, true tone. Every bell sounds five notes, which must blend together in order to produce perfect harmony.

The tuning of a bell is done by means of shaving thin bits from various parts of the metal. It is as easy for an expert bell tuner to put a bell in tune as it is for a piano tuner to adjust his instrument to perfect chords.

At first thought it would seem that a bell would be ruined should the tuner shave off too much of the last tuning, or the fifth sound, but such is not the case. He would, however, be obliged to begin over, starting again with the first tone and shaving the bell until it gave forth its harmonious sound at the fifth tone.

The Politician and the Cot-Bed.

Lippincott's.

A western politician tells the following story as illustrating the inconveniences attached to campaigning in certain sections of the country.

Upon his arrival at one of the small towns in South Dakota, where he was to make a speech the following day, he found that the so-called hotel was crowded to the doors. Not having telegraphed for accommodations, the politician discovered that he would have to make shift as best he could. Accordingly, he was obliged for that night to sleep on a wire cot which had only some blankets and a sheet on it. As the politician is an extremely fat man he found his improvised bed anything but comfortable.

"How did you sleep?" asked a friend in the morning.

"Fairly well," answered the fat man, "but I looked like a waffle when I got up."

Wild Ducks Getting Scarcer.

Topeka Capital.

State Fish and Game Warden L. L. Dyche says the wild duck is rapidly becoming extinct and that it will not be many years before it will be entirely extinct so far as this state and this part of the country is concerned. Ducks are becoming scarcer every year.

"I have heard it asserted by some of the sportsmen," said Prof. Dyche, "that the carp fish in the streams and ponds and marshes eating up the wild rice is causing the wild duck to become scarce. That is not true. It is the thousands of sportsmen who are out slaughtering the wild duck every year that is causing their extermination. You cannot expect these birds to be killed in the numbers they are every season without diminishing the species."

Error Makes Pheasants Legal Game.

Columbus Dispatch.

In amending the game law last winter so as to prevent the killing of pheasants until 1913 a bull was made that leaves the new legislation of doubtful use. It left a section standing unchanged that establishes an open season for quail and grouse beginning November 15, as heretofore. The state game warden is plied with questions by hunters all over the state as to whether grouse and pheasants are not the same thing.

The fact is that many authorities say that a grouse is a pheasant that has leg feathers, and by many the two words are used synonymously. Gen. Speaks is answering the letters diplomatically by stating that in many parts of the state grouse are called pheasants.

It is very doubtful if a prosecution for killing pheasants could be made successfully with the law as it is.

Hunt for a Rare Bird.

London Daily Mail.

A final attempt is being made by the New Zealand government to obtain specimens of the huia, a bird which has been practically exterminated by the vogue for its feathers, which obtains among the Maoris.

The huia is a jet black bird with a white band at the extreme end of its tail feathers. The birds are hatched in pairs. The male has a short, strong beak and the female a long, slender, incurved beak; the male breaks the bark off dead trees and the female then dips her beak into the holes of the big grubs which attack dead timber. She presents one grub to her spouse and then has one herself, alternating most conscientiously.

The Maoris say that when one dies the other must necessarily die of starvation because nature has so arranged that each is dependent on the other.

Middle Names Forbidden.

London Globe.

It is a curious fact that middle names were once illegal. The old English law was very definite as to the naming of children, and according to Coke, "a man cannot have two names of baptism." "It is requisite," this law goes on, "that the person be named by the name of his baptism, and his surname and that special heed be taken to the name of baptism."

Royal personages have always been allowed to have more than one given name, but as late as 1600, it is said there were only four persons in all England who had two given names. Even a century and a half ago double names were very uncommon.

Shot Deer From Fast Train.

Denver Republican.

Earl Johnson, en route from San Francisco to New York, performed an unusual feat yesterday when he shot a large buck deer from the Union Pacific train in which he was a passenger.

Johnson was examining his rifle when he suddenly caught sight of the deer. The train was running 40 miles an hour and although he had no idea of killing the animal, Johnson thought he would take a shot. The bullet went true to the mark and the deer fell dead.

Johnson left the train and with a team went back and secured the game, continuing his journey later.

New Electric Table Lights.

Popular Mechanics.

The tungsten filament has made possible new and artistic electric table lighting effects without the necessity of running wires up under the table or dropping them from the ceiling to provide the current. Instead, the new table pieces are self-contained, being provided with a single storage cell capable of supplying current for three tungsten lamps for 14 hours.

Bicycles in Siam.

Daily Consular Reports.

One of the most popular modes of locomotion in Bangkok is the bicycle; the city covers a very large area, the public offices are far from the residential portion of the town and the roads are excellent. The customs report for the fiscal year ended March 31, 1910, shows that 708 machines were imported during that year amounting to $18,613, an average of $26 a bicycle. Machines may be bought locally from $15 upward, the English makes ranging from about $20 to $75. Parts of bicycles were imported during the last fiscal year amounting to $2,540. Of all the bicycles imported during the last year 587 are credited to the United Kingdom, 34 to Denmark, 33 to Germany, 31 to Singapore, 16 to Belgium, 3 to France, 1 to Italy and 3 to the United States.

Varieties

Russia has 86 public holidays in the course of the year.

The sewing machine product of Germany is now very large.

The milk yield of the average cow is 400 gallons a year.

By 1940 the population of New York City will probably reach 8,000,000.

A machine to remove paper from a wall rapidly by steaming has been invented.

In one month a caterpillar will eat 6,000 times its own weight in food.

Minnesota employs its convicts profitably in the manufacture of binder twine.

The official estimate of the population of New South Wales at the end of March was 1,655,830.

Nearly $60,000,000 of British capital has already been invested in the Mexican oil fields in Russia.

If a metal pole be unprotected when placed in the ground, it will rust seriously in 10 years.

The lives of umbrella ribs will be prolonged if the pivot ends are oiled to prevent their rusting.

Cuba consumes 400,000 barrels of potatoes a year, more than one-half of which it gets from Canada.

Lead glass, it has been found by English experts, is almost as impervious to X-rays as lead itself.

A monument to Mary Ball Washington, mother of George Washington, has been erected at Fredericksburg, Va.

Since the work of rat destruction began at the port of London, in 1909, no fewer than 606,110 rats have been killed.

The German locomotive engineer who runs his engine for 10 years without accident gets a government reward.

Russia has established its first electrical steel works, mainly for the production of armor plate and projectiles.

Petroleum and iron have been found in Syria in sufficient quantities to warrant their exploitation by a native company.

To hunt moose in Nova Scotia every alien must take out a license of $25, and he must not kill more than one moose.

Ambassador Kerens, at Vienna, reports that the next international congress on refrigeration will be held in the United States.

Water flowing from subterranean streams of unknown depth is used for power in a novel hydro-electric plant in Arizona.

It is estimated that the world's total production of cocoa for this year will amount to about 225,000 tons.

More than 3,000,000,000 gallons of waste liquid are poured into the streams of the United States each year by the sulphite paper mills.

To a Kansan has been granted a patent for a shade provided with springy fingers to grasp an incandescent lamp globe in any desired position.

There are two monuments to Hannah Dustin, a heroine of early colonial New England. One is at Concord, N. H., and the other at Haverhill, Mass.

All traveling in Honduras is done on the backs of horses or mules. The Honduran horse is much smaller than the American horse and much less rounded.

A netting tunnel, to be set into a window screen, so that it will point outward, has been invented to attract flies out of a room without permitting them to enter.

An adjustable back and ends are features of a combination bed, settee and hammock which an Ohio man has invented for use either in or out of doors.

Mrs. Gordon Green is a licensed pilot on the Mississippi. She is the wife of the owner of a line of steamers and began her study of the river 20 years ago.

The Chilean government has 1,677 miles of railroad completed and 1,340 miles under construction, while private interests have 1,920 miles completed and 106 under construction.

Providing a cork jacket, which keeps its wearer upright in the water without a propeller, driven by two cranks, a New Yorker has invented a device which is a variation from most styles of swimming machines.

Because there is more light in the sky on a clear, moonless night than can be attributed to the stars, a German scientist has evolved a theory that the earth is surrounded by a luminous coma resembling that of comets.

In attempting to establish an ostrich farm in Abyssinia the original idea was to capture live ostriches and breed them. This did not prove successful as the birds nearly always died after the pursuit necessary to get them.

Cholera was first recognized by the Portuguese in India as far back as the middle on the 16th century. It has the peculiarity of following a well defined route, with progress just about equal to that of an average journey on foot.

Buenos Ayres needs a channel of 35 feet at low tide for large vessels, for a distance of 22 miles. Four dredges will soon be at work; each cost over $352,000, and has a capacity of annually dredging 9,000,000 cubic meters.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Kansas is about to vary the old custom of presenting gifts to Uncle Sam's warship. It has made an appropriation to buy enough Bibles and hymn books to provide one of each for every sailor on the battleship Kansas.

Chief Kohler, of the Cleveland police, has a detective who, if reports are true, works by investigation rather than by deduction. It is said that this sleuth, examining a jeweler's window that had been broken, muttered sagely: "Umph! This is more serious than I thought. It's broke on both sides."

John Dalrymple, the young man who has succeeded to the management of the great Oliver Dalrymple farm empire in North Dakota, is a college bred, and he spends his winters in Europe, but he is the practical manager of his 22,000-acre domain. His men say that he is a better farmer than his father was.

A novel present will soon be received at the White House. It is a bust of President Taft, full size, made of fine dairy butter. It is one of a number of odd exhibits at the national dairy show in Chicago and was made by a student at the Chicago Art Institute. It will be hardened in a refrigerator at the show and shipped to Washington in a cold storage case.

Robert Smith, a brother of Sydney Smith, an ex-advocate general, once engaged in an argument with a physician over the relative merits of their respective professions. "I

DEFORMITIES CURED!

CROOKED OR CLUB FEET of any variety, and at any reasonable age, can be made straight, natural and useful. No plaster paris, no severe surgical operations, and the result is guaranteed.

POTTS DISEASE when treated in time will result in no deformity; paralysis can be prevented and the growth not interfered with. Write for information and references.

SPINAL CURVATURE Recent cases make complete recoveries and even those of long standing do well. No plaster paris, felt or leather jackets. Write for information and references.

HIP DISEASE in the painful stage can be relieved and the inflammation permanently arrested. Shortening, deformity and loss of motion can equally be corrected. No surgical operations or confinement. Let us tell you about it.

INFANTILE PARALYSIS We can refer you to many responsible people all over the country, whose children, practically helpless from Infantile Paralysis, were restored at this Sanitarium.

DEFORMED KNEES OR JOINTS yield to our methods of treatment, and if interested you should know about it.

This is the only thoroughly equipped Sanitarium in the country devoted exclusively to the treatment of crippled and paralyzed conditions.

ILLUSTRATED BOOK FREE Write us for illustrated book which will be sent free on request to any address.

L. C. McLAIN SANITARIUM

925 Aubert Avenue ST. LOUIS, MO.

Trial Package Free

Every Man or Woman Suffering from Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Hacking Cough and Throat or Lung Trouble Should Write at Once.

Dr. Hill Says;

"Consumption is positively and absolutely curable and preventable. All authorities agree that this is so. I say it can be cured in the privacy of your own home, and I am proving it day after day. I say it is no longer necessary to travel away from home and friends. I am treating right today, cases of advanced and desperate consumption, which had been given up by their friends and advised to move to another climate, perhaps to die. But they have remained at home under my 'Rational' Treatment, with results that would quicken the heart of any man to see.

DR. J. LAWRENCE HILL
Snapshot of the Doctor taken a few days ago.

Everyone who has weak lungs, Catarrh of the Bronchial Tubes or Catarrh in any form, Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, Chronic Hacking Cough, Loss of Flesh, Night Sweats, Hemorrhages, soreness or pain in the chest or under the shoulder blades, or any other deadly symptom of Consumption, should send for a free package of Dr. Hill's New Rational Remedy and testimonials from hundreds who have been cured. This treatment quickly checks further progress of the disease and produces new resisting power, appetite, flesh and good health.

Dr. Hill will gladly furnish you with Sufficient evidence as to his good standing in Jackson. All throat and lung sufferers should send for free trial package at once. Use coupon below.

TRIAL TREATMENT PACKAGE COUPON

Dr. J. Lawrence Hill,
1796 Hill Building, Jackson, Mich.

Please send me your large trial package in plain, sealed wrapper, that I may try it and see for myself if it will do what you claim it will. I enclose 20c to help pay for packing, etc.

Name.....

Address.....

State.....

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MARRY BEST PLAN ON EARTH, sent FREE PHOTOS OF EVERY LADY MEMBER. THE PILOT, Dept. 39 Marshall, Mich.

MARRY Catalogue, with hundreds of photos and descriptions FREE. Pay if suited. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 46, TEKONSHA, MICH.

Marry Rich Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (Sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

GET MARRIED Matrimonial paper with advertisements of marriageable people from all sections, rich, poor, old, young, Protestants, Catholics, etc., mailed sealed Free. D. G. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio

MARRY Book of descriptions and photos mailed sealed. FREE. THE EXCHANGE, box 829 R. O., Kansas City, Mo.

WOMAN—"Listen," the secret toilet formula you want; safe, harmless; sent sealed 20c silver. Desk H, Lock Box 1, Greenfield, Ind.

LADIES when delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills, always dependable. "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

DON'T marry until you have your friends' character told from their handwriting; send specimen and 2 cents to Gordon Gordon, Grant st. Camden, N. J.

GALION OFFICIAL DIES

Galion, Nov. 22.—Patrick M. Daily, 75 years old, member of the city board of review and for many years actively identified with the commercial and manufacturing interests of this city, died yesterday of paralysis.

CIVILIZATION AT STAKE

Conversion of Orient Alone Can Down Yellow Peril.

"As the crusades gave unity to Europe so this world vision and world work will bring together a new united church in Jesus Christ," said Dr. George R. Wallace in an able address at the Y. M. C. A. in behalf of the Laymen's Missionary Movement Sunday afternoon. Rev. Robert L. Harris, of St. Mark's Episcopa lchurch, also made an impressive appeal for unity among churches in evangelizing the world.

"Christianize Asia or we will lose that civilization toward which man for ages have been struggling," said Dr. Wallace. "Japan has raked the earth for everything that the intellect and material advancement can bring. China is awakening after an exclusive policy of thousands of years. Unless we can give this new renaissance of the Orient something of the tenderness and high ideas of Christianity, our civilization is doomed. This is not an idle fantasy, but a cold practical deduction from a knowledge of conditions.

Laymen Needed in Work.

"In the fullness of time Jesus Christ came upon earth. It is the fullness of time now for the church to evangelize the world. If there was ever a call to the Christian church to go forth and preach the gospel to every creature, that call is now. Laymen are needed for this work. The greatest achievements of the Christian church have come through laymen. Peter was a fisherman, Paul a tent maker, Loyola a layman, Moody a shoe clerk.

"Tolstoi, who just died, says that men are moved and work for one of three things: First, for themselves alone; second, for their people or race; third, for everybody. Churches of the world have been emphasizing the importance of the salvation of the individual but we need to look upon the salvation of men as a world problem. As I understand the gospel of Jesus Christ, it is a religion of mankind. God is the father of mankind, not merely the God of America, but the God of China, Japan and Africa.

"We must evangelize the world in this generation, for this is the only generation we can touch.

Charles H. Parsons, executive chairman, presided over the meeting. Rev. H. J. Jewett conducted the devotional exercises, and Prof. F. H. Bargy the music. Clarence W. Hensel made a brief statement of the progress towards the big convention December 3-6.

LOVING CUP MADE FROM COINS

Head of Maryland Masons Gets Peculiar Memento.

Baltimore, Nov. 17.—A unique gift was last night presented to Thomas J. Shryock, grand master of the grand lodge of Maryland, A. F. and A. M., as a memento of the completion of his twenty-fifth term in that office and the beginning of his twenty-sixth. The souvenir took the form of a mammoth loving cup, weighing between 75 and 100 pounds and was made of coins of various denominations, gold, silver, nickel and bronze, contributed by members of the order throughout Maryland. These were fused together and the cup was fashioned from the resultant alloy.

YOUNG OFFICERS TO PANAMA

10 Recent West Point Graduates Are Sent to Canal Zone.

New Orleans, La., Nov. 17.—Ten officers of the United States engineering corps, graduated from the United States military academy last June, will sail from New Orleans for Panama Saturday. Eight members of the corps reached here yesterday and this number was supplemented by two other officers who arrived today. The trip it is said, is for educational purposes. The party will remain in the canal zone for several months.

Rupture Quickly Cured

No Charge If You Don't Get Relief

Not a single cent comes out of your pocket if a trial of the Cluthe Truss which automatically gives Massage Treatment doesn't result in immense relief. We don't want a cent of your money unless this Truss does you a world of good

Your Rupture Can't Come Out

You'll feel a whole lot stronger the minute you put this Truss on. Your rupture will never again come out.

No matter how you lift and strain, the Cluthe Truss will hold your rupture securely and comfortably in place. You'll never suffer another moment's discomfort. There is no belt, no leg straps, no springs, no harness of any kind whatever. Nothing at all uncomfortable. Think of that—you who now have to put your rupture back perhaps many times a day—you who now wear trusses that cause you constant torture.

Automatic Massage Treatment.

The Cluthe Truss automatically gives a wonderfully beneficial massage treatment.

It has Automatic Holding Pads. They are self-regulating—self-adjusting to every movement you make. That is why it is utterly impossible to force these pads out of position. There is always proper support for your rupture.

And these Automatic Holding Pads automatically massage the weakened muscles at the rupture opening until they are strong and sound.

This massaging does for these muscles what exercise does for the arms or legs. That is how the Cluthe Truss cures even after everything else has failed to do any good whatever.

Cures in a Short Time.

When you wear a Cluthe Truss, you can do any work that you could do if you weren't ruptured.

And, unless yours is a terribly bad case, the Cluthe Truss with its Automatic Massage Treatment will soon cure you so that you never need wear a support of any kind.

The Cluthe Truss has cured some of the worst cases in history.

Cures men and women 50, 60 and 70 years old—people who had been ruptured 20 to 50 years—people who had worn dozens of other appliances in vain.

Our Expense if it Fails.

Please do not doubt these statements. See the proof in our free book it is your duty to send for.

Remember that you can try the Cluthe Truss at our risk. Let it prove all we say. If it fails to hold your rupture every minute of the day, it won't cost you a penny.

Free Book Tells.

We have written a book—which sums up all that we have learned about Rupture in forty years of day-after-day experience—in the successful treatment of over 280,000 cases.

This book explains why elastic, spring and leg-strap trusses can never cure. It explains about operations. It exposes the fraud behind some of the advertised "methods." It puts you on guard against throwing money away.

And it tells all about the Cluthe Truss with its Automatic Massage Treatment.

It tells the experience of many former sufferers. And we give you (with their permission) the names and addresses of over 3,500 people who have received instant relief at our hands—most of them entirely cured—some of them you probably know.

Your name on a postal—or on the coupon below—brings you this helpful book. Send today—don't put it off—when you read this book you will know how you can get immediate relief without risking any more money.

When writing, please give our Box number as below—

COUPON

Box 14—CLUTHE INSTITUTE
(For Rupture Exclusively)
125 East 23rd St., New York City.

Send me your Free Book on the Cure of Rupture

Name .....

Street .....

Town .....

FARMER MEMBERS SHY

None in Senate and But 14 in House.

Columbus, Nov. 17.—Farmers will be scarce in the makeup of the next Ohio assembly. The roster shows none in the senate and but 14 in the house.

Politically the membership is given as follows:

Senate, Democrats, 19; Republicans, 15. House, Democrats, 49; Republicans, 64.

These figures show the Democrats have a majority of four in the senate and twenty-five in the house, and a majority of twenty-nine on joint ballot. The classification shows the farmers are without a single representative in the senate, and that they only have fourteen farmer members in the house as against thirty-two lawyers. There are twelve lawyers in the senate.

In the senate there are also four physicians, two merchants, two manufacturers, one editor, one newspaper manager, one commercial traveler, one civil engineer, one druggist, one machinist, one oil producer and one, Senator Charles Kuhl of Hamilton, who has retired from business.

In the house there is one auctioneer, five physicians, nine merchants, three manufacturers, two ministers, two civil engineers, one editor and one publisher, four insurance men, one telegraph operator, three bankers, two contractors, two druggists, three real estate men, one advertising man, one oil producer, one glass worker, one promoter and one lone fisherman, White, of Sandusky.

WEDS, RHEUMATISM VANISHES

Helpless Man So Spry He Ran From Punishment at Almshouse.

Norristown, Pa., Nov. 18.—The county has lost one of its charges by the marriage of William S'thens and Alice Murray here last week. It turns out that they were from the County Home—Sithens, an inmate, helpless from rheumatism, and his bride, his nurse. Their trip to Norri town was not known to be an elopement at the time.

Marriage, however, seemed to cure Sithens, and he can now walk. In fact, he was able to get about so lively that on Monday when he returned to the institution and Steward Liddy threatened to lock him up for overstaying his time he fled while the official was hunting a guard. The man's wife has left the institution, too.

HAS A 17-YEAR CONSCIENCE

Chicagoan Returns Wallet and $43 Found at Exposition.

Atlantic City, N. J., Nov. 18.—A conscience stricken resident of Chicago today returned a wallet containing $43 which was lost by State Curator Silas R. Moore at the world's fair in 1893.

The finder concealed his identity by sending the pocketbook here by the Rev. James J. Doherty, a Catholic priest in Chicago.

The pocketbook either was stolen or fell from Mr. Morse's pockets while he was attending the exposition.

NEED NOT TELL ALL

Druggists Won't Put Everything on Label.

Washington, Nov. 18.—Druggists and manufacturers, under the pure food law, are not required to name the parent substances of a derivative, according to the decision of Chief Justice Clabaugh in the supreme court of the District of Columbia today in the antikamnia case.

The court held that the secretaries of agriculture, treasury, and commerce and labor, upon whom the law imposed the duty of making regulations to carry out the act exceeded their authority when they attempted to require the manufacturing druggists to add to the name of the derivative the fact it is derived from a parent drug, such as alcohol, cocaine, acetanilide, etc. Such action the court determined to be legislation and regulation.

A Test Case.

The question arose in a test case brought by the department of agriculture to determine the effect of the regulation passed by the three secretaries, in accordance with an opinion rendered by Charles J. Bonaparte, then attorney general.

One hundred packages of antikamnia tablets, manufactured by the anti-kamnia chemical company of St. Lou's, were seized because, it was charged, the packages were mislabel in that they failed to name the parent substance from which preparation was derived.

MRS. HETTY GREEN 75 MONDAY

Started Years Ago With $9,000,000—Now Has Many Times That.

New York, Nov. 21.—Mrs. Hetty H. R. Green, America's most prominent financier, reached her 71st birthday anniversary today and also rounded out her forty-fifth year as a business woman, during which she has accumulated a fortune variously estimated at from $50,000,000 to $100,000,000.

The wealthiest woman in America started with a fortune of $9,000,000, left by her father. This fortune she has increased many fold by shrewd business deals and far-sighted investments. Her wealth is widely diversified. She has real estate holdings in nearly every section of the country and her mortgages embrace some of the safest properties in a chain of cities extending from coast to coast. Railroads, steamboats, mines, telephones and telegraphs also contribute to her income.

Some time since the report was circulated that Mrs. Green intended to retire from the active management of her affairs and the arrival of her only son, E. H. R. Green, in New York, tended to confirm the report. But the son has returned to Texas and Mrs. Green, from all appearances, is as active as ever.

45 RACE HORSES DIE IN FIRE

Animals Valued at $30,000 Are Burned to Death in Stables.

Wichita, Kan., Nov. 21—Forty-five head of race horses valued at $30,000 were burned Sunday in the stables of the Wichita & Southwestern Fair association. The horses were in winter quarters after a racing season on the fair circuits of Kansas and Oklahoma.

The stables destroyed were valued at $12,000. Racing carts, harness and other accessories, valued at $10,000, were also burned.

INHERITS $100,000 FROM CHILD

Washington, Nov. 19.—A case in which a father is heir to the $100,000 estate of his only child is being administered by a local trust company.

By the death of his 6-year-old son last July, Joseph H. Bradley, resident of a Maryland suburb of the National Capital, will inherit a third interest in the estate of Mary C. Parrish, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., the boy's grandmother, who died last October

TWO DEAD AFTER FIGHT OVER GIRL

White Plains, N. Y., Nov. 19.—As the result of a battle over a girl at an Armonk roadhouse last night the two men principals in the encounter lie dead in an undertaker's establishment, awaiting the coming of the coroner, while in the local jail are two bedraggled women and four taciturn men, one of the latter with a shoulder full of buckshot. The prisoners are held as witnesses of the affair.

One of the prisoners is Bertha Brower, the woman whom all the trouble was over. The Brower girl disappeared from her home in Chappaque and her friends heard that she had gone to Daniel Merritt's house in Armonk. On Thursday night John Brower, it is said, went to the house and demanded that his sister be turned over to him. A row followed, and Brower was shot in the shoulder.

Last night a party of men went to the Merritt house and demanded the girl. An attack on the house and a general fusillade followed their failure to get the girl, the men in the house and those on the outside exchanging several volleys. John McCann was shot dead in the house. Frederick Pasquilla, who was one of the attacking party, dropped dead in the roadway.

BALLOON RECORD NOT BROKEN

Hawley and Post Went 1,171 Miles, Say Official Figures.

New York, Nov. 21.—Official measurements, made for the Aero Club of America, of the flights by the contestants in the international balloon race last month, have reduced the earlier figures considerably and appear to deprive the American cup winners, Messrs. Hawley and Post, of the honor of making a new world's record.

The official measurements have just been received here from William Welch, chief of the drafting office of the war department in Washington. His figures on the flight of the balloon America II show that the distance from St. Louis to the landing place in the Peribonka river was 1,171.13 miles instead of 1,355 miles, as originally credited. The world's record is 1,193 miles made by Comte Henri De La Vaulx in his flight from Vincennes, France, to Korestychew, Russia, in 35¾ hours.

Mr. Hawley says: "I am not surprised that the war department measurements reduce the distance credited to me. But I will not yield the title to the record to Comte De La Vaulx until his distance has been definitely established by a similar measurement of his flight. I do not believe the distance he traveled was ever officially established, as is done in the case of the international cup races."

GIANT MAD IN CHURCH

Reserves Are Called to Subdue Half-Clad Man.

New York, Nov. 17.—A dozen women at their devotions in the Church of the Holy Rosary yesterday were startled to see a huge man, half-clad, rise up before the altar rail and begin a wild dance. The screaming women fled from the church to the home of Sexton John Sweeney, near by. Sweeney found the man still before the altar rail, prancing madly and flinging his clothes above his head. He recognized him as Jeremiah Tierney of 108 E. 120th street, whose strange conduct has attracted much attention for several weeks. The sexton called upon Tierney to dress himself and leave the church, and the man retorted by hurling a floor cushian at Sweeney's head.

"Come on, you devil," he said, "and I will grind you to powder."

Call for Reserves.

Sweeney found Policemen Donnelly and Hehir. But even these three could not subdue the giant.

Locking the doors of the church the policemen telephoned for reserves and for an ambulance from Harlem hospital. When the ambulance arrived the policemen, the sexton, a fireman who chanced by and two citizens entered the church. Tierney was on his knees before the altar rail praying loudly. The moment he saw the blue uniforms his frenzy returned and he rushed upon his would-be captors.

For ten minutes there was a veritable whirlwind within the church. With his great arms Tierney threw the policemen about and it was not until Surgeon Ballamott tripped him and then called upon the policemen and fireman to sit upon him that any progress was made in the capture.

Even after they got the man down it was twenty minutes before they could get some of his clothes on and then secure him in a strait-jacket. He was removed to Bellevue hospital for observation.

FRISCO HAS 416,912 PERSONS

Washington, Nov. 17.—The census bureau reports the population of the city of San Francisco is 416,912. This is an increase of 74,130 or 21.6 per cent over 342,782 in 1900.

Population statistics of the thirteenth census were made public yesterday for the following California cities:

Oakland, 150,..., an increase of 83,214 or 124.3 per cent, compared with 66,000 in 1900.

Berkeley, 40,434, an increase of 27,220 or 206 per cent, compared with 13,214 in 1900.

Alameda, 23,383, compared with 16,464 in 1900.

CRIPPEN'S FATHER DIES.

Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 18.—Myron H. Crippen, aged 83 years father of Dr. Hawley H. Crippen, under sentence of death in London for the murder of his wife, died today in this city, friendless and penniless. His death, due to the infirmities of age, was hastened by grief over his son's crime.

HEALTH AND INCOME

Both Kept Up on Scientific Food.

Good sturdy health helps on a lot to make money.

With the loss of health one's income is liable to shrink, if not entirely dwindle away.

When a young lady has to make her own living, good health is her best asset.

"I am alone in the world," writes a Chicago girl, "dependent on my own efforts for my living. I am a clerk, and about two years ago through close application to work and a boarding house diet, I became a nervous invalid and got so bad off it was almost impossible for me to stay in the office a half day at a time.

"A friend suggested to me the idea of trying Grape-Nuts food, which I did making it a large part of at least two meals a day.

"Today I am free from brain tire, dyspepsia and all the ills of an overworked and improperly nourished brain and body. To Grape-Nuts I owe the recovery of my health and the ability to retain my position and income."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

TO GET IT'S BENEFICIAL EFFECTS ALWAYS BUY THE GENUINE

SYRUP OF FIGS AND ELIXIR OF SENNA

MANUFACTURED BY THE

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS

ONE SIZE ONLY. 50¢ A BOTTLE

DEATH NEAR, FLIES ON

Hoxsey, Undaunted by the Tragedy, Fulfils Contract.

Denver, Col., Nov. 19.—A lone aviator, soaring eagle-wise against the dazzling background of the snow-clad Rocky mountains, grimly reminded 10,000 spectators at Overland Park yesterday of Thursday's reckless rivalry which culminated in the tragic death of Ralph Johnstone, holder of the world's altitude record.

While Walter Brookins, of the Wright team, was speeding toward Kansas City with the body of the man, who, in Brookins' own words, "flew as he pleased," Arch Hoxsey, whose feats Johnstone ever sought to excel, gave the two flights called for by his contract, and threw in another one to please the crowd.

Does Speedy Work.

Before Hoxsey rose he commented on the death of Johnstone, his friend, and team-mate. "It's all in a day's work," he said. "It's just like a football game or an automobile race. You go out on the field with your friends and the next thing you know some one is carrying you off."

What Hoxsey failed to do in fancy work yesterday, he made up in speed. Rising and circling to a height of about 2,000 feet, taking nine minutes to do it, he then headed northwest toward the foothills. The great wings of the biplane dwindled in the distance until only the keen-eyed could see the machine. When Hoxsey reached the field again it was learned from his description of a lake over which he passed that he had covered an estimated distance of 20 miles in 20 minutes. Hoxsey estimated his greatest altitude at 3,500 feet from the ground, or 8,700 feet above the sea level.

A 14-minute flight at the beginning of the day's program was without incident, but in his final flight Hoxsey rose and dipped and turned until the crowd voiced the seemingly unanimous desire that he come down.

Notice to Readers

The attention of every reader of The Toledo Blade is called to the advertisement of Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy, which appears in this issue. Dr. J. W. Blosser, 254 Walton street, Atlanta, Ga., the discoverer and proprietor, is a man of such character that his claims for the remedy and his promises may be relied upon in every particular.

As he offers absolutely free a trial sample of his Catarrh Remedy, it is certainly well worth the while of every sufferer to write him and give the remedy a trial, at least to this extent. It is evident that unless the remedy is a good one he could not afford to make this offer.

W. C. T. U. HITS BIRD ON HAT

Reports Recruits Who Won't Wear Plumage.

Baltimore, Md., Nov. 17.—That the National Woman's Christian Temperance union is steadily gaining recruits in its campaign against wearing birds or their plumage in hats was reported by the mercy department of the union at today's session of the annual convention.

Since the last convention nearly 2,000 women have taken the pledge not to adorn their headgear with birds or their plumage. Cruelty to animals and vivisection also were strongly denounced.

In her report on "physical education" Mrs. Frances Waite Leiter, of Ohio, urged the organization to wage a campaign against the "white plague." She recommended that a systematic campaign of education should be carried on, especially in the schools where the children should be taught how to stop the devastation of tuberculosis.

HOTEL FOR WORKING GIRLS

Gives Luxuries for $3.50 Per Week in Heart of New York.

New York, Nov. 18.—New York's first real hotel for working girls, the Virginia, at Nos. 226-230 East Twelfth street, was opened today. Forty-three girls engaged rooms today, at a cost of from $3.50 to $6.00 a week. There are still 44 vacancies.

With a writing room all in mission, a reception room in which are an upright piano, green willow furniture and flowery cushions and rugs to match. Comfortable bedrooms and a pretty dining room, the hotel has many luxuries. Musicales and other entertainments that will be free are to be a feature now and then.

The hotel consists of three private houses thrown together. The first floor is devoted to the reception, parlor and writing room. The dining room and kitchen occupy the basement and the remaining floors are all divided into bedrooms and dormitories.

AGED PAIR WALK 500 MILES

Salisbury, Mo., Nov. 21.—Two forest fire refugees from Minnesota, James Clapman and wife, both past 70 years of age, have arrived here after a walk of about 500 miles only to find their children had moved away from this city.

"They came here from Sullivan, Minn., and were penniless when they arrived.

AMERICA DISCOVERED JULY 4

New York, Nov. 19.—"Who was George Washington?" asked Judge Thomas I. Chatfield today in the United States district court of an applicant for citizenship.

"The man who discovered America," came the answer. The court concluded to give another simple question and asked: "Why do we celebrate the Fourth of July?"

"Because America was discovered on that day," confidentially replied the man. He was set back.

PRAISES WORK OF TAFT

Official From China Likes President's Policy.

Buffalo, Nov. 19.—Gilbert Reid, of the International Institute of China speaking of the present commercial opportunities with China, at the Buffalo Chamber of Commerce and Manufacturers' club here yesterday, took occasion to laud President Taft for the influences he exerted in China. Mr. Reid said:

"It is to the credit of our country and for the maintenance of all American interests in China, that we have at this time for the chief executive of our country one who concerns himself in an intelligent way with the progress now being presented the world by that ancient Empire, and who is fair and impartial, broadminded and farsighted in shaping a policy of sound international relations with the people of that country.

Has Helped Trade.

"The President is looked upon by all of us in the Far East, as one who has given impetus to larger American influence in the trade, reforms and development of China, while advocating the fullest application of the idea of the open door.

"It behooves every American to catch the spirit of our national lender, and directly or indirectly to take some part in helping China forward to a new era of prosperity and development.

"Like our consular service, our international relations need to be separated from partisan politics, and be governed by a policy, broad, fair and consistent. From this standpoint, I for one, voice the sentiment of intelligent Chinese and desire the continuance of this policy by a continuance of the present administration."

COLLEGE MAN IS CRIMINAL

Former Wife and Son Join Against Him.

New York, Nov. 18.—Lee P. Woodward, 40 years old, a college graduate and a member of an old and honored Pennsylvania family, was sentenced in general sessions yesterday to five years at Sing Sing and adjudged an habitual criminal. He was charged with cashing a worthless check.

It was an affidavit from Woodward's former wife that caused the judge to give the prisoner, who has served several prison terms, the limit for his offense.

"In my belief," Mrs. Woodward said, "he is beyond redemption. Nothing can induce him to lead an honest life. Our son, now 21 years old, joins me in appealing to you to inflict upon him such punishment as will in your wisdom relieve us and society from the menace of his presence. Our only daughter, who died at 16, told me on her deathbed that her father's conduct had broken her heart and filled her life with shame.

RAT POISON AS PIE PUFFER

Killed 37 Chickens and Makes Seven Humans Ill.

Washington, Pa., Nov. 19.—Seven persons were made ill by eating poisoned pie in a South Main street restaurant here last night. They are reported in a serious condition, but will recover. The pie was thrown from the window of the restaurant and was eaten by chickens, 37 of which have died.

John Fremont, a negro cook, in making the pie, got hold of a can of rat poison instead of baking powder. He is one of the victims of his mistake.

SUES HER SISTER'S HUSBAND

Kansas Girl Claims He Jilted Her and Brings Legal Action.

Wichita, Kan., Nov. 19.—Miss Jessie McCoy, 20, has sued A. I. Chittenden, 43, for $5,000 for breach of promise. The unusual feature of the proceeding is that the defendant recently married Miss Fannie McCoy, an older sister of the plaintiff. He had been engaged to both sisters, and finally picked the older.

AAB CLAIMS SHORTEST NAME

Boston, Nov. 19.—When Miss Eda Ek, of Brockton Mass. said she had the shortest name in America everybody thought she was right until Al Ke appeared in Everett Mass. and claimed the honor.

Now there is another aspirant, Aab, a Harvard student from Bankok Siam. Aab, pain Aab, is his name, handle and all, and it is a famous one in his native land.

NONE IDENTIFIES SLAIN

Body Found in Trunk Is Little More Than Skeleton

New York, Nov. 18.—Pending an inquest planned for today on the body which was found in a hermetically sealed trunk in the cellar of a West Fifty-fourth street apartment house, the authorities were not inclined to theorize on who the victim of the mysterious murder might be.

Even the sex of the victim was not known, the five years or more during which the body is known to have reposed in its hiding place having reduced it to a skeleton almost bare of flesh. From outward indications, however, the authorities are of the belief that the body is that of a woman, the smallness of the bones chiefly leading them to that conclusion.

"W. Lewis" Only Clue.

Early today the body—discovered by Philip Meagher when he was preparing to move yesterday after eight years' residence in the house and opened the neglected trunk—was taken to the morgue. It was found that the body had been jammed in the trunk and surrounded with quantities of plaster of paris and paper.

The only clue is the name of "W. Lewis" which appears on the outside of the trunk. Lewis was a boarder in the Meagher family up to about 6 years ago. He told Meagher on going away that he would leave the trunk and call for it at some time. A zinc tank inside the trunk fits perfectly. The newspapers were dated from February 19 to April 17, 1902.

MAYOR'S WIFE IS ON THE JOB

Runs Town and Doctors Patients While Husband Is Away.

Beverly, N. J., Nov. 17.—In the absence of Mayor James V. Roberts, M. D., who is visiting his father, Dr. Frederick Roberts, at Plymouth, Pa., Mrs. Roberts is acting in the capacity of the city executive. Her first legal act was the issuance of a permit to show to exhibit here Friday night. She has also been deputized to keep tab on the police force. As the visit of the mayor is not expected to be long it was not deemed necessary to convene council to elect a temporary mayor, but so well acquainted with the duties of the office is Mrs. Roberts that her husband placed full confidence in her official capacity.

Mrs. Roberts is likewise taking care of her husband's extensive medical practice so far as possible with her knowledge of medicine. Mrs. Roberts is a well known worker of the St. Stephen's P. E. church.

Fit Medicine Free! 10-Day Offer

For ten days we will send absolutely free a two weeks' supply of medicine for EPILEPSY, ST. VITAS DANCE and NERVOUS DISORDERS. Write today or you may be too late. Kiro Remedy Co. 267 Detroit St., Flint, Mich.

FREE TREATMENT FOR HEART DISEASE

Directing Advisor Clearwater
Head of the famous Heart Cure Co.

We are giving away ABSOLUTEY FREE OF CHARGE a regular full size package of our world famous treatment for the Heart and Nerves, also our fine, illustrated book telling all about the causes of of these diseases and how they can be permanently cured, with which you'll know your own case as well as any doctor,—BOTH FREE—to all who are troubled with Palpitation, Fluttering or Skipping Beats of the Heart, Headache, Short Breath, Asthma, Stomach Trouble (often caused by weak Heart), Constipation, Dizziness, Nosebleed, Numbness, Sinking Spells, Pain in Heart, Side or Shoulder-Blade, Nervousness, Trembling, Twitching, Nightmare, or a general weak, run-down condition.

If you have any of thesesure symptoms, something's wrong with your Heart, and this fine treatment is just what you need.

Don't make the mistake of thinking it's only your Stomach, Kidneys or Bowels that are troubling you. Lots of people make that mistake. They say, "I don't amount to anything—it will go away of itself," and some day, all of a sudden they drop dead of Heart Disease—just as you read about and hear of all around you every day.

Six out of every ten persons have Heart Disease! Sixty thousand people die of it every year. They doctor for the Stomach, Kidneys or Female Organs when it's really the Heart that's causing all the trouble, and that's getting worse every day though they don't even suspect it.

Don't take any more chances, no matter what you may think your trouble is but if you have the slightest symptom of Heart Trouble, write us today for this full free treatment and book. We will send both by mail in plain package, securely sealed, post paid, and there will be

NO CHARGE WHATEVER

for it in any way. Remember, this isn't just a little "sample" or trial, but a generous, genuine, regular full-size treatment, and it's yours gladly and freely, just for the asking—because we want to show you without cost what this grand treatment will do.

No matter how bad you think you are, if you think Heart Disease incurable — no matter if some common doctor has said that you can't be cured, be fair to your self, give us a chance—don't fail to test this grand treatment.

It has cured—we don't mean just helped, but cured—thousands of cases of Heart Disease—many of which had been pronounced hopeless.

It will set your stomach right, remove constipation, clear your blood, steady your nerves and build up your whole system, besides strengthening and curing the Heart.

Don't let this chance go by—accept our offer NOW! It's made in all sincerity and friendliness from our true desire to send this free help to every sufferer who needs it. Our offer is absolutely, completely HONEST, as the publisher of this paper will gladly tell you.

Read our questions carefully, write your name and address plainly in the Free Treatment Coupon, cut it out and mail to us TODAY. We will send you the full Free Treatment and Illustrated Book at once. Address,

HEART CURE CO.,
HEART SPECIALISTS,
331 Masonic Building,
Hallowell, Maine.

Read these questions carefully. If you can answer "Yes" to any one of them you need this Heart and Nerve Treatment that we are giving away FREE.

Do you tire easily?
Do you lack energy?
Do you have Headache?
Does your Heart flutter?
Does it ever skip beats?
Does your Heart palpitate?
Do you start in your sleep?
Are you short of breath?
Do you feel "weak and run down"?
Do you have numb spells?
Do you have dizzy spells?
Do you have weak sinking spells?
Are you nervous and irritable?
Do your feet, legs or ankles swell?
Does your Stomach have an "all gone" feeling?
Do you have pains in your Heart, side or shoulder blade?

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Heart Cure Co., Heart Specialists,
331 Masonic Building, Hallowell, Maine.

Please send me entirely free of charge your regular full size Heart and Nerve Treatment and your Free Book.

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

$1 Worth of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Treatment FREE

It is a positive remedy for all Stomach and Liver Trouble, Gastritis, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Pressure of Gas around the Heart, Sour Stomach, Distress After Eating, Nervousness, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Constipation, Yellow Jaundice, Sick Headache and Gall Stones.

The above ailments are mainly caused by the clogging of the intestinal tract with GALL STONES, backing up poisonous fluids into the stomach, and otherwise deranging the digestive system. I want every sufferer of any of these diseases to test this wonderful treatment. You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two before you will feel its great benefits—only one dose is usually required. I say emphatically it is a positive, permanent remedy and I will prove it to you if you will allow me to. I will send the complete $1.00 treatment to sufferers absolutely FREE so you can try it in your own home at my expense.

The most eminent specialists declare that 75 per cent of the people who suffer from Stomach Trouble are suffering from GALL STONES. I firmly believe that this remedy is the only one in the world that will cure this disease. Sufferers of Stomach trouble and GALL STONES should not hesitate a moment, but send for this FREE treatment at once. I would be pleased to send you the names of people who state they have been cured of various Stomach ailments and speaking the highest praise of this medicine. Just fill out the Coupon below—let me send you this wonderful treatment together with highly interesting literature, testimonials, etc. Don't suffer with agonizing pains—don't permit a dangerous surgical operation, which gives only temporary relief, when this medicine will permanently help you.

GEORGE H. MAYR, Mfg. Chemist,
40 Dearborn St., Chicago.
References:—Mercantile Agencies or State Bank of Chicago

Sign and Mail This Coupon

GEO. H. MAYR, Mfg. Chemist,
40 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Send me absolutely FREE, $1.00 treatment of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy.

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....
Write Plainly.

Express Office..... 14

You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two before you feel its great benefits. One dose is all that is necessary to prove its wonderful powers to benefit.

Absolutely harmless. Guaranteed by the Pure Food and Drug Act Serial No. 2783

FREE TO YOU--MY SISTER

FREE TO YOU and Every Sister Suffering From Woman's Ailments

I am a woman. I know woman's sufferings.

I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men can not understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or Whitish Discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths; also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and b

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

"TESS IS ALL RIGHT."

BY ELIZABETH AYRES

ALL DAY long, from seven o'clock in the morning, until six in the evening, Tessie stood behind a pressing table, wielding an electric iron in the cleaning establishment, where she received five dollars a week for her services. The place where she worked made aspec ialty of renovating evening gowns and other garments of delicate color and texture. It was Tessie's work to put the finishing touches on these things of purple and fine linen, and she was skilled in restoring laces and silks and satins and gossamer fabrics, to their first beauty.

Tessie could not have any of these beautiful things herself. The money she earned was the main support of her family. Every Saturday night, she gave her pay to her mother. Her mother accomplished wonders in making the dollar go almost as far as two, but even with her thriftiness, she could not do more than keep her family of six on the edge of comfort, so it was not possible for Tessie to have any of the adornments of life, when every penny she earned must go for its necessities.

Her father was an uncertain source of income. He spent most of his time enjoying poor health. When he worked, which was not often, he followed the occupation of agent, for anything that was easy to carry in sample form and was genteel in character. "Pa's" contribution to the family support could not be depended upon. It was only Tessie's five dollars a week, which could be reckoned as a certainty.

Tessie, at the age of seventeen, had the longings, which all young girls have, for pretty things. Her work brought her in contact with the fine raiment worn by the "rich ladies" who patronized the shop. They were "rich ladies" to Tessie, because they represented everything to her, she could not have. Her own clothing was purchased by her mother, solely for its wearing quality. Mere prettiness could not be considered, and Tessie was often in revolt against the plain garments crudely fashioned by her mother, and so planned, that they might be made over for the small sister of the family, when they were no longer fit for Tessie's wearing.

Tessie could not help but know that she was pretty. She had learned, too, how her prettiness might be enhanced, by surreptiously holding up to her face —just to try the effect—of some freshly cleaned and pressed garment, which she especially fancied. After every "trying the effect," her own plain attire was more distasteful and Tessie more rebellious. She kept her rebellion to herself and made no outward sign of her dissatisfaction, but she was none the less unhappy and at odds with the fate which gave to her only the hard side of life. Then, too, she was the one girl in the shop who might not do what she pleased with her money. The others could have pretty waists and hats and ribbons and other little vanities. They talked about going to theatres and dances, and of having "fellows" to take them about. All of these were unknown to Tessie. She must be silent when this chatter was going on, since little vanities and theatres and dances and having "fellows" were things of which she was without knowledge.

"Why don't you get some glad rags, Tess, and get a fellow?" one of the girls asked her. "You'd be real pretty if you was fixed up," she complimented. "You don't give yourself no show."

"I guess I can live without glad rags or a fellow," Tessie returned, speaking with more indifference than she felt.

Her life was nothing but repetition of working days, with evenings spent at home, where there was always more work to be done. In their small quarters, there was no place where she could receive company, even if there was anyone who wanted to call, and it was not in the least likely any one would want to call on a girl who had nothing to wear except working clothes.

It was thus Tessie reasoned, while she listened in silence to the girls' talk of their galeties and of the new things they had bought, or were going to buy. She was so much out of all this that it made her feel lonely, and, to give vent to her unhappiness, she thumped her iron down with a force which threatened damage to the delicate material upon which she was working. She tried to make noise enough, so she might not hear the talk that was going on around her, but the girls spoke in loud voices and she heard one of them say: "I've got my new winter hat and coat. They're dandies. All I have to do is to pay two dollars down, and a dollar a week until they're paid for. It's a snap!"

Tessie did not hear the comments which followed this remark. She was thinking fast and pondering, a hitherto unknown possibility.

"Why couldn't she buy new things in the same way," she wondered. "Surely she had a right to at least a dollar a week, out of the money she worked so hard to earn. She was going to have it," she decided, defiantly. "It wasn't fair for her to have to give every cent to the family, while Pa just sat around. She was going to have some of it for herself, so she might have a good time once in a while like other girls. She needed a new winter hat and coat worse than anybody and she was going to have them. So there, now!"

With this climax of thought, she again brought her iron down with a thump that earned her a reprimand from her employer.

When Saturday night came she received her pay in five one dollar bills, she separated one from the others, with the firm intention of keeping it for her own use. On her way home, she went around by the place where hats and coats were sold on weekly instalments. She stopped before the window to see if there were anything on show that she wanted, and while she stood there she made herself happy by pretending that she was shopping. She did not find it difficult to make a selection, but she prolonged her pleasure, by pretending to be extremely critical. Her mind leaped ahead and she saw herself as she thought she would look in the coat and hat she had chosen.

"Well, I guess I'll have a show for a good time when I get those on," she told herself, tossing her head airily.

Her visit to the shop window delayed her arrival at home considerably, and when she reached there she found the younger children on the sidewalk in front of the house, waiting for her to come. As soon as she was in sight they shouted in chorus, the news they were bursting to tell.

"Pa's gone, Pa's gone," they shrilled, jumping about as if Pa's going were a joyful event.

Before Tessie could ask any questions, her mother appeared in the doorway and beckoned her to hurry.

"My, I'm glad you've come. I was worried most to pieces!" she exclaimed. "What made you so late?" she questioned.

"Oh, I just took a walk," Tessie answered, evasively.

"Well, come in," her mother said, without further questioning. "I've got something to tell you. I don't know whether it's good luck or bad we're having, but your pa's gone, and he said he had an elegant job. I dunno whether 't s or 'tisn't, but he was that sure it was, he took all the money there was in the house to go and get it, rent money and all. I had it saved up. I was going to surprise you by having you keep this week's pay for yourself. I'm sure you deserve it, but now—mebbe 'tis so he has an elegant job, but whichever way 'tis, there's one thing sure, th re's not a cent in the house. I'm most clean discouraged."

She looked at her daughter, half in apology, half in appeal.

For a moment Tessie could not speak. She saw her plan of buying a new coat and hat pass into an impossibility, and with it went her "show for a good time," she thought. She glanced at her mother. She looked unusually tired and unusually discouraged. Tessie put away her own disappointment.

"Mebbe 'tis so that Pa's got an elegant job," she said, trying to speak cheerfully. "Anyway, I guess we can pull through. We have, lots of times before. Here's the five, ma; mebbe I'll get a raise some day, and then we'll do just fine. I'm awful hungry. What have you got for supper?" she asked, with an air of having closed a disagreeable discussion.

Her mother followed her lead.

"Well, for one thing, there's cream puffs," she said, brightly. "I got 'em special for you, 'fore I knew about your pa's elegant job," she explained, as if to excuse her extravagance.

"My!" said Tessie. "I could eat a bushel."

Some way, good cheer seemed to have joined their company, and they made quite a little celebration of their evening meal. The best of everything was for Tessie, and, when it came to cleaning-up time, her mother declared she was not to lift a finger or wash a dish.

"I'm sure I don't know what we should do without you, Tessie," she told her fondly. "I'm sure I don't know."

When the clearing-up process was ended, together they settled down for the evening. Without any real change in their affairs, their prospects seemed to be brightening. Tessie felt a warm glow at her heart, replacing the chill of her disappointment. Home was the best place after all, she thought. Home was where she was most loved and was most needed. Home was where she had her show.

"I'm sure I don't know what we should do without you, Tessie," she heard her mother again say, fondly.

"Tess is all right," the eldest boy insisted, stoutly.

HOLIDAY CAKES

The following is a tried and true recipe for fruit cake:

One pound of flour, three quarters of a pound of butter, one pound of sugar; two of seeded raisins; one of currants; one of citron, chopped fine; 10 eggs, the whites beaten separately, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, two of allspice, one tablespoonful of soda, dissolved in a cup of cold coffee.

Stir butter and sugar to a cream; add the whites and the yolks of the eggs, then the spices and coffee; lastly, put in the fruit, which should first be rolled in flour. This recipe will make three large cakes, warranted to keep for a year.

I am an old lady and I have made this cake many times. I hope to see the recipe in print. I have taken The Blade over 20 years. Wishing success to you all, I will close.—Mrs. Helen Wills, Michigan.

Thank you very much. Come again.—Elizabeth.

A good, old-fashioned cake for holiday times, and one which will keep well, unless you eat it, is citron pound cake. To make it you have to cream one pound of butter, add one pound of sugar, the yolks of 12 eggs and beat until light. Flavor with two teaspoonfuls of vanilla extract and add one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt. Then stir in alternately one pound of sifted flour and the frothed whites of 12 eggs. Mix thoroughly and put about an inch laver of the batter in a well greased loaf cake pan. Have ready one-half of a pound of shredded citron, sprinkle the layer of cake with it and continue in this way until the ingredients are all used. Bake in moderate oven for two hours.

By the way, either of these cakes would make fine Christmas presents, packed in a nice box, wrapped in white paper and tied with Christmas ribbons. A loaf of good home made cake is worth having.

THE GUINEA FOWL

A domestic bird, which of late years has come to be listed with the things good to eat, is the guinea-fowl. He is a very expensive dish, if ordered at a restaurant, and he is now stylish as a substitute for turkey, at the holiday dinner. According to the December Delineator, "while the young guineas make the choicest eating, the old birds are not to be despised, whether steamed tender, then roasted, fricaseed, or boiled tender, then breaded and fried. In stuffing the guinea, any approved turkey stuffing may be used, the accompaniments being, as with turkey, giblet gravy and cranberry sauce. In roasting, very little water goes into the pan. Instead, the slices of fat salt pork are skewered across the breast and around the drumsticks, and the fowl is basted with the pork drippings."

HINTS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Bring the evergreens and holly,
Bring the music and the song,
Chase away the melancholy,
By the pleasures bright and jolly,
By the pleasures bright and jolly,
Which to Christmas time belong.

THERE are innumerable home-made things which nimble fingers may convert into acceptable gifts, and in many cases, it is the thought that goes with a present, rather than its money value, which is most appreciated.

From the store-places of the farmer; from the pantry shelves of the farmer's wife, where are the preserves and jams and jellies, may come Christmas remembrances which will be just the things some one wanted. There are fancy articles without number which may be made at home, and there are homemade candies, and knitted and crocheted articles, also. Those who know how to make lace, may use this accomplishment to advantage at Christmas, and those who are deft at converting bits of silk and ribbon into something pretty, have a talent which does them good service at the holiday season. Use your "thinkers," if money is a scarce commodity, forget to worry, and do the best you can with that you have to do with.

For those who are successful in raising house plants, here is a suggestion which may help out. A geranium, or other flowering plant, in blossom, if possible, is "something pretty." To make the jar prettier, wrap it with a strip of crepe or tissue paper and tie with a white or scarlet ribbon, or one which matches the blossom of the plant. This makes a beautiful gift and one which will last indefinitely, if properly tended.

Some one you wish to make a gift for, may have a fondness for aprons. Something new in the apron line, is

A KNITTED COAT OF NEW DESIGN —The Ladies World.

made from barred muslin, with a lace edge across the bottom. Some of the aprons are scalloped on the edge, with a dainty pattern inside. Worked in light colored silks, with the scallops done in white, and finished with a rosette of ribbons at the band, they are "all right" for some one at Christmas.

Something pretty for the bureau top, is a pin tray made of two small, oval embroidery hoops, wrapped with narrow ribbon. A piece of flowered silk or ribbon is stretched across the smaller hoop and the larger one is slipped over it. Featherstitch in colors is worked on the outer edge.

Larger trays may be made in the same way and with a variation of colors and designs.

Good recipes for Christmas sweets, for which we are much obliged to The Housekeeper for December, are these:

Chocolate Popcorn Balls—Pop some popcorn and pick out only the crisp, tender grains. Place in a saucepan two cupfuls of granulated sugar, one-half cupful of water and one-fourth teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Boil until it spins a thread or forms a hard ball when dropped into cold water; then flavor with a teaspoonful of vanilla. Pour part of this sugar syrup over the popcorn, and let the remainder stand on the back of the range. Form into tiny popcorn balls with the fingers and then dip into the remaining syrup one at a time. Set aside on greased paper to cool. When cool dip into melted sweetened chocolate.

Strawberry Dainty—Place in a saucepan two cupfuls of sugar, one-half cupful of water, and one-fourth teaspoonful cream of tartar. Boil until it forms a firm ball when tested in cold water. Add one glass of whole strawberry preserves and boil up again. Pour this mixture over the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs and beat up quickly until it begins to harden a little, then pour into a plate or pan and when cold cut into squares.

Maple Delight—Place in a saucepan two cupfuls of soft maple sugar, one-half cupful of cream and one-half cupful of milk. Let this boil until tried in cold water it will form a soft ball, then stir in one cupful of chopped nut meats, and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Pour into a buttered pan after stirring or beating until creamy. Cut into squares.

Better save these recipes for future reference if you think you will have use for them. They may not come your way again.

POETS' CORNER

BRAVE WOLFE

Author Unknown.

Cheer up; my young men all,
Let nothing fright you;
Though oft objections rise,
Let it delight you.

Let not your fancy move
Whene'er it comes to trial;
Nor let your courage fail
At the first denial.

I sat down by my love
Thinking that I wooed her;
I sat down by my love,
But sure not to delude her

But when I go to speak,
My tongue it doth so quiver,
I dare not speak my mind,
Whenever I am with her.

Love, here's a ring of gold,
'Tis long that I have kept it.
My dear, now for my sake
I pray you to accept it.

When you the posy read,
Pray think upon the giver,
My dear, remember me,
Or I'm undone forever.

Then Wolfe he took his leave
Of his most lovely jewel;
Although it seemed to be
To him an act most cruel.

Although it's for a space
I'm forced to leave my love,
My dear, where'er I rove,
I'll ne'er forget my dove.

So then this valiant youth
Embarked on the ocean,
To free America
From faction's dire commotion.

He landed at Quebec,
Being all brave and hearty;
The city to attack,
With his most gallant party.

Then Wolfe drew up his men,
In rank and file so pretty,
On Abraham's lofty heights,
Before this noble city.

A distance from the town,
The noble French did meet them
In double numbers there,
Resolved for to beat them.

A parley—Wolfe and Motcalm together

Montcalm and this brave youth
Together they are walking;
So well they do agree
Like brothers they are talking.

Then each one to his post,
As they do now retire,
Oh then their numerous hosts
Began their dreadful fire.

Then instant from his horse
Fell this noble hero.
May we lament his loss
In words of deepest sorrow.

The French are seen to break
Their columns all are flying;
Then Wolfe he seems to wake,
Though in the act of dying.

And lifted up his head
(The drums did sound and rattle),
And to his army said:
"I pray, how goes the battle?"

His aid-de-camp replied:
"Brave gen'ral, 'tis in our favor,
Quebec and all her pride
'Tis nothing now can save her.

"She falls into our hands
With all her wealth and treasurers,"
"O, then," brave Wolfe replied,
"I quit the world with pleasure."

ONE MAN THERE WAS

The following lines are found in The Course of Time, a poem in 10 books, by Henry Kirke White, who was born at Nottingham, England, in 1785, and died at Cambridge, England, in 1806. The lines are in the fourth book:

One man there was, and many such you might
Have met, who never had a dozen thoughts
In all his life, and never changed their course;
But told them o'er, each in its customed place,
to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!

Yes, we're boys—always playing with tongue or with pen—
And I sometimes have asked—Shall we ever be men?
Fantastic, clad in robe of fiery hue,
He thought the devil in disguise, and ...d
With quivering heart and winged footsteps home.
The word philosophy he never heard,
Or science; never heard of liberty
Necessity, or laws of gravitation;
And never had an unbelieving doubt.
Beyond his native vale he never looked;
But thought the visual line, that girt him round,
The world's extreme; and thought the silver Moon,
That nightly o'er him led her virgin host,
No broader than his father's shield. He lived—
Lived where his father lived, died where he died,
Lived happy, and died happy, and was saved.
Be not surprised. He loved and served his God.

THEY TELL OF GOD

(By William Watkins Hill).

"The heavens declare the glory of God"—
The earth no less than they;
The starry sky, the earth's gross clod,
Each one has much to say.
Had we but ears, and sight, and heart,
To hear, and see, and feel
The glorious message which they impart,
What love into our hearts would steal!

The distant mountains tell their tale
In wondrous tones, and low,
Of love, of grace, that does not fail,
Of a Father's heart aglow.
Their form, and grandeur, and their size,
Which make them all—sublime
To him who looks with reverent eyes
They spell the word "Divine."

O, mountains grand! so nobly grand!
Your proud peaks rising high,
Though firmly rooted to earth they stand,
They kiss the vaulted sky.
To some their wondrous form and size
No cheering message bring,
No sacred tokens greet their eyes,
No heavenly anthems ring.

A sombre garb and form austere,
A sad and solemn dirge
They only see and only hear,
Nor from gross earth emerge;
Nor feel the sacred, kindling flame
Which burns in hearts devout,
See not the word, read not the name
So beautifully spelled out.

They of earth still earthy are
And nothing of Him know,
Who made you, mountains, placed you there,
And crowned your heads with snow;
But in some vague and distant way
He may, perhaps, control
The wind, and rain, the sunny day,
The clouds that o'er you roll.

But your huge form a language speaks
Of power, of grace, of love,
Of One who cares, who never sleeps,
Who fills the realm above,
And yet he deigns to come to earth.
To those that earthy be
He gives the choice of sacred birth
And heaven's felicity.

Your massive grandeur lifts sublime,
Your ridges melt away
Into the distant blue and shine
That mark the close of day.
The rosy-tinted sunset sky
A coronet, more grand,
Makes for your eternal head so high,
Than made by human hand.

The clouds that gather 'round your head
And often o'er you weep
Such copious tears, so widely spread,
That down your face they sweep
And, gathering at your foot, they form
The brooks, with gentle motion,
Which through the fields and meadows roam,
To lose themselves in ocean;

These fleecy messengers, too, speak
To him who has an ear
To hear their voice, a wish to seek
His blessed side be near.
No melancholy, saddening lay
To Him their voices bring—
They bid him his devotion pay
To heaven's Lord and King.

O, glorious mountains, nobly grand!
O, messenger divine!
Around you countless ages stand,
A hallowed light doth shine!
To some there's nothing you can say—
Insensate is your clod,
But to the souls that "watch and pray"
You speak to them of God.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

By Paul Dresser.

A mother's gift to her country's cause
Is a story yet untold.
She had three sons, three only ones,
Each worth his weight in gold.
She gave them up for the sake of war
While her heart was filled with pain.
As each went away she was heard to say
He will never return again.

CHORUS.

One lies near Appomattox,
Many miles away,
Another sleeps at Chickamauga,
And they both wore suits of gray,
Mid the strains of Down in Dixie
The third was laid away,
In a trench at Santiago,
The Blue and the Gray.

She is alone tonight while the stars shine bright,
With a heart full of despair,
On the last great day I can hear her say,
My three boys will be there.
Perhaps they'll watch at the heavenly gate,
On guard beside their guns;
Then the mothers, true to the gray and the blue,
May enter with her sons.

POEMS REQUESTED

The old-time verses to which these lines belong, are wanted: We are coming Father Abraham, five hundred thousand more.

The song entitled, The Cabin With the Roses Round the Door, is wanted. One line is: She's an old and wrinkled dame, but I love her just the same.

A poem entitled The Seasons is asked for. It has this line: The child that gathered flowers in spring, is now a blushing bride.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Here we meet for;
Health, Happiness and
Good cheer.

The following letter was received the first part of the past September, but in some way, it hid itself, and just came out from under. A good letter, is a good letter any month in the year, so I am passing it on, with apologies to its writer for its tardy appearance. Accidents will happen, you know.—Elizabeth.

Friends of the Cozy Corner—The berry season is ended. For a few short months, I shall not hear the voices of the pickers as they come in the early morning. I shall miss them, for this time of year is always a pleasure to me. I shall also miss the children who came with their mothers. What a good time I have had with their rollicking fun or quaint, comic sayings. The babe that took his daily nap in the berry crate will, I hope, enjoy his sleep better in his own little crib. And the two little brothers, will not have to be warned with a shake of the finger, that if they do not take better care of that baby, I shall buy him for my very own. A threat that never failed to bring peace in the camp of the Philistines.

The frost in early spring did much of our work. We have not been as busy as usual. Strawberries and raspberries, only half crops. Blackberries were not injured so much—and such large, luscious berries they were! How they escaped the terrible freeze in May, I cannot tell. Grapes and peaches are a total failure. Usually we are kept very busy with them until late in the fall. I cannot imagine how it will seem without them.

So you see our work with fruit is about done. I shall have more leisure than I have known since coming to the country. But, I shall enjoy every day and many a ride old Jim will take me. I see the promise in his honest eyes. These dumb friends of ours often speak to us in no uncertain way.

Then I have my flowers. Three times a week, I cut and bunch them and find it delightful work. Just now, it is fall roses and gladioli, and they are very beautiful. I shall have flowers until frost. If there are more than I can dispose of, I take them to the Fruit and Flower Mission, where they are sent to the different hospitals. I love to think that my flowers often cheer those who cannot gather for themselves. How true it is that we should give to the living, not alone the flowers of the garden, but the more beautiful ones of love, appreciation and trust.—Alice M., Dayton, Ohio.

FLORIDA LANDS

I wonder if any of The Blade readers remember Florida Old Man? Well, here he is again after an absence of several months past, some of which were spent in Europe.

This letter is written more as a caution than for news or chat. There are many thousands of acres of splendid lands in Florida, and a very large area of land that can be made into good homes, but again, there are thousands of acres of worthless lands, and there are many speculators advertising lands for sale that publish misleading statements as to the values of what can be produced to the acre, and the ease with which this can be done.

We have a splendid climate and good soil, but it takes labor here as well as elsewhere to raise crops. It is claimed also, that labor is cheap and abundant. Many of these speculators have worthless land that they bought at a very low price and the dupe who buys before he sees his purchase, will find, after investigating, that he could have bought adjoining lands, much better, for a fraction of what he paid.

Take my advice. Don't buy until you see and thoroughly investigate your purchase.

Florida wants, and needs, many thousands of good families. There are plenty of excellent lands and good homes in abundance, but do not come, expecting to have wealth at once, and bring sufficient money with you to keep you for one year, after making your purchase.—Florida Old Man.

SHE'S ALL RIGHT

I have been a reader of the dear old Blade for many years, many more than I shall see again, for I am 70 years old. I am healthy, with the exception of having rheumatism some. I do all my own work and have student boarders, as I live in a college town. I have to take care of myself, as I have not much of this world's goods. I sometimes get so tired of work, for I have always been a hard worker. When I get so tired and discouraged I think what is living worth, and wish for easier times. Then I say to myself, I am thankful to be able to work, for there are many I would not change places with for anything. I am thankful to my heavenly Father for the good I enjoy in this life. I have many sorrows the world knows not of, but I try to be cheerful and work all I can.

I have three children, all in homes of their own. My advice to any girl is not to marry a man many years older than herself. I know whereof I speak. It is not pleasant in many ways, though there are cases where they get along very well, but it is better for husband and wife to be nearly of an age.

I very much desire to see in print the words of a song I used to play on the organ in my younger days. The chorus begins like this:

O, how fast the days are passing,
Passing, passing swiftly by.

Now I will close by signing myself, 70. Alfred, New York.

AN APPRECIATION

The Blade is very welcome to me when it comes every Thursday evening. I feel glad to see so many letters from the little folks, and from the older ones in the Cozy Corner, which I love to read so well. They make me want to write one, too. I live in southern Pennsylvania, on a farm. The country is somewhat hilly, but I love to work on the hills, for I can look far off and see God's pictures in all their glory. They make me feel glad I am living to see them. I have a wife and three children; two girls and one boy. Their names are Esther, Carrie and Emery. My eldest girl is married and has two sweet little girls, whose names are Ethel and Ruth.

This is my first letter to The Blade so I will make it short. If it is printed, I will try to write a better one next time. Goodbye to all, and may God bless the good old Blade and all of its readers.—Newton J. Lohr, Pennsylvania.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

We are still receiving an occasional letter to which the writer's real name is not signed. These letters will not be published. Your real name need not appear in print, but it must be sifned if you wish your letter to be in the paper.—Elizabeth.

Forget to write trouble letters. It does no one any good to write them; it does no one any good to read them.

Don't forget to write Household Editor somewhere on the envelope when you send a letter to this page. Everybody is welcome.

SECURING ATTENTION

Little Robert had been told that he must not ask for anything at the table, but must wait in respectful silence until he was served. One day when the minister was in to dinner everybody got so busy talking that Robert was completely overlooked and his plate remained bare. After a long pause and serious reflection he looked up at his mamma and said:

"Mama, when little boys starve to death do they go to heaven?"—The Delineator.

Children's Letters.

Dear Friends of The Blade:—As I have seen no letters from this part of the state, I thought I would write one. I am 11 years old. I go to school almost every day. I have to go a mile to school. My teacher's name is Bertha Sheldon. I am in the fifth grade. I like to go to school. I have one sister and four brothers. I live in Farmdale, Ohio. We live real near to my grandma and I go to see her almost every day. My grandma has taken The Blade for 22 years. I like The Blade. When it comes, the first page I turn to is the letters from the children.

My letter is getting long, but I hope to see it in print. I have written one letter before, but it found the waste basket. I hope this one will not find its way there. My name is Laura Winifred Braden, Ohio.

Dear Little Friends—I am a girl nine years of age. I live in Keoto, Colorado. My papa has a store in town. I live in town and go to school. I am in the fourth reader. I have three sisters and one brother. It has been dry here this year. Sometimes we have big blizzards that last two and three days. We have been taking The Blade for five years. I like it very much. Goodbye for this time. My name is Thelma Farrell, Colorado.

Dear Blade—As I have seen very few letters from Missouri, I will say a few words about old Missouri I think it is a fine country. It is a little hilly. I am a boy, 16 years of age. I am attending school at Horner's Institute which is eleven miles from where I live. I think Mr. Horner is a good instructor. I am a lover of nature. I love the woods, fields and hills. Goodbye.—Oran Wheeler, Missouri.

Viva Larkins, Michigan—Thank you for the pretty drawing of the snow apple. I wish we could put it in The Blade.—Editor.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

TRY TO

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Dear Blade—I just glanced above the door and saw "Welcome," there, so I thought I would enter. As this is my first letter to the M. G. R., I will give my age. I am seventeen years old, and I live near the town of Wren, Ohio. I have come to describe a snow storm which I saw in the past winter. It was one of the most beautiful sights that has come to my eyes for many a day. I was down in the southern part of Indiana, visiting with friends and relatives, who live among the hills and hollows. One day, a friend suggested our taking a trip to the knobs. The knobs, as they call them, looked more like mountains to me. They were very high and covered with pine trees. We climbed to the top of one high knob that looked like a small hill, compared to the one in the distance. We intended to scale its lofty heights. This we did with much exertion of energy. Scarcely had we reached its summit, when my friend said in an excited manner: "See, how the heavens are darkening!" She pointed toward the west.

I looked in wonder and amazement. I saw a snow storm coming, the greatest and most beautiful I had ever seen. There was a great mass of dark clouds flying and rolling. We could see the large flakes of snow, slowly winding their way to the ground in a steady stream. Presently, as the storm came nearer, we could see that the wind was driving the snow ahead of the clouds, causing it to fall in a horizontal path. A large flock of birds flew ahead of the storm, driven by the terrific gale.

Down in the valley, we could see the farm houses, dotted here and there, and the country roads, stretching away in different directions. The cattle in the barn yards gave signs of approaching danger. Occasionally some housewife came to the door, to give orders to the children, hurrying to bring in wood in preparation for the approaching storm.

About two miles up the valley, was the town of Borden, and, as we stood watching, we saw buggies and wagons being driven from town in all directions, their occupants hurrying to reach home before the storm was upon them. Again we looked to the west. The storm was drawing very near. The wind whistled in the giant trees, close by, and the air was fast growing colder. Now and then, a large snowflake flew past us. Presently they began to fly faster and faster, until we were almost blinded and forced to hunt shelter. A large tree afforded us a fine place to escape the fury of the storm. As we stood there, filled with astonishment at the sight we saw, the heavens seemed to be loosing their glories and beauties, and throwing them down upon the earth. The snowflakes were the largest I ever saw. The sun was shining and, as it shone upon the falling snow, it made it look like silver. The trees were turned from a dark, dead color to a pure, silvery white. The pine trees that stood here and there, needed only a little candy to make them appear like Christmas trees. The ground was soon white, and, as we looked down the long slope, we thought if we only had a sled, we could save ourselves the trouble of walking to the bottom. As we were gazing at the beautiful scene, the fall of snow ceased, and we wished for glasses, or goggles, or something to protect our eyes from the blinding light, caused by the reflection of the sun on the fresh snow.

We looked to the east, and there was another glorious picture. The storm which had passed over us, was there, still beautiful to behold, irradiated as it was by the sun's rays. The rolling, dark and swift moving clouds were showering crystal flakes of snow, which looked to us like diamonds. Looking down into the valley, there everything was changed. The roofs, fences, trees, roads, villages, all were white. It was surely a wonderful picture. We looked to the west, and there saw another storm coming, so we concluded to descend from our lofty height to the still valley below.

There you have my description, and I hope to some time have another like experience that I may be able to give you a more brilliant account of one of the great and beautiful works of nature—a snow storm.—Faun Genevieve Roop, Ohio.

I am just from Arkansas, and as I have come quite a distance, I am weary, so will you be so kind as to give me a ride on the Merry Go Round? I wil promise to be good, and shall not stay very long. I have been an enthusiastic reader of The Blade for quite awhile, and my mother has taken it ever since I can remember, and I am 19 years old.

Hoosier Strawberry, I should like to know you personally. Bert from Missouri, it sounds "kinder" suspicious for you to be writing about your new home. I think Rosedale would be a pretty name for it.

I am a lover of music, books and flowers. Autumn is here now, and the beautiful flowers are dying, but they are only going to sleep, to come again in the spring.

I promise not to stay long this time, but if I am welcome, I may come again and tell you of my home and country.—Sunbeam from Arkansas.

Thank you for your pleasant words to me. Come back again, when you can.—Elizabeth.

We have been readers of the Blade for a long time and we think it is a paper with a great deal of information, as well as news, from all parts of the world.

I am from Vermont, the great farming country. I read many letters from other states but seldom see one from this state.

I am 21 years old and have always lived in Vermont. I like to hear from the girls and boys from other states. I do not like cold weather. The snow drifts are very deep here, and almost impossible to travel over.

I have not written a very interesting letter, but if I see this in print I will try to do better next time. Best wishes to all—May Vanderhoof, Vermont.

Speak a word of cheer as you journey along the way. Keep this up long enough and everybody will be joyful.

IN CASE OF CHILLS

BY ELIZABETH

THE older we grow the faster the holidays seem to repeat themselves. Whether we like them or not, we have to have them, so it is well to remember their coming is always certain, and do the best we can in the way of rejoicing and being glad during the festival season.

"It is a comely fashion to be glad."

Back in the rigorous days of the early colonization of this country, when Thanksgiving was born and christened, the colonists found in being alive and prosperous enough to have roofs over their heads, food to eat, and clothing to warm and cover their bodies, sufficient cause to give thanks with feasting, prayers and rejoicing.

We have traveled far and fast since then, and accept as a matter of course the things for which our ancestors gave thanks on a day set apart for this purpose. Plain comfort is not enough. The more we have the more we want. Principally, we yearn for the trimmings and see no special cause for giving thanks in the fact that we are well-fed and clothed, are not sick a-bed and have comfortable homes to go to. These are too common affairs to merit attention, but it is the common affairs of life which give us the most suffering, when they are lost or unattainable. We can live and be happy without the trimmings, if going without trimmings is necessary, but it is difficult to be happy, healthy and good, when one is homeless and is enduring physical discomfort.

You may find this out for yourself by observing those to whom the common comforts are luxuries that are almost unknown, and seldom, perhaps never, enjoyed. I do not know why it is that in order to make us appreciative of our own blessings we must have brought to our attention the distress and need of others less fortunate. This is one of the many cases where the saying, "what you do not know you cannot worry about," applies. We are not much given to worrying about the woes of others, however, so long as we are not materially affected or made uncomfortable.

We say, "isn't it awful," or, "I feel so sorry for them," and let it go at that, because, you know, they do not touch us personally. To come in contact with the poor and needy, either in mind or body, either in riches or in poverty, awakens an appreciation of our own benefits, and, unless we have hearts of stone, or the indifference of absolute selfishness, we are going to do something to help along a little. Every helping along a little of others is a helping along a little of ourselves, and there are few who have passed beyond childhood and youth who are without some woe, either real or fancied. It frequently happens that the fancied woes are the greatest tragedies.

Too many have the habit of dwelling more on their causes for complaint than of dwelling on their causes for happiness and contentment. If causes for complaint grow by thinking and fretting about them, as they surely do, it is equally sure that the rule works the other way round. We take things which make us happy as nothing more than our rights. Things which make us unhappy we regard as our wrongs, though we may have brought them upon ourselves.

Everyone has to pay his way through life somehow, sometime. None is presented at birth with a free ticket which gives him a through passage without obligations. Some there are to whom comes the necessity of working their way from beginning to ending.

Whoever you are, or whatever you may be, keep your eyes open while you are journeying through the world, and looking upon it kindly. Help yourself to be glad you are alive by making others feel glad you are living. If you are one of those who get chills at thought of the holiday season and protest against it, begin to break the habit at Thanksgiving. If you have enough to be well-fed and clothed, are not sick a-bed, and have good homes to go to, you have sufficient cause to be thankful, even if you do not have all you want in the way of trimmings or may not do exactly what you want to.

Given these circumstances, it will not hurt you much to share your portion with someone who has less. Of these there are many.

Christmas Post Cards Free

A Big Package Sent to All Our Readers Who Write at Once.

To any reader of this paper who writes immediately and incloses 2 cents stamps we will mail a set of five most beautiful post cards you ever saw. Very finest Floral, Birthday and Christmas cards, all different, in exquisite colors, beautifully embossed in gold. With each order we include full particulars of our big surprise of 50 choice cards free. Address The Art Post Card Club, 702 Jackson St., Topeka, Kan.

GOLD WEDDING RING FREE

Send for 12 packages of our beautiful high grade gold embossed post cards to distribute at 10c pkg. Return us the $1.20 when collected and we will send you by return mail this very fine 14K gold filled heavy band ring, not the cheap kind. Address R.F. MOSER, 301 Household Bldg., Topeka, Kan.

OWES HER LIFE TO

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Chicago, Ill.—"I was troubled with falling and inflammation, and the doctors said I could not get well unless I had an operation. I knew I could not stand the strain of one, so I wrote to you sometime ago about my health and you told me what to do. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier I am to-day a well woman."—Mrs. William Ahrens, 988 W. 21st St., Chicago, Ill.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases of any similar medicine in the country, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaints, inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every such suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

DR. MUD TURTLE

DOCTOR MUD TURTLE was greatly disturbed. He had had all the medical practice along Bull Frog Creek for many years, but now a new doctor had moved in and hung up a sign. It read:

"Doctor Muskrat, Surgeon."

Doctor Mud Turtle grumbled a lot.

"Ain't more than enough business for one person hereabouts. Now, I reckon my family has got to starve because some fool of a student thinks he can make a living on Bull Frog creek. I guess I'll have to move away."

Just then he heard the latch lift on his gate and who should walk into his house but the new doctor.

"I suppose you were too busy to call, Doctor," said Doctor Muskrat, "but I thought I'd drop around to let you know I wanted to be friendly."

"Sure," said Doctor Mud Turtle, "I always welcome the new doctors here and usually I'm the one who has to bury 'em."

"What do you mean by burying them?" asked Doctor Muskrat, surprised.

"Why, don't you know?" said Doctor Mud Turtle. "This is the toughest woods in this part of the country. The folks are so careless. There's that old ill-tempered beast Bruin Bear. He spoiled two doctors all by himself. Bit 'em in two, he did. And Billy Possum played ghost on one and scared him to death. Billy didn't mean anything, of course, but it killed the doctor. There was a young doctor here, Doctor Goose his name was, and he was treating the Fox family once. They all had bad colds. Well, one day Doctor Goose went over to the Fox house and the old man, being hungry, just up and ate him. It was awful careless of him. You see I was raised on Bull Frog creek and am good at dodging and so don't have much trouble. You'd better be careful, though. I'll do what I can to save you worry and if you meet with an accident I'll bury you. I always do that for all the doctors."

Dr. Muskrat was very much troubled. He went away with his head down.

The next day one of the neighbors called over the fence to Dr. Mud Turtle.

"Heard the news?" he said. "That new doctor moved out last night. No one knows where he went. I wonder what made him go, don't you."

"Yes," said Doctor Mud Turtle, "I wonder."

BABY'S SKIN TORTURE

"When our baby was seven weeks old he broke out with what we thought was heat but which gradually grew worse. We called in a doctor. He said it was eczema and from that time we doctored six months with three of the best doctors in Atchison but he only got worse. His face, head and hands were a solid sore. There was no end to the suffering for him. We had to tie his little hands to keep him from scratching. He never knew what it was to sleep well from the time he took the disease until he was cured. He kept us awake all hours in the night and his health wasn't what you would call good. We tried everything but the right thing. Finally I got a set of the Cuticura Remedies and am pleased to say we did not use all of them until he was cured. We have waited a year and a half to see if it would return but it never has and today his skin is clear and fair as it possibly could be. I hope Cuticura may save some one else's little one's suffering and also their pocketbooks." John Leason, 1403 Atchison St., Atchison, Kan., Oct. 19, 1909."

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Why despair, if others have failed, send at once for a treatise and Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a lifelong study, and warrant my remedy to give immediate and successful relief. I have hundreds of testimonials from those who have been cured. Give express and P. O. address. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

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Unanimous Anyway.

Catholic Standard and Times.

Hi Tragedy—"Yes, we opened in Oshkosh."

Hi Comedy—"And what did your audience think of your 'Hamlet'?"

Hi Tragedy—"Why—er—he went out before I had a chance to ask him."

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Will Show You How To Cure Yours FREE!

I was helpless and bed-ridden for years from a double rupture. No truss could hold. Doctors said I would die if not operated on. I fooled them all and cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send the cure free by mail if you write for it. It cured me and has since cured thousands. It will cure you.

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Dear Sir:—Please send me free of all cost your New Discovery for the Cure of Rupture.

Name.....

Address.....

BUTCHERS ARE ANGRY

Retailers Declare They Are Made the Goat to Curry Public Favor.

Chicago, Nov. 17.—"If we can be assured by the packers at any time, not in newspaper interviews, but in contracts signed by them with us, that they will reduce the price of meats a certain amount and keep them reduced for a period of, say, three months, we will be glad to make corresponding reductions to our customers."

This was the challenge hurled at J. Ogden Armour, Charles W. Armour, Edward Cudahy, and other, "meat lords" who have talked extensively in the last few days on the reduction in the price of meat, by the central body of the United States Butchers of Chicago, in regular meeting assembled last night.

Facts and figures from the day's experience at the stockyards and in the butcher shop, tales of impositions practiced by the big packers on the retailers, were cited by the angry butchers to show that they are doing the best they can for their customers, and that the stories circulated by the packers have not been circulated in good faith.

Retailer Is Called the Goat.

It was intimated that the humble retailer was to be made the goat in an attempt to curry popular favor in view of impending federal prosecutions.

The butchers stated they had had endless disputes and trouble over a table printed in a morning newspaper which gave a table showing alleged reductions in retail prices from last week of 4 to 8 cents a pound for the best cuts of beef, mutton, and pork.

As showing the reasonableness of this C. H. McCracken of the Chicago Daily Drovers' Journal, was quoted as saying that in the last week the wholesale price had dropped almost half a cent a pound.

"We are helpless in this matter," said Vice President Edward Levy. "We cannot reduce prices on a slight reduction in the wholesale cost, for the packers may raise the price tomorrow higher than it ever was."

Wiley Sees Trick.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 17.—Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, chief of the bureau of chemistry, yesterday warned the people of the United States that they should not be too hopeful of a decrease in the cost of living. He does not believe the prices of foods are going down to any large extent. If they do so it is only because the food trusts are up to some new devilry the net result of which will be an even higher boost, he believes.

The so-called beef trust is the one needing the most watching, according to Dr. Wiley. "Chicago fixes the price of beef when it is bought and when it is sold," he said. "The dealer that violates the mandate of this powerful trust falls on their blacklist henceforth."

Secretary Wilson of the department of agriculture, also puts a damper on the optimism regarding food prices. He says the decrease in meat prices is abnormal and probably only temporary. He says it is due to drought in the cattle raising country, and a consequent increase in the cost of hay.

May Go Up Again.

Dr. Wiley even suspects that the "ultimate consumer" is in for a great jolt in the near future and will be lucky if he can keep hold of even what little change he holds out on the butcher and other food stuff dealers now.

"The interests which manipulated the prices upward," he said, "temporarily have released their hold on our throats for the purpose of getting a fresh grip. The so-called reduction in meats is fictitious. Its manipulation was deliberate, just as the increase in prices was unjust, unreasonable and uncalled for by conditions prevailing throughout the country. The prices were fictitious at the top notch because they were forced there arbitrarily by the interests.

"Developments will show that the interests are after some one. It may be some independent movement they hope to drive from cover. They still have the consumer at their mercy, and when they accomplish their purpose prices will go up again"

Wilson Not Hopeful.

While admitting there is reasin in the theory advanced by many that full bins of corn and oats should bring a reduction in prices, Dr. Wiley thinks that the shortage in hay is more of a cause. He said the drouth in the cattle raising country had increased the cost of hay. The farmer with cattle on his hands must pay $35 a ton for his hay and rather than do this he is sending his cattle and sheep to market.

"The present break in meat prices," said Secretary Wilson, "is hardly a normal market development. While it is true that we should expect a downward trend of prices because of the great crops of corn and oats we have had the present sudden drop in meats is too pronounced to be an effect from that cause altogether. I believe the drouth in the southwest and the consequent shortage and high price of hay are responsible."

A BUG 11 YEARS IN HIS EAR

Youth's Hearing Restored When Doctor Removes Beetle.

Hanover, Pa., Nov. 17.—Eleven years ago a bug lodged in the left ear of George L. Adams, 19 years old, and after treatment by a physician, who eased the pain, it was thought the cause was removed.

Yesterday the boy lost his hearing in that ear, and upon examination a physician found a beetle in the middle ear, apparently in a preserved condition. The bug was removed intact and the boy's hearing restored.

JOHN BROWN JUROR, 80, MARRIES—BRIDE IS 81.

Fredericksburg, Va., Nov. 17.—William Martin, aged 80 years, the oldest surviving member of the jury that convicted John Brown of treason at Harper's Ferry before the civil war, married Mrs. Betti Ferguson yesterday at Legato, Fairfax county. The bride is her husband's senior by one year.

USES JAIL AS HIS HOG YARD

Sheriff Moves Live Stock, However, When Prosecuted.

York, Pa., Nov. 19.—At a hearing given Sheriff John Schum, before Alderman Amig, today, on a charge of keeping hogs in the city limits, the sheriff agreed to pay the costs of the prosecution, which had been brought by the city health officer, and to remove the animals.

His defense was that they were of registered stock and had been placed by him in the jail yard awaiting removal to his farm. They became sick, he said, and he was afraid that to move them would cause them to die.

Airman Who Flew the Highest Instantly Killed

RALPH JOHNSTONE.

STRIKE AS TAFT LEAVES

Canal Laborers Displeased as Increase Is Denied.

Panama, Nov. 18.—Just as President Taft was concluding his inspection of the canal yesterday the laborers struck. Their request for an increase in their hourly pay practically was refused the day before by the President.

The demanded that the increases be granted immediately. Mr. Taft subsequently asked them to wait for a definite reply until he reached Charleston.

Skilled Laborers May Quit.

The fact that the men have struck will cause only tempuorary inconvenience. It is probable, however, that the machinists, blacksmiths, molders and locomotive engineers also will strike.

Twenty-five per cent of the American employes are involved in the dispute. Mr. Taft informed the deputation that visited him that the canal zone workmen were the best paid workmen in the world. They receive from 40 to 50 per cent higher wages than men in the same trades in the United States, and, furthermore, they receive fuel, quarters and medical attendance free and are allowed commutation on purchases made from the commissary.

Taft Has Busy Day.

President Taft yesterday inspected Milaflores and Pedro Miguel lock and the Pacific entrance to the canal. Then, boarding a tug, he and his party made a cruise among the islands of the harbor, looking over possible sites for fortifications. The party left Balboa at 2 o'clock in the afternoon and proceeded by special train to Colon, where they arrived at 4 o'clock.

A drive was taken in the neighborhood of Colon, after which the party boarded the battleship Tennessee, which sailed at 6 o'clock for Charleston, by way of Guanatonomo, where the President will inspect the naval station. As President Taft boarded the Tennessee a salute was fired.

SHIPS HIT, PANIC NEAR

Ocean Liners Come Together in the River.

New York, Nov. 17. — In a collision in the Hundson river today between the French line steamer LaLorraine and the North German Lloyd liner Prinz Frederich Wilhelm, as they were drawing out into the stream to sail for Europe, both steamers were badly damaged above the water line, and had to return to their piers.

Neither was in condition to proceed with her voyage today. The damage to the German steamer will necessitate putting her into dry dock for repairs, while LaLorraine may be able to sail tomorrow if the examination to be made by divers reveals no further damage than was immediately apparent.

Several plates on the French liner were badly bent, or broken, making a formidable looking break in the liner's bow, and 10 or 12 feet of the stern of the German steamer were stove. Passengers on both liners were panic stricken for the moment, but the assurances of the officers that there was no danger speedily quieted them.

La Lorraine had just left her pier on the Manhattan shore, and was headed down the river as the Prince Frederich Wilhelm backed out of her slip on the New Jersey side. As the vessels approached, neither of them in a good position for maneuvering, it was seen that a collision was inevitable, although the engines of the French liner were reversed in an effort to swing clear. The bow of the French liner crashed into the stern of the German boat.

Which Will Win?

Heart Disease Rapidly Gaining and Will Soon Be Principal Cause of Death in the United States

According to the latest medical reports, twice as many persons are dying of heart disease in this country to-day, in proportion to the population, as compared with thirty-three years ago, and every year the death rate, due to heart disease, is rapidly increasing, so that unless something is done to combat it, it will soon become more of a menace than consumption and be the principal cause of death in the United States.

The causes of this alarming increase are that we are eating too much nitrogenous food, living too rapid a life and not exercising enough in the open air. Life is too intense and the struggle for existence is growing more difficult.

In the midst of these appalling conditions, when doctors in general seem powerless to overcome the obstacle, it is gratifying and assuring to know that one person at least foresaw the calamity and succeeded in perfecting a remedy which according to the strongest and most reliable testimony is not only capable of regulating and strengthening weak hearts, but is curing thousands of cases.

Arrangements have been made so that any reader of this paper, whose heart flutters, palpitates or skips beats, who has shortness of breath, tenderness, or pain in left side, fainting spells, dizziness, nightmare, cold hands or feet, swelling of feet, ankles or hands, or any symptom of heart weakness or disease, can obtain a course of this celebrated treatment for free trial by mail, postpaid, by writing to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, 3 Hunt Block, Augusta, Maine.

JOHNSTONE KILLED

Holder of Altitude Record of the World Breaks Every Bone in Body.

Denver, Nov. 18.—Ralph Johnstone, winging his way to earth in a spiral glide from a height of 800 feet, was killed yesterday when one wing of his biplane crumpled like a slip of paper.

Falling more than 500 feet, the machin which the holder of the world's altitude record was driving crashed into the enclosure at Overland park, breaking every bone in the body of the aviator.

Johnstone was returning from a trip toward the foothills of the snow-laden Rockies, when like a huge bird crippled by a shot, his biplane began to flutter to the ground. Apparently Johnstone realized that death was reaching out for him, for he hurled off his heavy headgear, a leather cap with great leathern earlaps, and, seizing the rods, clambered to the top of the aeroplane. As the machine fell, spectators fled to safety, all save one man. He seemed not to realize the weight of the machine that was coming down upon him, but stood with uplifted arms as if to catch the birdlike monster. Suddenly he darted away and Johnstone crashed to the ground the machinery all above him but parts of it driven through his body.

When the spectators, crowded about the inclosure, reached Johnstone, his body lay beneath the engine of the biplane with the white planes that had failed him in his time of need wrapped about it like a shroud. He had gambled with death once too often, but he played the game to the end, fighting coolly and grimly to the last second to regain control of the broken machine.

Scarcely had Johnstone hit the ground before morbid men and women swarmed over the wreckage, fighting with each other for souvenirs. One of the broken wooden stays had gone almost through Johnstone's body. Before doctors or police could reach the scene, one man had torn this splinter from the body and run away, carrying his trophy with the aviator's blood still dripping from its ends.

The crowd tore away the canvas from over the body and even fought for the gloves that had protected Johnstone's hands from the cold.

Fresh from his triumphs at Belmont Park, where he had broken the world's record for altitude with a flight of 9,714 feet, Johnstone attempted to give the thousands of spectators an extra thrill with his most daring feat, the spiral glide which has made the Wright aviators famous. It cost his life.

The fatal flight was the second Johnstone had made yesterday afternoon. In the first flight, when he was in the air with Hoxsey and Brookins, he had gone through his usual program of dips and glides with the machine apparently under perfect control. Then Johnstone rose again and after a few circuits of the course to gain height, headed toward the foothills. Still ascending, he swept back in a big circle and as he reached the north end of the inclosure he started his spiral glide. He was then at an altitude of about 800 feet. With his planes tilted at an angle of almost 90 degrees, he swooped down in a narrow circle, the aeroplane seeming to turn almost in its own length. As he started the second circle, the middle spur which braces the left side of the lower plane gave way and the wing tips of both upper and lower planes folded up, as though they had been hinged. For a second Johnstone attempted to right the plane by warping the other wing tip. Then the horrified spectators saw the plane swerve like a wounded bird and plunge straight to the earth.

FAMOUS AVIATORS LOUD IN JOHNSTONE'S PRAISE

Philadelphia, Nov. 18.—Ralph Johnstone's tragic death at Denver yesterday greatly shocked Claude Grahame-White and J. Armstrong Drexel, who are in this city giving exhibition flights at Point Breeze park.

"I knew the poor fellow intimately, and believe he was the finest aviator I have met in America," said the famous English airman. "These accidents are just the things that affect aviators and make them more careful, but even then accidents are soon forgotten. Too many men are trying to outdo the others, and it is this that often results disastrously."

Mr. Johnstone was as brave and daring an aviator as I have ever met, and I admired him greatly," said Mr. Drexel.

Both White and Drexel talked of Johnston's disposition and the fact that in every came he had immediately become the favorite, owing to his comedy, both in the air and sitting in his tent. Both declared that the world had lost the man who would most likely have set the greatest altitude records of the present century.

THE MARKETS

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Nov. 22.—Hog receipts were liberal and the market ruled 10@15c lower. Other live stock ruled steady.

Hogs—Selected heavies, $6.95@7.00; good mediums, $6.95@7.00; heavy yorkers, $6.95@7.00; light yorkers, $6.95@7.15; good mixed, 150 lbs. and up, $6.85; good pigs, $6.95@7.15; bulk of sales, $6.95; stags and roughs, $5.75@6.50.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $6.00@6.50; good to choice, $6.00@6.25; good fat, 1,050 to 1,200 lbs., $5.75@6.00; fair to good steers, 900 to 1,100, $5.00@5.50; common and light, $4.25@4.75; choice fat cows, $4.50@5.00; fair to good cows, $3.50@4.00; common cows, $3.00@3.50; canners and cutters, $2.25@3.00; prime bulls, $4.00@4.50; good butcher bulls, $3.50@4.00; fair to good bologna bulls, $3.25@3.50; common bulls, $3.00@3.50; choice fat heifers, $5.00@5.50; fair to good heifers, $4.25@4.75; common and light heifers $3.50@4.00; good to choice feeding steers, $5. @5.75; fair to good feeders, $5.00@5.50; stockers, good to choice, $4.50@5.00; stockers, common to fair, $4.00@4.50; milkers, and springers, $25@55.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, $3.75@4.25; good to choice mixed, $3.25@3.75; fair to good, $2.75@3.75; culls and common, $1.75@2.75; culls to fair, $4.75@5.25; yearlings, $4.25@4.75; lambs, choice, $5.75.

Calves—Vesl, choice to extra, $9.75 down.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, Nov. 22.—(By Swope, Hughes, Waltz & Benstead)—Cattle, four cars; market steady. Hogs, 20 cars; market steady; heavy, $7.30@7.40; yorkers, $7.10@7.15; pigs, $7.30@7.40. Sheep, 20 cars; market dull; best lambs, $6.25; yearlings, $4.50@4.75; wethers, $4.00@4.25; ewes, $3.75@3.75. Calves, $5.00@10.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, Nov. 22.—(By Bower & Bower.)—Hogs, receipts 20 cars, lower; mediums and yorkers, $7.00. Calves, $10.00. Lambs, $6.25 Cattle, $4.50@5.75.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Nov. 22.—Cattle, receipts estimated at 8,000; market steady. Beeves, $4.50@7.30; Texas steers, $4.15@5.40; western steers, $4.25@6 60; stockers and feeders, $3.35@5.70; cows and heifers, $2.25@6.35; calves, $7.50@10.00. Hogs, receipts estimated at 24,000; market generally 5c lower. Light, $6.65@7.10; mixed, $6.80@7.20; heavy, $6.75@7.20; rough, $6.75@6.90; good to choice heavy, $6.90@7.20; pigs, $6.25@7.00; bulk of sales, $6.95@7.15. Sheep, receipts estimated at 35,000; market steady. Native, $2.50@3.90; western, $2.50@3.90; yearlings, $4.00@5.00; lambs, native, $4.00@6.00; western, $4.00@5.85.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 22.—Cattle steady, 3,000. Hogs, active, steady to 5c lower. Heavy, mixed, mediums and yorkers $7.20; lights $7.25@7.30; pigs $7.30@7.35. Sheep slow $3.90 down; top lambs 6c. Calves slow $9.75 down.

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, Nov. 22.—Haste of longs to take profits turned what looked like a strong rising wheat market into a rather weak affair today early in the session. Strong buying sentiment developed from generally firm cables, including more unfavorable crop advices from Argentina. At midday, Liverpool was strong and higher with support most pronounced in the far months. Most of the domestic buying was by shorts. Toledo prices were about ½c higher at the start, cash opening at 95¼c. December at 95½c, May at $1.00¾ and July at 95¼c. Losses running from ¼c to ½c set in soon after the call. The market, shortly after 10 a. m., derived strength from additional Argentine reports and export sales from Manitoba. Cash closed 1¼c up at 96c; Dec. 1¼c advanced at 96¼c; May 1½c up at $1.00¾, and July 1c higher at 95¼c.

Opening ¼c to ¼c lower, corn developed still greater weakness as the morning progressed. Favorable weather with a good movement and prospects of increased country sales contributed to the market's infirmity. December opened at 46⅝, May at 48⅜c and July at 49¼c.

Final corn values: Cash, 52c; Dec., 45⅞c; May, 48¼c; July, at 49¼c.

Oats opened steady to a shade weaker. December started at 33¾c, December at 36½c, and May at 35½c. Early the market was about unchanged.

Cash oats finish at 34c; Dec. at 33⅜c; May at 36⅝c, and July at 35⅝c.

Bulls were further encouraged by an advance of 7½c in cash and November and 5c in the more remote futures. Receipts were 290 bags against 220 a year ago. Cash, November and December opened at 8.97½c, and March at $8.96.

Profit taking caused weakness in seed later, cash March and Nov. closing at $8.85 and Dec. at $8.87½. The net loss compared with Monday was 5c.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Nov. 22.	Close Nov. 21
Wheat—					
Cash	95½	....	95	96	94¾
Dec.	95½	....	95	96¼	95
May	1.00¾	....	99½	1.00¾	99¾
July	95¼	....	94¾	95¾	94¾
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	52	52½
Dec.	46⅜	....	....	45⅞	46½
May	48¾	....	48	48½	48½
July	49¼	....	49	49¼	49¾
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	34	34
Dec	33⅜	....	....	33¾	33⅞
May	36½	....	36⅜	36⅝	36½
July	35⅝	....	35⅜	35⅝	35½
Clover Seed—					
Cash	8.87½	....	....	8.85	8.90
Nov	8.97½	....	....	8.85	8.90
Dec	8.97½	9.00	....	8.87½	8.92½
March ..	8.96	....	....	8.85	8.90
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	80	80
No. 3	....	....	....	77	77
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	4.40	4.40
Nov.	....	....	....	4.40	4.40
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	8.95	8.95
Dec.	....	....	....	9.00	9.00

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Dec.	91¼	....	90¾	91½	90¾
May	96⅞	97¼	96	97⅜	96⅝
July	93⅝	....	92⅜	93⅞	92⅞
Corn—					
Dec.	44½	....	43⅝	44¼	44¼
May	46½	46⅝	46	46½	46½
July	47¼	....	46⅜	47⅝	47⅛
Oats—					
Dec.	30⅝	....	30¼	30⅝	30⅝
May	33⅝	....	33⅛	33⅞	33⅝
July	33⅝	....	33⅛	33⅞	33⅝

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Dec	97⅝	....	97⅛	98¼	97
May	1.03⅝	....	1.03¼	1.04⅛	1.03¼

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Dec	97⅝	98⅜	97⅛	98¼	97⅜
May	91¼	....	....	92⅞	91⅜

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
Dec	....	....	....	1.02⅝	1.01⅛
May	....	....	....	1.06⅞	1.06

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
Dec	....	....	....	1.05	1.04⅜
May	....	....	....	1.08⅜	1.08⅛

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Nov.	17.15	17.25	....	17.20	17.15
May	16.17	16.27	16.15	16.25	16.15
Lard—					
Nov.	10.10	....	....	10.07	10.20
Jan.	9.82	9.85	....	9.80	9.85
May	9.50	9.55	....	9.50	9.52
Ribs—					
Jan.	9.07	9.15	....	9.12	9.07
May	8.85	8.90	....	8.87	8.82

Money and Stocks.

New York, Nov. 22.—(Wall Street)—Small dealings and feeble fluctuations of prices were shown in the opening stock market. The changes were mixed without decisive tendency either way. National Railways of Mexico second preferred fell a point and Erie ⅝.

Fluctuations reached only half a point in a handful of the most active stocks, the market becoming quiet after prices commenced to turn upward. American Can preferred gained 1¾. American Malting preferred gave way 2 points. New Haven 1¼, and Southern Railway preferred and Bethlehem Steel 1.

Prices hovered near to yesterday's closing level. Speculative interest was lethargic. American Can preferred rose 3⅛ on talk of a payment on the accumulated dividend in arrears. Union Pacific gained 1¼, and Toledo, St. Louis & Western 1⅝. Gains of a fraction were general at noon. Bonds were steady.

New York Stocks.

New York stocks held quite strong Tuesday until the last half hour, when the list eased off about a point. One of the strongest issues of the day was American Can (pfd.), which advanced 3⅝ points before midday. The amount of trading was comparatively small.

New York, Nov. 22, 1910.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Atl. Coast Line	119	119	118½	118½
Atchison	103¼	103⅝	103¼	103¼
Am. Car and F. Co.	54½	54½	54¼	54¼
Amal Copper	69½	70	69¼	69⅝
Am. Smelters	80⅝	81	80¾	80⅝
Am Steel Fdy.	47⅜	47⅜	47⅜	47⅜
Am. Tel. and Tel.	142½	142⅞	142¼	142⅜
Am. Tobacco pfd.	95	95	95	95
Am. Cotton Oil	64¾	64¾	64¾	64¾
Am. Beet Sugar	37⅝	37⅞	37⅝	37⅝
Balt and Ohio	107½	107½	107¾	107¾
B'lyn. R. Trans.	77½	78¼	77⅞	77⅞
Cast I. Pipe com.	17½	17½	17½	17½
Beth Steel com.	22¾	22	22	22⅜
Canadian Pac.	195	195	195	195
Clover Leaf	24	25	24	25
Clover Leaf pfd.	57¼	57½	57¼	57½
Colorado Fuel	34⅜	35⅛	34⅜	34⅝
Ches. and Ohio	84¼	85	84¼	84¾
Central Leather	33⅜	33⅜	33⅜	33⅜
Consolidated Gas 135		135½	134⅜	134⅝
Can pfd	78	82¼	78	81¼
Corn Product com	16½	16⅝	16¼	16½
Delaware Sec	33¾	33¾	33	33½
Erie com	29⅞	30¼	29⅝	30
Erie 1st pfd	48¼	48¾	48¼	48¾
Gt. Northern pfd 128⅜		124	123¼	124
Gt. Northern Ore	60	60	59½	59½
Ill. Central	134	134	134	134
Int. Harvester com ..112½		112½	112	112¼
Interborough com	20½	20⅝	20½	20⅝
Interborough pfd	56	56¼	55⅝	55⅝
K. C. Sou. com	32	33¼	32	33¼
Louis. & Nash	145½	146	145¼	145¾
Laclede Gas	106⅜	107⅜	106⅜	107¼
Missouri Pacific	51¼	51¾	51¼	51¾
M. S. M.	135⅛	135½	134½	134½
M., K. & T. com	34	34¼	34	34¼
Nor. Pacific	115¾	116	115¾	116
Natl. Lead	58⅞	58⅞	58⅞	58⅞
Nevada Con's	20⅞	20⅞	20¼	20¼
Northwestern	147	147	146¾	146⅞
N. Y. Central	113¾	113¾	113¼	113½
Nickel Plate com	67	67	67	67
N. & W. com	99	99	99	99
Pr. St. Car. Co. com.	34	34½	34	34
Penn. Ry.	129⅝	130	129¼	129¾
Reading com.	152⅝	153⅜	152¾	152¾
Rock Island	33	33⅞	32⅝	33⅝
Rock Island pfd.	67¼	67⅝	67	67
Rep. I. & S. Co.	34⅝	34⅝	34¼	34¼
South. Ry.	27½	27⅝	27	27
South. Ry. pfd.	63½	63½	63	63
St Paul	123½	123¾	123	123¼
South. Pacific	117⅜	118¼	117⅜	117⅝
So. Pac. Con. 4's	97⅝	97¾	97⅝	97⅝
Sloss-Shef. com.	51	51⅝	51	51¼
Tenn. Copper	37¼	37¼	37	37¼
Union Pacific	177⅝	178¼	176⅞	177⅝
Union Pacific pfd.	93	93	93	93
Un. Pac. Con. 4's	105⅜	105½	105¾	105⅝
U. S. Steel	79⅞	80½	79¾	79⅝
U. S. Steel pfd.	118⅜	118½	118¼	118½
U. S. Steel 5's	103⅜	103⅝	103⅜	103⅝
Utah Copper	49⅝	50¼	49⅝	50
Virginia Chem.	63	63	62⅜	62⅝
Wabash com.	17½	17½	17½	17½
Wabash pfd.	37¾	37¾	36⅝	36⅝

Toledo Produce Market.

Butter—Fancy Elgin creamery, 1 lb. print, 32c; solid pack, 31c.

Process Butter—Per lb., tub, 27@28c; dairy butter, prime, 25@26c; packing stock, 21c.

Cheese—Choice Michigan, 16½@17c; New York state, 18c; brick, 17@18c; limburger, 18@19c.

Eggs—Current receipts, 29c; candled, 31c.

Onions—Spanish, 45-lb. crate, $1.25; homegrown, 100 lbs., $1.50; red, $1.60.

Celery—Michigan, 25@40c.

Lettuce—7c; head, Boston, doz., $1.50.

Endive—Dozen, 30c.

Spinach—60c.

Cucumbers—Boston, doz., $2.00.

Wax Beans—Southern, hamper, $5.00@7.00.

Egg Plant—Dozen., $1.25.

Squash—Hubbard, lb., 1c.

Potatoes—40@45c.

Sweet Potatoes—Virginia, bbl., $1.65@1.75; Jersey, kiln dried, bbl., $1.75.

Turnips—Bu., 35@40c.

Cabbage—Home grown, bbl., $1.10; red, $1.25.

Cauliflower—Dozen, $1.00.

Beets—Bu., 50c.

Radishes—Bunch, 25c; Parsley, doz. bunches, 12½c.

Carrots—Bbl., $1.00.

Cranberries—Cook bog, $2.50; bbl., $6.75 late Howes, bbl., $7.75.

Bananas—Bunch, $1.25@2.00.

Apples—75c@$1.25 bu.; bbl., $3.50@5.50; Northwest, fancy, box, $2.75@3.50.

Lemons—California, $6.00.

Limes—$1.25 a hundred.

Oranges—Valencia, $6.00;

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GOVERNORS TO MEET

Executives of States Will Gather at Frankfort, Ky., November 29.

Frfankfort, Ky., Nov. 21.—On Tuesday, November 29, in the new Kentucky state capitol building at Frankfort, will begin the most important meeting of governors of the states of the union ever held. Fully 35 governors will be present at the governors' conference, and President Taft and Theodore Roosevelt have been invited and are expected to be present. During the meeting many matters of importance to the states will come up, which will tend ever hereafter to benefit the various states.

Plan Permanent Body.

It is planned now to perfect a permanent organization of the house of govenors at the meeting in Kentucky. The plan is to have each state contribute its part to the support of the permanent organization, providing for a secretary and several assistants, and keep each governor in touch with what is being done in each state.

Governor Willson, of Kentucky, who is the chairman of the conference, says that as it now stands a governor of any state goes into office green, and it takes him a couple of years to learn the ropes and know what ought to be recommended to the legislature. But, he said, if the governors had a permanent organization, with a good secretarly, each new governor could have at his disposal reports showing the advanced thoughts in each state, what is being done by each governor and each legislature, the nature of recommendations in messages and party platforms, and in a few days he could get information that would be of the greatest value to him and to his state.

Play Only at Night.

This plan will be broached at the meeting in November, and it is probable that the permanent organization will be perfected at the coming session. This is only one of the many important questions that will be discussed by the governors. They have all written that if they come they want to work all the time and play only at night, when receptions can be given them.

The program for the meeting at Frankfort for the first day and in Louisville the second day, has not been completed and will not be given out for some time. It is planned to have only the shortest and simplest exercises on the opening day. The address of welcome will be by Governor Willson. Mayor James H. Polsgrove will deliver the address of welcome on behalf of the city of Frankfort, and there will be a response by one of the governors.

SCHOOLMA'AM SAVES ANOTHER

Plunges Into Icy Flood to Rescue Companion.

Locust Gap, Pa., Nov. 19.—Mary Doyle was gallantly rescued from drowning in a swollen stream near here today by Mary McHugh.

They are school teachers and were crossing a foot-bridge spanning the stream, when Miss Doyle overbalanced struggle, brought her to shore. She was sinking the second time, when her companion leaped into the stream, caught her about the body, and, after a and fell headlong into the icy water. In recognition of Miss Hugh's bravery residents of this place will forward particulars of the rescue to the Carnegie hero fund commission.

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DUMA HONORS TOLSTOI

Action Follows Wrangle in Which Lovers of Church Form Opposition.

St. Petersburg, Nov. 21.—The duma adjourned today's session out of respect for Count Leo Tolstoi, who died at Astapova yesterday.

The decision to adjourn was reached only after a wrangle, the members of the extreme right contending that to honor the memory of Count Tolstoi would be to challenge the Greek Catholic church. It also was asserted that the duma was a state institution to which the count was especially opposed.

In proposing the adjournment the president eulogized Tolstoi, whom he described as "the pride of Russia and the glory of mankind," adding:

"May the merciful God open to him the kingdom of heaven."

Many societies and organizations are preparing to send deputations to the funeral.

Astapova, Nov. 21.—A special train bearing the body of Count Leo Tolstoi to Yasnaya Poiana, the family estate in the government of Tula, left here at 3:05 o'clock this afternoon.

The countess and the other members of the family and intimates, who were here when the author died yesterday, accompanied the body and the newspapers correspondents were also accompanied on the train.

Countess Bowed Down.

Since early morning the countess had sat in the station master's hut, where her husband died, with her head bowed upon te casket and weeping. Ehe appeared not to notice the defile of peasants admitted to the death chamber and quitted her position only when M. Gunzberg, the sculptor, came to take a death-mask. Leonid O. Pasternak, the portrait painter, sketched the scene. This was as simple as Tolstoi could have wished. The body reposed in a plain oak coffin, at the foot of which a few wreaths of fir, emblematic of immortality, had been placed. The platform of the railway station was covered with fir boughs spread by the peasants of the neighborhood.

Died Sunday Morning.

Astapova, Nov. 21.—Count Leo Tolstoi died peacefully Sunday morning. Dr. Makovetsky and the other attending physicians and Countess Tolstoi were at his side when the end came. It was recognized long before that his case was hopeless and at 5 o'clock in the morning, after the countess had been summoned and the other members of the family had gathered in an adjoining room, the physicians issued a bulletin, announcing that the activity of the heart had almost ceased and that Tolstoi's condition was extremely dangerous.

Tolstoi, accompanied only by Dr. Makovetsky, left his home at Yasnays, Poliana, for the purpose of ending his days in solitude, to which he more and more inclined during his latter years. His pilgrimage led him to the monastery at Shamardine in the province of Kaluga, where he remained as the guest of his sister, Marie, who is a nun in the cloister.

Retreat Is Discovered.

Learning that his retreat had been discovered he insisted upon proceeding on his journey to the Caucasus, where he hoped to spend his last days close to the Tolstoian colony, on the shores of the Black Sea. But during the railroad journey, he was overcome with exhaustion and the cold, and Dr. Makovetsky was compelled to have him transferred to the flag station at Astapova, where he was made as comfortable as possible in the rude wooden building.

His heart beat its last apparently without a clear moment to enable him to say farewell or cast a forgiving look upon his wife and children.

MOTLEY CROWD THRONGS TOLSTOI'S DEATH PLACE

Astapova, Nov. 21.—The crowd that gathered around the hut where Tolstoi lay dying in the early Sunday morning hours, awaited breathlessly the verdict of Dr. Thtchurovsky and Dr. Usoff, two of the leading heart specialists of Moscow, who had been hurriedly called into consultation. The former had carried Tolstoi safely through a similar crisis in 1901 in Crimea and the hopes of the people rested on him.

The examination was brief, lasting less than half an hour. Tolstoi failed to recognize either of the physicians and asked: "Who are these strangers?"

When informed, he said: "What fine men!"

In spite of their natural reluctance to spread discouraging reports the consulting physicians could not see their way to hold out a ray of hope. However, they lessened the pain of the aged patient, whose parting hours were mercifully free from physical suffering. His heart succumbed shortly after he had issued from under the influence of an injected stimulant. He died without regaining consciousness. In the interval between the last two attacks of cardiac failure, the patient seemed to be comfortable and his face was clear of pain.

Sob at Word of Death.

Throughout a heart-breaking night a motley crowd made up of the most varied elements imaginable, pressed around the low hut. There were distant relatives of the aged author, Tolstoians, villagers and many churchmen, among them the Abbot Varsofonius, who did not lose hope until the end of seeing Tolstoi and extending to him the olive branch on behalf of the church.

All alike stood spellbound, knowing that a matchless personality was departing as the Sunday dawn dispelled the foggy, raw November night. Virtually the whole population of Astapova was there. Then a voice from the hut came quietly:

"Leo Nicholaevich is dead."

There was a moment of silence. Then every head was bared and there were sounds everywhere of sobbing.

One called out: "His heart was burst by his unbounded love for humanity," and this and similar phrases ran from mouth to mouth through the weeping Russians gathered there.

RAPS AT WINE IN CHURCH

Cleveland Woman Would Keep Alcohol From Church.

Baltimore, Md., Nov. 17.—Mrs. H. E. Hollingshead, of Cleveland, delivered an address before the National W. C. T. U., in convention here yesterday.

"The W. C. T. U. will keep telling the truth about the evil of using alcoholic wine in religious observances," she declared emphatically, "until alcohol is forever banished from the house of God."

Mrs. Hollingshead is leading the union's campaign against the use of alcoholic wine in religious services.

YOUNG JEKYLL, SHOT, MAY DIE

Workman, Burglar by Night, Is Caught in Thievery.

New York, Nov. 17.—A worker by day and a burglar by night, Michael Herlihy, aged 19 years was caught red-handed with his "look-out" early today looting a butcher shop on Avenue A. The two robbers fled down the avenue and Patrolman Mara dropped Herlihy with a shot which pierced his back. Bellevue physicians say Herlihy will die.

A Late Picture of Russian Novelist Who Died Sunday

COUNT TOLSTOI.

TOLSTOI TRIED TO ADVANCE THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

With the death of Count Lyof Nicholalewitch Tolstoi, known to the English race as Count Leo Tolstoi, there has passed from the world one of the most remarkable of the famous men of the last generation.

Born an aristocrat, he was at heart one of the great mass of common people. Inheriting ancestral honors and titles and a large estate, he chose during his later years to live the life of a peasant. For many years a hut near the palatial mansion that had come to him from his father served as his habitation. There he donned the rough garb of the Russian peasant, partook of the food that nourished the body of the recently emancipated serf, and joined him at his work in the fields or bent over a cobbler's bench, not only for the bodily exercise which these self-appointed tasks might give him, but also for their usefulness and humility, and even more, perhaps, to bring his life into harmony with the peasant's, whose condition he deemed nothing more nor less than industrial slavery.

Nor did his sympathy for the lowly find expression only in Tolstoi's mode of life. For fifty years he had done all that his power as the greatest writer and thinker of Russia esabled him to do to create sentiment against the traditions, the theories, the methods, of church, state and society that oppressed the peasant or in his opinion prevented the consummation of the brotherhood of man. His ideas and his theories of morals, of religion and of the rights and duties of society and of the individual, were not the ideas of general acceptance in the world and especially not in Russia.

Fought in the Crimean War.

Count Tolstoi was born at Yasnaya Poliana, August 28, 1828. His great ancestor was Peter Tolstoi, the friend of Peter the Great. As a youth Tolstoi attended the University of Kasan, and at the age of 23 he entered the army and went with his brother to the Caucasus. He fought in the Crimean war, and at its close resigned his commission and devoted himself to literature.

Though his writings kept him busy he nevertheless found time to work out numerous schemes for the betterment of the condition of the Russian masses. He organized peasant schools on a new and original educational basis, co-operated in the improvement of cheap popular publications, organized relief for the famine sufferers of Middle Sussia in the early nineties, and about ten years ago renounced all his property in copyright, lands and money in order that the people might be benefited.

Tolstoi's Writings.

"Anna Narenina," written in 1876, is pronounced Tolstoi's masterpiece. Of Anna herself George Meredith says she is the most perfectly depicted female character is all fiction. Prior to writing "Anna Narenina," Tolstoi brought out "War and Peace." It deals with the invasion of Russia by Napoleon.

After writing "Anna Narenina," Tolstoi gave himself up to social problems, with the hope of supplying mankind with a better moral and religious philosophy than that which now obtains in the world. "Kreutzer Sonata" appeared in 1890, presenting a certain theory of morals, which so shocked some eminent Christians in America that it was "raided" by the authorities.

"The Kingdom of God Within Us," written in 1893, was a passionate defense of Tolstoi's favorite doctrines. It bordered on sensationalism in its outspoken, fearless attacks on all social conventionalities. Other well known works of Tolstoi are: "The Slavery of Our Times," "The Christian Teaching," "Resurrection," "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch," "What is Religion?" and "The Power of Darkness."

From the early '70s until his death, Tolstoi was a most prolific writer. His writings consists of novels, stories, essays and articles of an advanced, radical and Christian character, on religious, ethical, philosophical, economical, political and social problems. Tolstoi believed in the literalness of the words of Jesus. He held that the only rule of life is the precise living up to the maxims of the Sermon on the Mount.

In his novel estitled "The Resurrection," Count Tolstoi expressly denied some of the doctrines of the Orthodox State Church of Russia. In consequence he was excommunicated by the holy synod in March, 1901.

Threatened With Expulsion.

Tolstoi was several times threatened with expulsion from Russia and was several times, according to report, upon the point of being exiled.

The London Times, September 1, 1905, published a seven column article by Tolstoi entitled "A Great Inquity," dealing with the land question and declaring that Russia is living through an important time that is destined to have enormous results. The article was largely devoted to the theories of the late Henry George and declared that the land question had reached a state of ripeness such as 50 years ago was reached by the question of serfdom.

Predicts Oriental Conquest.

In 1907 he wrote a letter to Paul Sabatier, of Paris, as a reply to the latter's book on the disestablishment of the church in France. In this communication the Russian writer predicted the possible reduction of all the Christian countries of the west to a state of vassalage to the Japanese and other Oriental people, basing his prediction on the ground that it is only in the Orient that religion and patriotism are synonymous.

Several of the publishers of Tolstoi's works have been sent to prison. Of these M. Sheldon was sentenced to a term of six months in 1909 for publishing and distributing the pamphlets "Thou Shalt Not Kill;" "A Letter to Liberals," and "Christianity and Patriotism." The venerable writer of these pamphlets addressed a note to the court, challenging the prosecution of himself, instead of the publisher. But the magistrate did not venture to institute proceedings against Tolstoi and the government took no notice of the challenge.

Admirer of Henry George.

Tolstoi was a great admirer of Henry George, whom he called his friend. He considered the doctrines of the great single taxer as pre-eminently correct in their fundamental principles. In Henry George's "Progress and Poverty" he found expression of the only theory that solved the land question completely.

In writing of a visit with Count Tolstoi last year, Henry George, Jr., said:

"And in talking with him over a great range of subjects it was obvious that this man, with an aged, delicate body, had a soul of youth. He revealed the livellest knowledge of what was going on over the world and made the keenest comments, drawing the general conclusion that the great struggle for the overthrow of industrial slavery in the world will end in victory, just as the chattel slavery struggle in the United States and Russia half a century ago ended."

Gave Property to Family.

Count Tolstoi is survived by his wife and seven children. He married in 1861 when he was 33 years old and his wife only 16. Thirteen children were born to them. Reports have been circulated at various times that Tolstoi's family was not in harmony with his views and the life he led This is denied by Tolstoi's friends, among others by Henry George, Jr., who says that his wife, now only 65, manifested not only great anxiety for her husband's comfort, but also great interest in his work.

Several years ago when Tolstoi renounced all his property rights to which he felt he had no real right, he surrendered his real estate and personal property to his wife and children, including the copyright of some of his earlier works, mostly novels. On his later works, however, Tolstoi would not avail even his family of copyright privilege, and these books bear on the title page instead of the copyright notice, the words "No rights reserved." Tolstoi desired the wide circulation of his ideas and took this means of promoting it.

Although Tolstoi chose the existence of a peasant, his family occupied the substantial family mansion on the Yasnaya Poliana estate, not far from Tolstoi's present hut.

$17,000,000 FOR AN INVENTION

Capitalists Buy Patent on Concrete Tie From Old Soldier.

San Francisco, Nov. 22.—The first payment of a total of $17,000,000 which is to be turned over to George Gates, a 70-year-old G. A. R. veteran of San Jose, who invented the concrete railroad tie, is now in escrow in the Crocker National bank. A syndicate of eastern railroads has been formed to buy the patent rights of the San Jose man and $500,000 will be given to him today when the contract is signed. By January 2, 1911, the total of $17,000,000 will be placed to his account.

Capitalists whose names are known throughout the world are delighted to have been able to buy the patent rights "at such a bargain," but a few months ago they looked upon the plan of the veteran as a harmless vagary of senility and would not have contributed a dime toward buying his patent. The sudden change came when a California electric road studied the concrete ties of Gates and put them into use.

Gates has another invention. It is called the continuous rail.

THIEF PLIES TRADE IN CHURCH

Steals $700 Worth of Hat Trimmings During Communion.

New York, Nov. 22.—Fifty Brooklyn young women, members of the congregation of the fashionable Roman Catholic church, are today bewailing the loss of their new winter millinery.

While they were attending a special communion service yesterday, at which they had exchanged their hats for white veils, a thief entered the cloak room and deftly snipped $700 worth of a grettes, plumes and feathers from 50 of the hats reposing there. No clue to the identity of the thief was found.

MARTIAL LAW DECLARED

Troops Are Moving on Mexican Rebels — Many Serious Disorders.

El Paso, Texas, Nov. 22.—According to advices received this morning, San Andres, Torren Ranch, Minaca, Encinillas, Guerrero and the surrounding country in the state of Chihuahua were taken last night by revolutionists, who confiscated all stores, military equipment and surrounded all cattle and horses. Chihuahua is under martial law.

El Paso, Tex., Nov. 22.—With practically all lines of communication in the hands of the Mexican government, with the frontier closely guarded and all travel over the international bridge at this point forbidden between the hours of midnight and 6 a. m., knowledge of the situation in Mexico this morning is vague.

From the meagre information which filtered through last night, however, it is known that the situation is critical in the extreme. Serious disorders were reported from points in seven different states, the territory affected spreading in a fan shape from a point less than 100 miles northwest of the city of Mexico to the United States border. In addition fighting is reported in Puebla, southeast of the Mexican capital and in Orizaba, state of Vera Cruz, which lies to the east of the city of Mexico.

May Lead 1,000 Men.

Francisco I. Madero, head of the anti-re-electionists in Mexico, is reported to have entered the country at the head of a force numbering approximately 1,000, and Mexican trops are moving north to meet him.

Rumor has it that General Bernard Reyes, the military hero of the country who was implicated in the uprising two years ago and who had been practically an exile since, had reached Mexico and the report gave tremendous impetus to the revolutionary cause.

United States troops along the Mexican border are under arms ready to move at a moment's notice and dispatches from Washington clearly indicate the uneasiness felt by the federal authorities.

Laredo, Tex., Nov. 22.—Revolution has spread through Mexico, and today Porfirio Diaz, president of the republic, rules by martial law. Officially the gravity of the situation is minimized and desperate measures are being adopted to prevent news of the insurrection leaking out. All telegraph lines have been taken over by the government and sentries are posted in every telegraph office.

Newspapers are forbidden to print accounts of the insurrection. Those which do are suppressed.

Reports reaching this city from what is considered to be a reliable source are to the effect that rioting was renewed in Puebla, Mexico, yesterday and that 30 persons were killed in the fighting.

Gomez Placio, a town of 7,000 inhabitants, and the junction point on the railroad near Torreon, is said here to be in the hands of revolutionists. Railroad and telegraphic communications are cut off.

Chihuahua is surrounded by revolutionary forces.

Keep American Women Off Streets.

Government officers are searching the city for ammunition and are dealing rigorously with persons found with explosives in their possession, according to reports reaching the border. All American women have been ordered to keep off the streets of Chihuahua, the police stating that they could not guarantee to protect them from insult.

John Alarcon, an American railroad engineer living in Chihuahua, and his family, are reported to be in jail there following the finding of dynamite in their house.

Alarcon's brother-in-law is a miner and the dynamite, it is said, was his. The explosive was found when the police searched the house for arms. Alarcon and children were immediately placed in jail. Americans are trying to obtain their release.

Americans are leaving the city and coming here to await the outcome of the revolution.

A report reached here from Cananea, Mexico, last night, that revolutionists are enlisting the hostile Yaqui Indians for service against the Mexican government. It is said that 1,000 Yaqui warriors will take the field if actual war breaks out.

U. S. Cavalry Ordered to Border.

Troop K. Third U. S. Cavalry, Captain Arthur Thayer in command, left San Antonio last night in a special train for Del Rio. The troop is equipped for a stay of a month in the field. It is said that other troops will be sent from Fort Sam Houston within a day or two, to do duty along the Mexican border.

Mexican military authorities are conscripting large numbers of the residents of Nuevo Laredo into the army for emergency service.

Uprisings are reported at Hermanez and Atniez, near the northern frontier and at Guerrero, where a number of persons were killed Saturday in a clash between rebels and federal troops. Revolutionists are reported to be gathering in the vicinity of Chihuahua preparatory to an attack upon that city.

Madero Organizes Followers.

Francisco Madero, who crossed the Mexican border Sunday morning 16 miles below Eagle Pass, is said to be engaged in mobilizing a force on land owned by his father near Allende. Strong detachments of cavalry have been sent to effect his capture. A regiment of government troops has been sent from Monclova to reinforce the garrison at Guerrero.

A regiment of infantry was rushed to Orizaba, in the state of Vera Cruz, yesterday, in response to an urgent appeal from the authorities there for protection from the revolutionists.

The message said that the city officials since last Saturday had been in fear of an attack by the workmen, with whom the revolutionary agitators were busy. It was rumored that rebels were gathering in force in the mountains.

STUDS HIS SUIT WITH TACKS

Then Man Makes Attack on a Policeman.

Providence, R. I., Nov. 22.—His entire outfit of clothing filled with sharp tacks so that it resembled a coat of barbed mail, Henry B. Griswold who was recently released from an insane asylum, suddenly made an attack upon Policeman Foy yesterday.

The policeman secured a butcher knife which Griswold carried, but fell a victim to the tacks which punctured and lacerated his face, hands and body severely in the struggle.

There were over 1,000 tacks in Griswold's clothing all arranged with the sharp ends pointing outward. His white linen collar as well as his coat and trousers was thus armored.

NOW SHE CAN'T BE "FINISHED"

Courts Deny Girl $17,000 a Year Which Mother Deems Necessary.

New York, Nov. 22.—Miss Eugenie Ladenburg will not get the $17,000 a year, without which, her mother told the courts last week, no girl could be properly finished. Surrogate Jackson, of Hempstead, L. I., ruled yesterday that $8,000 a year is plenty for the education of any girl of 16, and refused to allow Mrs. Ladenburg more than that much out of the income of $21,000 a year left her daughter by her father's will.

Mr. Glad E. Went makes his Fortune in the *Santa Fe Southwest*

SALARY, CHANCES, BED ROOM—ALL MIGHTY SLIM
MAN WANTED—NO LITTLE NO LIKE BELOW
1
HE DECIDES TO TAKE A TRIP SOUTHWEST TO INVESTIGATE FOR HIMSELF
YES SIR! SUGAR-BEETS PAID FOR THE FARM LAST YEAR
2
HE FINDS THE SUGAR-BEET COUNTRY "JUST AS ADVERTISED"
WE DON'T HAVE TO USE LADDERS ALL THE TIME.
SOME CORN ALL RIGHT!
3
AND THAT SOUTHWESTERN CORN IS CERTAINLY "KING"
WHAT ARE THEY, CAP ELEPHANTS
ELEPHANTS INDEED! THERE'S NO MONEY IN ELEPHANTS
4
HE ALSO LEARNS THAT THE BEST HAMS GROW ON ALFALFA VINES
ORANGES MADE MY DAUGHTER AND ME RICH, SIR, BUT PEACHES THRIVE HERE ALSO.
PEACHES INTEREST ME
OH! YOU EASTERN MEN!
5
ALSO, HE DISCOVERS A LARGE VARIETY OF ATTRACTIVE PROPOSITIONS
I GUESS THIS IS POOR, EH? NO MORE CITY FOR MINE
6
HE LOCATES IN THE SANTA FE SOUTHWEST AND ADVISES OTHERS TO DO LIKEWISE

Santa Fe
All the Way

There are opportunities for you, too, in the prosperous Southwest. Here are our folders about different locations. They tell how others have broken away from the treadmill of city life and now are independent landowners:

"Kansas: A Small Story of a Great State."
"The New State of Oklahoma."
"Panhandle and South Plains of Texas."
"Gulf Coastings (Texas)."
"The Arkansas Valley."
"The Pecos Valley of New Mexico."
"New Mexico."
"Arizona and the Salt River Valley."
"U. S. Government Free Lands."

You may get these folders, or any one of them, by addressing C. L. Seagraves, Gen. Colonization Agt., A. T. & S. F. Ry. System, 211 Railway Exchange, Chicago. Say which ones you want. If asked, also will place your name on six months' free mailing-list of *The Earth*, our colonization journal.

For information about Homeseekers' Excursions twice a month to the Santa Fe Southwest, ask

W. J. Black, Passenger Traffic Manager,
A. T. & S. F. Ry. System,
1119 Railway Exchange, Chicago.

Southwest Homeseekers' Excursions

FOUR ARMY MEN ARE KILLED BY 5-INCH GUN EXPLOSION

Washington, Nov. 19.—Four men were killed today by the premature explosion of a five-inch, 51-calibre gun at the Indian Head proving grounds of the navy. The breech-block of the gun which was being tested bliew backward into the crew which was firing the gun. Lieut. Arthur G. Caffee, who was in charge of the gun, was one of the men killed.

The dead, in addition to Lieut. Caffee, are:

J. L. Brown battery foreman, instantly killed; Nelson Jackson, a negro battery attendant, fatally injured and died shortly afterward; J. J. Leary, ordnance man, fatally injured, died at 11:35 a. m.

Sidney Dyson, negro, a member of the gun crew, was seriously injured.

The ordnance bureau has ordered a board of inquest to develop details of the accident, the only witnesses to which, so far as can be learned, were John C. Coleman and Sidney Dyson, both colored.

The gun, which was a new one from the navy yard gun factory, and being tested for the first time had been fired twice.

WAR ON MAIL ORDERS

Hardware Dealers Organize Buying Association.

Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 22.—Hardware dealers from New York, Ohio, Virginia, West Virginia, Pennsylvania and a few scattering states today announced that they had formed of themselves an association whereby they might buy on a large scale, and in selling combat the low prices of the western catalogue houses and the five and ten cent stores.

They organized the American Hardware & Supply Co., with an intended capital of $500,000 and an increase later to $1,000,000. About 150 dealers are included in the movement, and headquarters will be established at Pittsburg.

M. R. Porter, of this city, was elected president and W. W. Jacob, also of Pittsburg, was elected secretary and treasurer. The directors include also C. P. Moore, Ravenwood, W. Va.; C. D. Schultze, East Liverpool, O.; C. M. Miller, Ravena, O.; J. F. Howe, Freedom, Pa.; D. E. Hibner, Dubois, Pa.; W. M. Scott, Carnegia, Pa.; C. F. Sword, McKeesport, Pa.; C. B. White, Uniontown, Pa.; E. R. Beardsley, Catskill, N. Y.; Edwin Ohl, Sharon, Pa.; J. L. Fall, Fairmont, W. Va.; A. L. Roberts, Clarksburg, W. Va.; A. W. Kaufmann, Lockhaven, Pa

The advisory board also includes directors from the several states interested. Addresses were delivered by C. S. Angel, of Boston; W. F. Gould, of Buffalo, and F. A. Mitchell, of Philadelphia.

TELLS OF WHITE SLAVE LIFE

Girl at Pittsburg Trial Blames Legislator for Plight.

Pittsburg, Nov. 22.—Rachel Weiner, 18, testified yesterday against Jesse Bluestone, former member of the state legislature, and Samuel Monenson, who are being tried on a charge of having induced the girl to enter immoral resorts. Bluestone was a member of the legislature when the Edlis act designed to prevent "white slavery," was passed.

The girl says she went to Cleveland to marry Mosenson, but he did not appear, and Sadie Golden, proprietress of a Pittsburg resort, took her to Chicago. From there the girl wandered to Cleveland, Boston, Buffalo, then back to Cleveland, living in resorts in all these cities. She returned to Pittsburg July 15 and for three months was in a hospital here.

The Golden woman has escaped to Russia. Bluestone was a leader among ward politicians here and he and Mosenson are reputed to be wealthy.

COP IS CRIME WAVE VICTIM

Conditions Growing Worse in Thug Infected Chicago.

Chicago, Nov. 22.—In the latest act of a crime wave that has averaged a murder a night for two weeks, Policeman Joseph Devaney last night was shot fatally when he sought to arrest two men who had attacked a woman with a revolver. As Devaney approached the men began shooting and bullets from two revolvers struck him.

There has been a long list of hold-ups reported recently and most of the robbers desperately shot at victims who resisted.

Vito Lagiala last night confessed he shot and killed an Itallan. He said the victim had followed him and a friend, Mrs. Mary Adrito, from a dancing party late in the morning and had attacked the woman.

ACCEPTS BELLEFONTAINE CALL

Special Telegram to The Blade.

Bellefontaine, Nov. 22.—Rev. William LeRoy Barrett, of Blairsville, Pa., has accepted the call extended him by the congregation of the First Presbyterian church of this city. He will assume his duties in this city January 1. The salary is $2,250.

14 LOST IN FOOTBALL

In Addition, 40 Players Were Seriously Injured During Season.

A total of 14 dead and 40 seriously injured was the price paid for football by its followers during the season just closing, despite the use of the new rules, which were brought into being in an effort to reform the game and make it less perilous to the players.

That the new rules were successful to a more or less extent in keeping down the list of victims is shown by the decline in the list of victims, as compared with the previous year. During the season of 1909 there were 23 players who suffered injuries which proved fatal and 64 who were seriously but not fatally hurt. Two years ago there was one less death attributed to the game than this year, but the list of those injured ran much higher, there bting 134 who were so badly hurt that they required the attention of surgeons.

Of the 14 deaths for which the game this year was blamed one should be credited to a previous season. Clarence Bakule, a player on the Creighton university team in 1908, died in a hospital in Topeka, Kan., on November 1 of this year, after having been a cripple since he was kicked in the back in a game with Denver university.

College Players Lead List.

As has been the case for the last two years, the college players this year again led the list as to the number killed and injured. Of the dead this year 5 were from the ranks of the college players, and there were 17 college men seriously injured. This, compared with the fact that the high schools contributed five deaths and athletic clubs only four, and both the latter contributed a greatly reduced number of injured, would make it seem that the training given the college man does not do away with the danger, as claimed by some of its supporters.

Concussion of the brain was the leading cause for the deaths this year, as has been the case in the past, but it led by a much higher proportion than in either of the two preceding years. Most of the accidents which caused the injury came from open field tackles, while there was a decrease in the number of men hurt in the mass plays when compared with previous years. The number of those who received blows in the head resulting in concussions which were not fatal also showed a large increase. This change in the manner of wounds was partly because of the change in playing and the more open game now played.

First Attempt to Prosecute.

For the first time in the history of the game, an attempt was made to prosecute one of the opposing players as the result of a football game. This was at Wheeling, W. Va., when Thomas McCoy, member of the Bethany college team, was formally accused by the umpire who officiated at the game of having caused the death of Rudolph Munk, captain of the University of West Virginia team.

Munk was felled by a blow on the head which the umpire testified was struck intentionally by McCoy. A warrant was issued for the latter's arrest and he was summoned before the coroner's jury, but was freed later when the jury returned a verdict that Munk was the victim of an accident.

One of the games which brought the largest cost to the contestants was the one played between Wasbash, (Ind.) college team and the eleven representing the University of St. Louis. The contest was staged in the latter city on Oct. 22 and resulted in tho death of one player, right half back on the Wabash team, and the injury of two other youths who had entered into the contest.

It was reported at the time that both teams in this struggle had reverted to the old style of game and that all three of the victims were injured in smashing line plays.

At practically all of the schools where deaths followed the playing of the game, further contests were forbidden and the games scheduled for the rest of the season were called off.

20 Finest Christmas Cards 10c
Very Choicest Gold Embossed

This grand assortment of 20 most beautiful Christmas Post Cards, in lovely colors and exquisite gold embossed designs, all different, extra fine quality, prettiest and most attractive collection ever offered; to introduce our cards quickly we send the cards and latest price list prepaid for only 10 cents.
Seymour Card Co., Dept. 36, Topeka, Kan.

HELP WANTED.

$80 per month paid railway mail clerks, customs and internal revenue employes. Thousands of appointments coming. Common education sufficient. Examinations announced everywhere January 15. Coaching free to first 25 applicants. Write immediately for schedule. Franklin Institute, Dept. D 82, Rochester, N. Y.

$100 MONTHLY and expenses to trustworthy men and women to travel and distribute samples; big manufacturer. Steady work. S. Scheffer, Treas., W J 174, Chicago.

Ladies, make supporters, $12 per 100; no canvassing; material furnished; stamped envelope for particulars. Wabash Supply Co., Dept. W 107, Chicago.

SMOKELESS POLLS FOR WOMEN

Seattle Bans Tobacco in Election Booths Now.

Seattle, Nov. 17.—The first legislation resulting from the adoption of the woman suffrage amendment to the Washington constitution was brought up last night when a bill was introduced in the city council prohibiting smoking in polling places at general or special elections.

The purpose of the proposed ordinance is to make conditions about the election booths more attractive for women who may wish to vote, or who may preside as election officials.

LOSES BET—SWIMS ICY RIVER

Man Who Wagered Stimson Would Win Does Plucky Act.

New York, Nov. 18.—In the cold, gray dawn of the early morning—it was also the coldest morning this fall—John Gean, who thought Henry L. Stimson would be elected governor of New York, took off his clothes, put on a bathing suit and jumped into the icy East River yesterday. With a rowboat following close behind, he swam across the river to Randall's Island, thereby carrying out the provisions of an election bet.

Receipt That Cures Weak Men---FREE

Send Name and Address Today ---You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of this prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3988 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of the splendid receipt in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.